THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1952-1953

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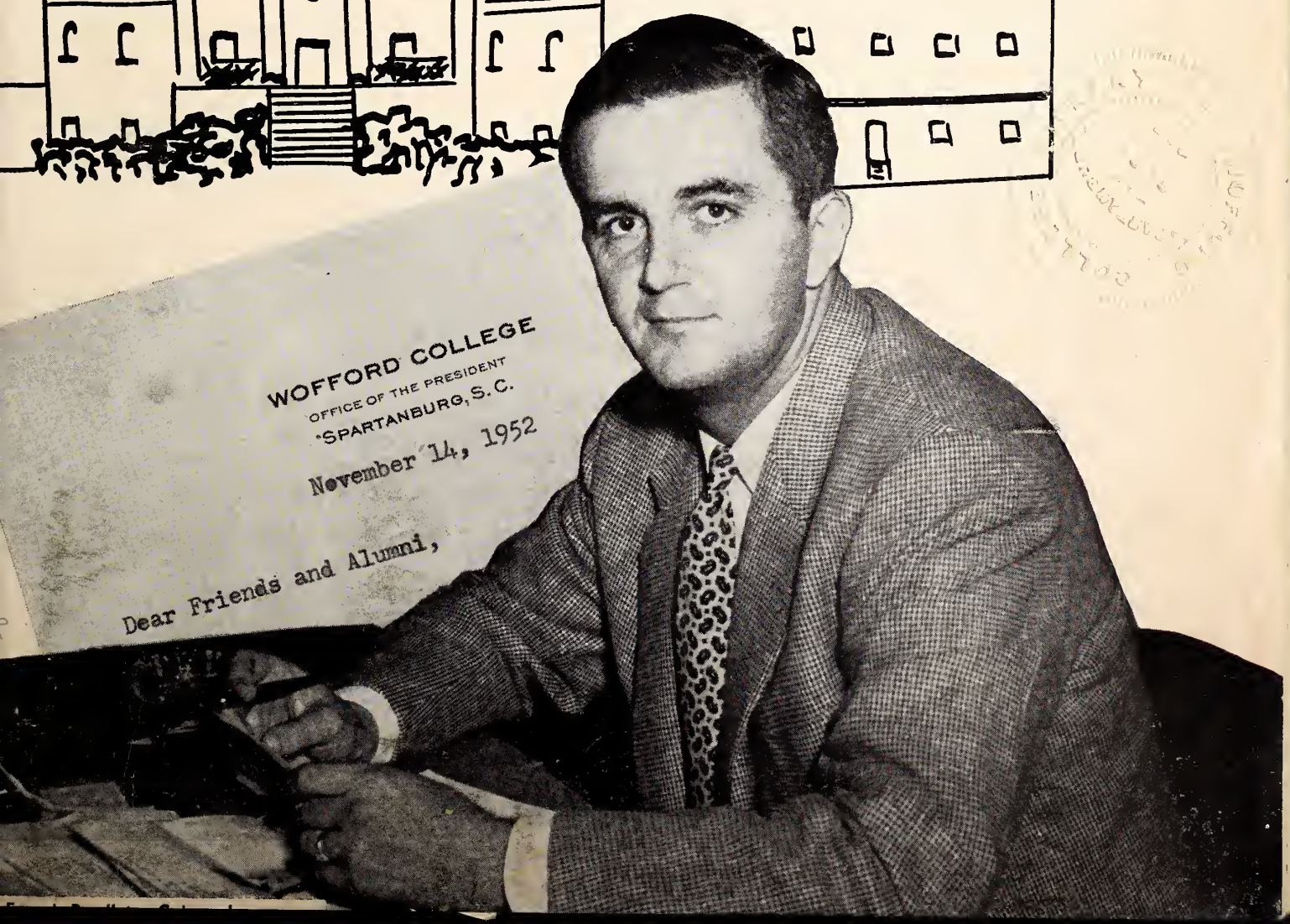
THE WOFFORD MAGAZINE



The Journal

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COVER BY
TED MORTON

Greetings:

I am delighted to have an opportunity to bring these words of greeting to *The Journal* of Wofford College as its first issue of 1952-1953 is published. *The Journal,* for many years the official literary organ of our student body, has a distinguished record of service to the college.

No extracurricular activity on our campus is more important than student publications. Here students are given opportunities for self-expression and creative writing. At the same time they assume responsibility for meeting deadlines, securing advertisements, and managing completely the respective publications. Many Wofford alumni who have gone on to literary or journalistic greatness have received their baptism of fire in *The Journal* and other student publications.

I am sure that under the responsible leadership of its present editor and business manager, this year's *Journal* will continue the proud tradition of its predecessors. I am therefore happy to wish it Godspeed as it publishes its first issue of 1952-1953.

Pendleton Gaines
President

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Reed Upton

ONCE in a great while, we who read are pleased to find a book which does more than tell a tale or sing a song. *The Old Man and the Sea* is such a work, one which shows well that small words are words of might. To paint a true view of life is and has been the aim of great scribes down the chain of years. Not all have said so, but this seems to hold true for the group we still read. One man said it and said it well—the Bard of the Isle of our tongue. The aim of his plays was like the aim of this book I have just named—to tell of hues of life.

The Old Man and the Sea does not stop with "la belle vue" of glad times but goes on to tell of the pain, hurt, death, loss and qualms which make good times too. These make good times, for they are life. To live is to feel, and to feel pain and hurt is as good as to feel joy and song. You can now see one point on which the scribe of our day planned his book. So, now that you know, I'm sure you will feel a sense of kin with him and his work.

The tale is one of an old man who has lived his days on the face of the deep in search of all the big fish who swim in the cool depths. His life has been full of fish and friends and his friends look on him as a great man. Of late, one friend has filled his days and helped him to catch the fish. But, for more than four score days, there has been no catch. The young friend would be glad to stay on as the aide of this, his coach on the sea, but the two to whom he was born think that the old man will not catch the fish as in the old days when he was a great man in the town. Since they feel this way, the boy was told to look for some group more sure of the fish they sought. This the boy did with a sad heart and lead legs. But, if he fished with a group they chose, he still cared for the old man.

One day the old man went out so far that he could not see through the spray and mist to the town. He did this so that his luck might change and be good, and to get far from the crowd. To get far from the crowd! This is rare in a man and should be a well known fact to you who are asked to read this book. He dared to get far from the crowd!

And, as he fished far from the town, shore and crowd, he caught on his hook a great fish—one so great that he could not trace in his mind its peer in all his life. This was the first day.

And, on the next day, the man was far, far from shore, for the fish pulled the boat and did not die. And as far as the old man could see there was blank on the face of the sea and he and the fish were the sole beasts in the world. And the old man was tired. He knew that the fish was tired too.

In the night, the old man slept while he held the line and the poor fish did not sleep and the old man felt sad for the great fish.

On the third day, while the sun was red pain in the red eyes of the old man, the fish came near the boat. And, the old man felt pain for a friend must die, the great fish must be killed. The man struck a weak blow, the last blow and the red life spread through the green of the sea and the great fish, who had fought with so much heart, died by the hand of the great old man who had dared to get far from the shore and the crowd. He was a fish who knew no peer in the minds of those who fish the sea.

But this fish was not to go to the mouths of those who sit on the dry land far from the sea. As he was towed by the breeze, made fast to the side of the ship, the sharks came on the trail of his lost life, laid in the path of the deep. Sharks, sharks, and more sharks came, so that soon there were but the head and bones of the great fish and that was all that was left.

It was night and then a new day when the tired, old, brave and sad man came back to the shore and the crowd he had dared to get far from. And the red pain of the sun burned in his eyes, and his limbs ached but his soul had found sad rest, for he had seen and caught the fish.

The old man had brought back the bones and head of a fish which had once been great, but which had been lost to the sea from which it had come. And the old man, who had dared to get far from the shore and the crowd had seen the great fish, had caught the great fish, but now only the bones and head were left.

The old man clumped up the hill and he weaved as he walked and once fell. When he reached his hut and bed, he knew with pain and hurt, just before sleep swept through him, that he had caught the great fish but it was gone.

Once more, the man who wrote *The Old Man and the Sea* has won the praise of those who pass on tales. He was and had been for a few years their choice in the States. This book is not quite like his first books. It is more. He is clear, frank and this time does not try to hide deep thoughts in a mask of the mood of the world. A book which might be scanned, it is of great worth and of small words. If it is read with thought, it should find a place for years in minds through all the world.

THE LONG WALK

Bill Cannon

The evening had been one of those everyone thinks of and hopes for all the time, but now he was all alone again. He didn't know why he had left her house so soon, since it was only ten-fifteen, nor why he had left so abruptly. When he had arrived at the house earlier in the evening, her parents had greeted him as they always did—more as a member of the family than as one of the fellows who dated their daughter—and then she had come in, and he had experienced the usual butterflies below his heart—as always when he was near the girl.

Dinner, a movie, and now a poignant regret with every step. Muddled thoughts whirled in his brain as he walked along the tree-lined street to the corner where he was supposed to catch a trolley back to his room downtown. He hardly noticed it as he passed the trolley stop and kept on walking. Too many things churned up his line of thought for a small matter like a trolley to bother him. Yet, he couldn't for the life of himself line up that incomprehensible mess in his head.

Cars passed, and people bustled by him, for he was now in the small business district of the suburb in which she lived. Bright windows showed their wares in immodest and colorful displays, a theatre marquee blinked the Hollywood splendor of a second rate movie, and the street lights added their part to the melee. A newsboy hawked his papers in a shrill voice to further aid the confusion, but still it did not register with him.

Now he was back in a residential district again, and on a street gloomily lighted by a lamp post every few hundred yards. To add to the gloom, the starry sky had now clouded over with a sudden squall that had blown in off the ocean a few miles away to the east. The wind had stiffened, and blew what few leaves were left briskly along the sidewalk.

All along the street the houses were lighted — or rather — the windows showed light. The question hit him: "How many of these windows shielded false hopes; how many were filled with misery; worry; fear; happiness; love?" Behind each one there was a story, but all those windows had no concern for a guy walking along their street. Few of them, if any, even knew he was there—or more still, even cared!

Two figures were sifting their way into his perception, and as he looked closer he saw a boy and girl coming toward him on the street, holding hands. He could hear them talking in hushed tones, and the thought ran through his mind: "Lucky, aren't they? They've got each other—what have I got?" Needless to say, they were talking dreamily about what they would do when school was over. Perhaps a visit to the preacher, perhaps a stretch in the service and a wait for her, perhaps . . .?

His musings were interrupted by the bell of a train as it approached the crossing after coming off the long bridge across the river—the bridge he had to cross before he could get home. Since he still had a bit of puerile interest in him about trains, he waited to see the engine shuffle-shuff past, dragging the soggy cars of fruit from somewhere in the southern part of the state, headed now for stores all over the world. As the cars passed, the wheels seemed to click-clack to him: "What now? What now?" and to them he conceded in truth that he had no answer.

The long approach to the main span of the bridge was deserted. It had begun to drizzle rain, and he drew his coat collar up around his neck. Now even the cars that had been passing previously had all gone home — there was nothing on the bridge. He was alone. His steps echoed on the concrete walk and seemed to grow louder and louder. Now he was out over the water, and could hear the water splashing against the footings below him—a methodically haunting sound. His feeling of futility mounted as he climbed higher up to the main part of the bridge.

"Does that girl care anything about me at all?" It seemed outwardly that she did, but like the proverbial child playing with fire, he had been burned once and did not intend to get caught again.

"Why should she—after all, here I have only a few months more before I take a trip to the Orient to fight someone else's war; 'police action,' they had called it." Most certainly she wouldn't want the life that an Army wife had to live.

The wind cried through the steel of the bridge, and the rain splattered against the walk and against his coat. It seemed as if nature was trying to sympathize with him by doing its best to cry. The water below was resounding the cry from the black depths.

"What about the telegram the people next door had gotten about the boy with whom he had grown up? Was it fair to his wife?" They had only been married four months when he got orders from Fecom. Would it be the same for him? Would it be fair to ask her to take that chance?

The rain was in torrents when he turned in at the stairway which led

(Continued on page 22)

TRUDIE

David Byrd

She stood on the deck looking anxiously toward New Orleans. The captain had informed her that they would land in a few hours. She had been away for almost two years, and now because of the news that Washington had sent her, she wanted desperately to reach home and Dana. The plague of yellow fever had spread over New Orleans, carrying death and disaster in its path and leaving many people suffering its aftermath. She must hurry home to save Dana, who had been one of the thousands struck by this fever.

She would never forget the day she met him. It had been sheer accident, like one of the rare smiles of fate. It was like a dream come true. Trudie had not been across the river to see her aunt for some time, and she remembered hurrying down the steps with great enthusiasm to the waiting carriage, where Washington was holding the door. The faithful old Negro servant had served as butler and coachman for the Hugheses as long as Trudie could remember. The journey to the docks in New Orleans seemed interminable while Trudie relentlessly twisted her handkerchief. Arriving at the dock, she rushed from the carriage without waiting for Washington to help her.

"Looks as if you almost didn't make it, ma'am." Trudie glanced up and there stood a stalwart young man. He had the distinction of an old sea captain as he stood there with a pipe between his teeth. Curls of smoke climbed lazily from it up through the still air. He spoke with a pleasant smile upon his tanned face and extended his big, brawny hand to her.

"Yes, I'm going to Westgate to see my aunt. It has been months since we last saw each other, and I'm very anxious to see her. I certainly didn't want to miss the ferry today. It is such a pretty day to travel."

"Here, let me help find you a place to sit down. You're rather new around here, aren't you?"

"Not exactly. I have been visiting in New York. You see after my mother died, I was sent there to continue my studies. I had planned to stay there, but Father said he thought it was time Excelsior had someone for a mistress, so I came back."

"Er, excuse me, but I have to go. I see that we are about to shove off. Don't move, I'll be right back."

Trudie then made more trips than usual to Westgate, and each time she came back with a smile upon her face. Romance was unintended when she consented to go riding with him, but each ride brought them to the realization that they needed each other. Trudie knew that nothing good could come of this romance with the ferry captain, but she clung with desperation to the hope that they could find happiness in some manner. Her position in the social class was too great, and she was aware of her father's pride and his desire to keep them in the upper strata of New Orleans. Yet, for the first time in her life she was in love, and she knew that she would go to any extreme to keep Dana. She thought of what someone had written in the Bible about love bearing all things, hoping and enduring all things, and her anticipations were always built upon those verses. With this in mind, she looked again at the little diamond on the chain around her neck. Once, she had worn it on her finger, but her father had noticed it, and after learning the name of the man who had given it to her, strictly forbade her to see him again, and made her promise to give it back to him. Doing this would burst her bubble of happiness and her world would be dark and dreary. She continued seeing him secretly and once again her countenance beamed with joy. Her eyes recaptured their sparkle and she chanted around the plantation, while the slaves stopped to listen to her mellifluous voice. Some said it was the voice of an angel, but Washington knew that it was the enjoyment of seeing Dana through his secret arrangements. But this radiance was not there to stay. Her father discovered that she was still seeing Dana and sent her back to New York, where she passed time dreaming of the day she would return to him. Now, she was coming back to him with determination to stay forever.

"Howdy, Miss Trudie," greeted Washington, tipping his hat. "How is you feeling?"

"A little tired from the trip, Washington, but where is Father? I thought sure he would be here."

"He's gone 'broad on some business, ma'am."

"How is Dana? Hurry, let's go to him. I thought we would never get here."

The horse trotted down the cobblestone street, which was littered with the dead and dying. Groans from the dying penetrated Trudie's ears as she tried to keep from listening to them. She put her handkerchief to her nose to keep from smelling the foul stench that filled the air. Glancing out through the window, she realized that they were in the poor section of the city. The carriage stopped in front of a little old shanty, which was leaning against the next building for support.

"Bring your dead out! Bring your dead out!" Trudie shuddered as she glanced at the approaching wagon from which the voice was coming. "Bring your dead out to the streets!

(Continued on page 23)

SHADOWS OF LIKENESS

I

These are mine, Erica:
Look across the fields
Where Summer's dust has darkened
The yellow blossoms to a deathly powdered sickness
And say to me—if you can:
"I do not see myself in all this."
Wipe your hand across your forehead
And taste the moisture upon your fingertips.
Smile. For the air is unclean, Erica.
Sit upon a rock in the cool shade:
Do not speak! But with a white
Crumpled handkerchief let me
Dry the salty dampness
From your lips. . . .
I watch you take a flower—crisp and gray
In the piercing sunlight—
And clasping it tightly in your hand
Look at me questioningly.
But my eyes wander 'cross
The fields where Summer's
Bright dreams
Lie sulking failures, breathing only
The wastes of evening;
And I hear their voices which flow muted
Over the waves of relentless heat.
And I feel the slimy moisture of your hand. . . .

II

The shadow of likeness which draws my
thoughts
From the eager world at my fingertips
Quivers with laughter in the lamplight
And nods weakly in an alcoholic stupor.
(Sing a song of crouching hours,
Sing a dirge to the petty moments
Which ride upon the sickening breath
Of a starry evening. And wait
'Til the glass is empty.)
I long to span the lamplight, to touch you and say
"Are you, too, not Erica? Are you not
laughter grown old
Waiting for a voice to join you?"
(Out upon the cold blue plane of night
Dust-laden flowers lie unnoticed,
Crushed in the rhythmic motion of hastening footsteps.
And we wait for the dawn.)
Can you not feel my breath upon your
cheek, my hand
Upon your lips? Or are you only the shadow of likeness?

—Craig Carson

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Politician or Statesman

Gale Fields

(Editor's note: This article is the author's opinion, and it does not necessarily represent the views of the editor or of Wofford College. Bear in mind that it was written before the election.)

General of the Armies of the United States was the title conferred on D. D. Eisenhower by his country for his special talent in leading troops to do battle. Because of his extraordinary abilities in his chosen profession he has imposed the question on the American people whether or not his gift extends to other fields. "Ike," as he is affectionately known by his fellow countrymen, has spent his whole life either bearing arms or preparing to do so in defense of his country.

In answering the imposed question there are two questions which arise in one's mind in considering "Ike" for the presidency. Would he be an able chief executive? Can the United States unify under his leadership?

Many well informed Americans, when first considering "Ike," felt his "popular hero" status with the American people could sweep him into office as a non-partisan candidate. Intelligent observers of the political scene realized the Eisenhower name would exude a sense of unity, and would bring liberals and independents together under a common banner. The theory is as high-flown as the language used to describe it. Such theories were formulated early in 1947, when "Ike" doffed the "iron hat" for the mortar board. In this early period of the transition of Eisenhower, neither his motives nor those of his enthusiasts can be doubted. "Ike" was yet to make the statement that he was neither a Democrat nor a Republican. He had not yet told the world that the administration's policies were his own. We can still safely assume "Ike" had no political aspirations and the "cry from the wilderness" was only a distant rumble. Nor in the next three years can we discern any real change in the Eisenhower desire to retire from the limelight of the world's proceedings. Why else would an intelligent man have said, "We've got the finest Army, Navy, and Air Force in the world and men with brains to run them. Your country is strong and getting stronger" (Herald-Tribune, April 8, 1949), or "I am not a candidate for any political office" (New York Times, September 2, 1947). Certainly those are not the words of a man who harbors political ambition.

We, therefore, may conclude the change in Eisenhower's motives must have been suddenly concisive and decisive. That not only was the voice of the press overwhelming, but he could no longer allow the clarion call that flung out the challenge to go unheeded. A man that served his country so ably so long could not but feel his country was calling him to a greater task.

With the facts now clear in his mind he set out to accomplish this aim.

Eisenhower, with the usual orderly mind of the soldier, must have considered to whom it was best to turn for the tools with which to accomplish his ends. He placed little hope in becoming a successful third party candidate. It was not feasible nor practical from the standpoint of American political precedence. Therefore, it must either be Republican or Democrat. "Ike" must have felt it was "time for a change." Not a change in the strictest definition of change, but rather a general overhauling of internal political machinery. From his own words we can assume that Eisenhower did not want to change administration policy as much as the tools being used. Why then the sudden change of heart in his attitude of what constituted a change?

"Ike" had been used to running the military affairs of his country without considering long range effects on any other than himself. At the outset he found it easy to follow the same tactics in dealing with politicians. The liberal group that supported him at Chicago in July was willing to go to almost any lengths to win the nomination for "Ike." At that very point when Eisenhower's "great crusade" reached its high-water mark, the plunge downward began. For it marked the beginning of "Ike's" having to look through his fingers at "hotel room deals." Before we are too quick to condemn the Republican faction that nominated him we must consider their reasons and desires for compromising the name Eisenhower. James Duff, Thomas E. Dewey and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., were respected in their home states. They had served well the party but also their people. Whether they were men of vision who saw the necessity of nomination at any price or shrewd in furthering Eisenhower to further their own ambitions only history will tell. At least in passing, we must note the triumvirate surely knew they were committing political suicide in opposing the "Old Guard." They made their choice and if they were statesmen they won, if mere mortals they lost. At any rate they had a profound effect on Eisenhower, the campaigner.

Almost immediately several disquieting influences were noticeable in the personality of "Ike." The sharp discord in the party could not be en-

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I'LL NEVER SEE SUNSHINE AGAIN

Harry Gall

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

John Manning, *a condemned man awaiting execution.*
A jailer.
A Catholic priest.

(*A gloomy prison cell. John Manning stands at the barred window, with his back to the jailer, whom Manning does not seem to hear as he enters.*)

Jailer: Anything I can get for you, Manning?

Manning: No.

Jailer: There's a priest here to see you.

Manning: I don't want to see him. Send him away.

Jailer: Look, Manning! You're a condemned man. In ten minutes that clock's gonna strike twelve, and they will be coming for you. Is this the way you wanta meet your Maker—with uncleansed blood on your hands and steel in your heart? You know what they say. Confession's good for the soul.

Manning: (*Turns violently toward the jailer.*) You talk to me of God—me, a condemned murderer with a future of exactly ten minutes. I don't believe in God! I don't believe in anything any more. There is only one thing real to me now and that's the infernal rattle of that clock, ticking my life away.

Jailer: (*Starting to leave.*) Well, if you won't see him, you won't see him. I can't force you!

Manning: No! Wait, I'll see him. I've got to see somebody. I can't spend these last few minutes alone. It's as if the very walls were closing around me.

(*Jailer steps aside and opens the door for the priest, who enters from the left of the stage. Exit Jailer. Manning moves from the barred window, where he has been standing, to the bare cot placed against the wall at the right of the stage and seats himself upon it, head in hands. The priest moves toward him. He halts at last beside the cot and bends over the condemned man.*)

Priest: How do you feel, John?

Manning: Oh, I'm fine! Isn't that what you would expect a man about to die to say, Father?

Priest: I'm sorry. I didn't mean—

Manning: No, I should be sorry. Why should I be bitter? I'm only getting what I deserve.

Priest: Would it help to talk about it?

Manning: There's nothing to talk about. I killed in a fit of anger the only clean, decent thing in my life as you would crush a rose petal between your fingertips. I loved her, Father. You'll never know how much I loved her. No one will. Alice was my life, my hope, my dream, all rolled into one. It was funny in a way. One day there I was—a poor shipping clerk, living in direst poverty, cold, hungry, and alone. Then I met Alice. I felt as if a little sunlight had come into my life. It was love as first sight. I knew, I suppose, as soon as her eyes, blue as the summer sky in setting off to perfection the shimmering gold of her hair, met mine. I could hardly believe my good fortune when she accepted my proposal of marriage. I shouldn't have married her. I know that now. I should have known I couldn't support a wife. If times were hard before, they're doubly so now. I lost my job and, to forget, I began to drink—a little at first, but more and more as things got rougher. And then one day, there I was, a hopeless, beaten, God-forsaken derelict. Many's the time only Alice's inspiration kept me from blowing my brains out. Then one night she told me she was leaving. She still loved me, but she could not stand the grinding poverty any longer. It was like tearing a life-preserver from the grasp of a drowning man. Blind fury seized me. For one awful instant a swirling, red mist swam before my eyes. My fingers, as though no longer a part of me, closed in an iron vise about her throat. She screamed once—choked—and then went limp in my arms. Her face was black, her lips apart, her eyes bulging grotesquely from their sockets. My God! Those eyes! I see them now!

Priest: Stop torturing yourself. Remember God in His infinite mercy.

Manning: Can God forgive me when I cannot forgive myself?

(*Jailer enters with guard.*)

Jailer: Okay, Manning, it's time to go.

Manning: (*Stands up and turns to the priest.*) Just think, Father, I'll never see sunshine again.

(*Clock strikes twelve. Exit jailer and guard with Manning. The priest stands alone in the center of the stage as the final curtain falls.*)

FINIS

CRY NIGHT

Reed Upton

WHO has not known the terrors of the night, the creeping, slithy fog which envelops, then penetrates and finally becomes all of reality and there is nothing else in the world except the wavering moon pattern on the floor and the million tiny noises which become louder and louder and louder until finally a heart-beat is a bass drum! Visions slide by the mind like stops by a downtown express and breathing becomes a conscious act, requiring absolute concentration. And finally an effort to speak results in a grating sob which whisks through dry, parched lips. Now, quickly, a prayer, half mumbled, half understood, something from childhood, a string of words sprayed from the mind. A half-crazy incantation, an emotional leap from the bed toward the light switch and the total result is that the dust swims in the ray of moonlight which comes through the window to the flood.

Perhaps the menace of the night chooses not to come creeping like a cautious cat but pounces with the lightning-like and venomous strike of a snake. A dream and yet not a dream, but the reality which forgets perspective and forgets all the world except that cataleptic frame caught in the focus of a dream-mind. And the head is of a bear and the body is human. Or, the face is *Love* and the sum total of all dreams and the body does not walk away when you walk away. It cannot. It has the scaly bottom of a fish. Or, the lamentation and weeping of a crowd draws you near to find out the reason for their grief. As you come nearer, the crowd parts to reveal a coffin, resplendent in its white, fluffy, puffy, unhealthy padding with a whispering veil that breathes *Death!* Closer now and wondering, "Who, a friend, a relative . . . my mother? Heart-beat —ka pomm, ka pomm, *ka pomm.*" Now that's not a familiar face. At least it's not one of those I see every day. But it is someone familiar. H-m-m-m! My God! No, that is *me!* Now, the awakening and the wrestle with reason. Dreams mean nothing, that's an old, primitive, superstitious belief. Up, out of bed, and reaching for the light switch and the ray of moon through the window to the floor becomes nothing when the hard shock of light fills all corners of the room. Must have a drink of water.

Who has not known the terror of the Night? Stalking mercilessly after the setting of the sun. Or creeping, cat-like through the musty silence of creaks and ticks and tocks. And then there is nothing else in the world except the wavering moon pattern on the floor and the tiny noises.

MORNING

Ron Bryant

FOUR men stand facing the field in the cool dampness of the gray light. The sun, like a flattened orange, pauses on the horizon as if to reconnoiter, and then renews its eternal journey. The mantle of fog has fallen away leaving the fields and grass sparkling wet. The last distended, smoky clouds are fleeing before the sun.

To the men, day's birth is monotonous. It marks the beginning of a morning's long toil; the misery of drenched, chilling clothes; the rasp of cold, wet sand on the skin. They smile wryly to one another and brace themselves. Grimacing, they bend to their task.

A Negro begins a lamentation, cursing last night's bottle, last night's girl, last night's fight. Having thoroughly damned all he falls silent. Time is marked by the steady increase of curses. The sun is no longer remote. The clothes remain soaked, but now the water is salty. Perspiration streams down ebony and bronze alike; trickles into the mouth over drawn-back lips; into the eyes to burn like a liquid fire.

The merciless July sun rises higher into the heavens, and welds the Forces of Time unto a molten mass, making seconds cling to one another as tenaciously as a frightened child in its mother's arms. The blue of the heavens becomes a leaden gray. The sun is a scorching weight pressed to the bent, aching back. The glazed sand mirrors the sun's rays into the face. The four would trade for Hell's last mile. And cool water on the ash-like tongue would be a paradise.

While the muscles cry out, memories occasionally flit across the surface of the mind. Varied and flashing like rapiers, they magnify the torture of the hellish moment. The beauty of the winter's snow; of half-light on a soft cheek, and warm fragrance. . . . These and others invade the soul mockingly. In defense, the magic of the mind enables it to embrace the reality of unborn moments; of a cool shade with a breeze like heaven's breath; of soothing darkness and its promises. . . . Then the morning will be dead for all Eternity, with only the specter of memory remaining. Until then—the four curse and toil.

MOVIES

Sid Fulmer

The newspapers, not too long ago, carried an article which announced the plans of David O. Selznick to stage a musical version of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind." And all of us who read and were thrilled by this great novel and later the great movie welcome this news with great enthusiasm. Mr. Selznick, who filmed the movie version of "Gone With the Wind" back in 1939, has acquired all rights to further productions based on the famous book. Mr. Selznick, according to terms of the arrangements, must have the stage version prepared within the next two years.

It only seems as if it were yesterday when the publicity drums of M.G.M. were beating out praises of Margaret Mitchell's great book and the new four-hour movie which was to be released shortly. Long before the historic premiere at the Loew's Grand Theatre on Peachtree in Atlanta, talent scouts had staged one of the movie world's most extensive searches for the right actor and actress for the roles of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara. And who would have ever thought that a British actress would be chosen to portray this Southern belle. Slowly and carefully picked, other great names were added to the cast—Clark Gable, as Rhett (he was the leading contender for the part from the very start), Olivia de Havilland as Melanie, Leslie Howard as Ashley, Thomas Mitchell as Gerald O'Hara (Scarlett's father), Miriam Hopkins as Belle Watling, and Hattie McDaniel as Mammy. Later Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, and Hattie McDaniel won the motion picture industry's highest awards—"oscars"—for their work in this film.

With the long but rewarding task of casting out of the way, work began immediately on the actual filming. Never before had Hollywood produced a film on such a grand scale. Over four million dollars went into the production, but the film was to become the greatest money-maker of all films and to date has grossed over $70,000,000, and it still is being shown in movie theatres all over the world.

But the premiere in Atlanta is something that the great Southern city will never quite recover from. On the night of the premiere back in 1939, the entire Loew's Theatre in Atlanta had been decorated to resemble the O'Hara homeplace, Tara. Hours before the celebrities started to arrive Peachtree was jammed and packed as far as the eye could see. Huge searchlights penetrated the blackness of the night. And as the hour approached, the long wait was well worth it. The huge black limousines began to arrive at the theatre. Clark Gable was with Carole Lombard, who was later killed in a tragic air crash, and Vivien Leigh next appeared with her fiance Lawrence Olivier. Olivia de Havilland, Leslie Howard, Miriam Hopkins, Hattie McDaniel, and producer David Selznick were there. But the one who held the spotlight was not these great and famous stars — but instead a woman, just a little over five feet tall and who had to be carried through the surging crowds by Clark Gable—her name was Margaret Mitchell. Atlanta was her home and with all that they had, it could have been hers for the asking on this night.

Today, some thirteen years hence, Atlantans still like for you to say—this is Atlanta, you know, Margaret Mitchell's home town.

* * * * *

Looking back over the years, it hardly seems as if the Hollywood star of today can in any way compare with the greats of yesteryear. For those of us who must rely upon what was written as our source of information and not upon actual experience, we cannot but wish for the "old-time" movie star. The star with the dark glasses, the big black cars, the fifty-room mansions, etc. Will the new stereotype of the movie star be one of a plainly dressed, overly modest and introverted character with little or no talent at all? The real movie star, as we like to think of one, is someone like Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, or Rudolf Valentino. The new crop of actors and actresses seem to follow the traits of such persons as Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, and Shelley Winters. The movie industry has long flourished in glamour appeal—could this trend of de-emphasis of glamour of today's stars be more of a threat to the industry than anything like TV?

"Number 23"

The Coach is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He helpeth me play on green gridirons: he pusheth me under the steaming showers.

He restoreth my eligibility: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his school's sake.

Yea, though I charge through the stadiums of opponents, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy assistants and thy trainer they comfort me.

Thou preparest a steak before me in the presence of my fellow students: thou fillest my stomach with milk; my glass runneth over.

Surely aches and pains will follow me all the days of my life but I will remember my "gridiron" days forever.

—LeGrand Rouse II

BOOKS

Bill Duke

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by Ernest Hemingway. 140 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

"The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw the flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching themselves again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea."

Santiago's thoughts momentarily wander from the giant marlin, fathoms below the silent, obscuring surface of the Gulf Stream. He has just begun the greatest battle of his life, pitting his strength against the strength of a being he considers his brother. The old man knew what lay ahead—the pain, the endurance, his wit against the wit of the fish, the final decisive battle—he sensed the nobility of the marlin. The marlin must fight for life and honor; the old man, for these and more, to regain the respect of those who knew him, and remembered.

Back in the village, Manolin wonders to what adventures the old man had sailed in the chill pre-dawn, whether to defeat or victory. Manolin has been sent to another boat by his family, a boat which does not return always empty, bearing a worn, old man who dreams of lions and baseball.

On the sea the old man wishes for the boy whom he has come to love. But he is far away, and with him are the confidence and help the old man so badly needs.

The fish and the old man battle. Both are determined to be victor, yet they fight with nobility and dignity. Whatever may weigh in the balance, each fights as a sportsman and a hero.

Through hunger, exhaustion and pain the old man clings to his line, and to his knowledge of the fishing craft. The marlin surfaces. Santiago maneuvers him closer and closer to the boat, and summoning up his last reserve of strength, plunges his harpoon into the great, noble fish.

Two brothers have fought because they must preserve what is sacred to them. Here, on the sea which Santiago regards as a mysteriously beautiful woman, brother battles against brother and the old man triumphs without destroying the nobility of the fish.

With the fish securely tied against the boat, Santiago sails home. Beneath the Sea hide Her darlings the sharks, evil, stealthy, un-noble.

Knowing that the Sea will attempt to reclaim Her offspring, the old man prepares for the sharks. First, the harpoon is his weapon, then a knife tied to an oar, and finally only a wooden club.

Trailing the scent of blood, the sharks attack. Perhaps the Sea has urged them, whispering directions, sending them underneath the boat where the old man can not fight them off.

Santiago returns to the village exhausted, beaten, with only the skeleton of the fish which was to be his triumph.

* * *

That Ernest Hemingway is a master writer is certainly no new observation. That *The Old Man and the Sea* bespeaks of profound spirituality indicates to this reviewer the addition of inspiration to a great literary mastery.

Defeat has been final, complete in Hemingway's earlier works. The attitudes toward defeat were of dejection (Lt. Henry, in *Farwell to Arms*, walking back to his hotel in the rain), futility (Morgan, in *To Have and Have Not*, gasping "One man alone ain't got no bloody chance"), or extreme bitterness (Belmonte, in *The Sun Also Rises*, oblivious to the jeering of the crowd).

There is a very different quality in this defeat. Santiago proves to us and to himself that he remains a great fisherman and a great man, that age has not thoroughly weakened him. Reviewers have assigned the cause of the defeat to a number of things. Hemingway's stylistic device of merely narrating occasions a number of interpretations. R. G. Davis of the New York Times assigns the "bitter" defeat to the old man's exceeding his limits. In part, the old man did exceed his limits, yet it was the sharks which defeated him. He was victor in the heroic battle of brother against brother, dignity against dignity, nobility against nobility. Only the stealthy, treacherous, un-noble sharks defeated Santiago. His return brought tears to Manolin's eyes, regained the respect and admiration of the other fishermen.

"Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing," Manolin says. The old man sleeps and dreams again of the lions.

This is a far different attitude toword defeat from the earlier ones. How far removed is Manolin's observation from the curses of Cantrell in *Across the River and Into the Trees*. Santiago was victor over all but the sharks, the scavengers of the sea, the personification of evil. So noble was the battle, so well-earned the victory that we remember the old man as the victor rather than as the defeated.

In a style so condensed as Hemingway's there will inevitably be a wealth of connotation. Like the sur-

(Continued on page 26)

RITUAL

J. L. Thompson

When Eloise the octoroon
Would masticate a macaroon
And see the sons insane come sing
for sins,
The ice-blue cloud, a proud aigrette,
Worn by her scented cigarette
Would merge with music made by
mandolins.
Each mandorla mauve-tinted nail
A pool where drowning half-moons
pale
And deign to die, undone by lac-
quered shells.

With cat-desires crepuscular
Comes Abbe Lard the muscular,
The napiform, the ape deformed by
Hell's
Unlimited supply of ice,
Pink sherbets, and the use of "nice"
Which spawn a drawn Laocoon of
gauze.
The melon pulp behind the eyes
Dispatches flaccid "Where's" and
"Why's"
And suffocates a question with "Be-
cause."

Both silken white embroidered clocks
Record precision ratchet-shocks;
And horizontal pendulums retain
The usual movement, or they roll
In self obliqueness on the coal—
Black sheen which shining shoes
caress again.
The wrinkled white (no longer
branched)
Lies flat and tired and slightly
flanched;
The shutters' shadows shatter Ha-
thor's will.

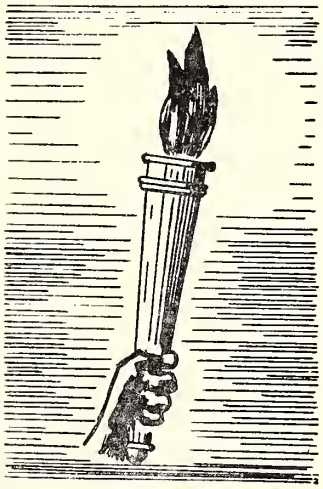
And Eloise the octoroon
Picks up a half-moon macaroon
From where she left it lying on the
sill.

1952 Class Poem

THE MEN WE NEED

What is man—and are we mindful of him?
Is man an individual—or just
One of a mass, a part of the growing crowd,
To the merchant—just another customer;
To the pastor—one of the congregation;
To the teacher—a desk that's occupied?
Is man a particular mind and body and soul,
Or a unit in civilization's assembly line,
A mass-produced, human machine?

Today's world is for the average man.
Everyone is educated; everyone's taxed.
Movies are better—and simpler—than ever.
Churches will welcome those who conform.
Even beds are made for men of five feet eight.
Everything works toward the happy (?) medium.



Today's world needs superior men—
Men devoted, sincere, alert, honest,
Willing to work, to learn, to fight for truth;
Teachers who want to see each student learn;
Preachers not afraid to speak the truth;
Workers who want to make each job the best;
Men of courage who rise above the crowd—
And help to pull those in the crowd up too.

From where—and why do men like these arise?
They come from schools—small schools perhaps but strong.
Schools like this one—proud of past and present.
Such schools produce the men we need—but why?
Because of other men, who love the truth,
Who fought the odds, who taught what they believed.
Some are gone, but some stay on to work
And help men find the way that they must go.

The world needs men to fight and work for truth,
To make each person proud to be alive,
Aware that he must fill some need, achieve some goal.
From out these halls have marched such men.
That we are such, we can but hope and strive.
That more will come, we can but strive and pray.

—Ed Berckman

THESE ARE THE FACTS

Dale Fields

(Editor's note: This is an opinionated article and does not necessarily represent the views of the editor or of Wofford College.)

NOVEMBER 4, 1952, a most momentous day in the history of the American Republic. It seems to this writer that the Ameican people will be making a decision between isolation and a form of enlightened foreign policy. The Russians will allow us few mistakes before they take full advantage of our weaknesses, and make no mistake about the group that controls Eisenhower as isolationist in viewpoint. One needs only to look at their voting records in Congress, which will be dealt with at some length later in this article.

From this observer's point of view, one need not fear Mr. Eisenhower *per se*, but rather the concern of the liberals stems from the type of men now surrounding the Republican candidate. What started out as the "Great Crusade" has, remarkably enough, turned into the "Great Surrender." This, in itself, is what is causing the denial of Mr. Eisenhower by certain very astute political observers. Men such as Taft of Ohio, Kem of Missouri, Jenner and Capehart of Indiana, and Williams of Delaware (and many more of the "elite" of the G.O.P. and the Southern Democrats (Republicans) can be named if space permitted), cannot be allowed to assume control of this country's foreign policy.

The most accurate measurement of a man's beliefs (but in fairness I must add not always 100 percent accurate), is his voting record in the Congress, and only by the close scrutiny of his voting record can we determine the individual's stand on particular issues of progressive or liberal legislation. I am prepared to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt the above mentioned men, who sit in your Congress, and who, after all, determine how you'll live, and not how the president decrees, cannot be trusted with the welfare of the greatest nation on earth.

Now to the actual facts on the above mentioned isolationists. First on the roll call:

Williams of Delaware (Republican), opposed foreign aid and supported cuts in the foreign aid budget; opposed the Point Four program, which has been one of our most effective weapons in the cold war. On the domestic front Williams has opposed expansion of the minimum wage program and many, many more.

Capehart of Indiana (Republican), has supported deep cuts in foreign aid, opposed President Truman's Point Four program, and he too on the domestic front has opposed the expansion of the minimum wage program, which means protection for the average man and not the big business man. The list is endless too on Mr. Capehart.

Jenner of Indiana (Republican), he has opposed foreign aid, supported the big cut in foreign aid in 1949 led by a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats (Republicans), and this paragon of isolationism even opposed the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and true to form, he opposed the Point Four program.

Kem of Missouri (Republican), he has opposed expansion of the foreign aid program and supported the big cut of "49"; he has opposed the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; he has opposed the Point Four program to keep his record of conservaatism consistent.

Wherry of Nebraska (Republican), he has opposed foreign aid; the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; the Point Four program; and finally, he, too, has helped block the expansion of the minimum wage program.

Bricker of Ohio (Republican), he has opposed foreign aid, Point Four and expansion of the minimum wage program.

Taft of Ohio (Republican, "old Nick" himself), he has opposed foreign aid even to the extent of voting against the Marshall plan, a plan of proven worth; he has also opposed the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; the Point Four program; and finally the expansion of the minimum wage program. However, Mr. Taft (who now controls "the general") needs a bit more explanation. In the early fall of 1950 when asked by reporters on a national hook-up, "Just what is going on in Korea?" he replied in that nasal twang of his, "I don't know what should be done. Let Harry figure this one out." It is to the Senator's credit that he since has learned what is going on in Korea, and he has made his usual suggestions, "Let's pull all the troops, money, and material out of foreign lands," and bury our heads in the sand over here.

These are the men who wish to serve you, you the common American citizens.

Senator Nixon, the junior Senator from the state of California, has a most interesting record of voting in the House, and even his short stay in the Senate. Mr. Nixon first won election to the House in 1947 by unjustly smearing his opponent, and calling him the candidate of the C. I. O.

In 1950 he campaigned for the Senate with the same kind of smear tactics, and he had the aid of a New York ad-man imported by the agents of the Bank of China. This man organized "Independent Voters Com-

mittee for Nixon." Is there any need to say who controls the distinguished Senator from California?

Now to the meat of the situation—actual facts. Nixon accused his opponent, in his rat-race for the Senate in 1950, of often voting the same way as "Communist party-liner Vito Marcantonio," and he overlooked the fact that he himself voted Marcantonio's way on such issues as Korean aid, which needless to say they, Marcantonio and Nixon, opposed.

Mr. Nixon's voting record shows: He has favored special treatment for special interests and voted against price controls on foods, one of the best ways to halt hyper-inflation. He voted for tax relief for the wealthy and the big corporations and opposed efforts at fairer sharing of the tax load. He voted for all of the Republican "rich men's" bills in the 80th Congress, and voted to save corporations $500,000,000 at the expense of everybody else. Now when the Republicans speak of cutting taxes indiscriminately, which is foolhardy in a sound economic program, you know he wants to cut taxes not for you little people making the five to ten thousand dollar incomes, but he means, and so does the rest of the gang, that he will cut taxes for those in the $25,000 dollar and upwards bracket.

Continuing Mr. Nixon's voting record, he has favored cut-back on social security, and tried to block expansion of the system. He tried to exclude a millon workers from minimum wage protection. In the farm field, which should interest you in these agricultural states, he has opposed (1) adequate funds for rural electrification; (2) tried to drastically slash soil conservation payments; (3) voted to kill farm loans to help tenants become farm owners.

He has unfailingly supported the Real Estate Lobby in its fight against federal aid for low-rent housing, middle-income housing, and farm housing. He has consistently fought rent control, and then shouted why don't the Democrats do something about this dangerous inflation.

Weeping Willie Nixon has also opposed low-rate public power development in the West and in the Tennessee Valley.

He voted against economic aid to Korea only five months before the Communist attack, and in 1949 he voted to cut military aid to European Allies by 50 percent.

Now to the point that interests Southern States Righters the most, namely F. E. P. C. Nixon's record shows he's an ardent supporter of the F. E. P. C. program. The Senator's record in this respect was defended recently by Val J. Washington, Negro assistant to Republican National Chairman Arthur Summerfield.

Washington, declaring that the F. E. P. C. record of the Democratic vice-presidential candidate, John Sparkman, was unsatisfactory, said that six times in six years Nixon has voted in favor of Civil Rights bills.

These six votes the Negro declared were: (1) For Anti-poll tax bill, July 21, 1947. (2) For Civil Rights amendment to Coast Guard Women's Reserve Bill, April 4, 1949. (3) Against recommittal of anti-poll tax bill, July 26, 1949. (4) For passage of anti-poll tax bill, July 20, 1949. (5) For Fair Employment Practices Act, February 22, 1950. (6) For Fair Employment Practices Act, February 23, 1950.

Washington then goes on to ask

(Continued on page 22)

"Awright, Mulrooney—go down and get yer glasses"

INCIDENTALLY AND BY THE WAY

The Spectator

(Editor's note: The Spectator assumes full responsibility for the following article.)

GREETINGS, READER:

May we have your attention for just a few moments? We want to discuss with you a few ideas that have occurred to us regarding THE JOURNAL, your Wofford College literary magazine. For years now this publication has been confronted with two major problems: first, how to obtain and maintain a steady flow of material for each issue, and second, once that material is obtained, how to make the magazine readable. Some editors have faced these problems squarely, and in most cases have done remarkably well in overcoming them.

Last year, Bill Duke, editor of the magazine, made great strides in improving not only the calibre of the contributions to the magazine, but also its readability from the standpoint of make-up. His plan for establishing the various fields of literary concern of the magazine as departments was most successful.

This year the editors of your literary magazine are going to undertake to make this publication even more readable. The policy shall be a down-to-earth JOURNAL rather than a down-the-nose JOURNAL. It seems to us that THE JOURNAL can be edited in such a fashion that it will be most readable and entertaining for all, and at the same time maintain the dignity that it has known in the past. It's worth a try don't you agree?

* * * * *

Now, where do we fit into this picture? Here's a brief explanation. This first issue of the 1952-53 JOURNAL was suffering from acute malnutrition—so with our usual gallantry, we came forward and offered to attempt a contribution to the magazine. In part, we relieved that case of malnutrition—the editors are now concerned with a severe case of indigestion. And we think it only fair to warn them that in as much as we thoroughly enjoyed composing this "literary gem," the case may develop into chronic stages, and we'll make contributions to each issue.

As for the title, we're plagarizing. While searching through old publications for ideas, we ran across the title "comments on men and things." The fall editions of the *Old Gold and Black* last year carried several columns under this title; they were on current events and were written by Mr. J. K. Breedin, newspaperman and journalist of Manning and Columbia. The idea is particularly fitting for any column on various and sundry topics which we hope to write, so we made a few changes and will borrow the use of it for the next few months.

Anonymous? Until the last issue, yes. The idea? From "Rover" of last year's JOURNAL, and from "Oscar Says" of the Clemson College *Tiger*. There are advantages to anonymity: first, and probably foremost, it offers safety; second, it allows one to write without extraneous influences, and last (and this is a most important consideration) it allows you, the reader, to let us know when you do not like what we write—you won't have to worry about anyone's feelings. So we'll remain anonymous for your benefit and for ours also.

Content? It will be varied. For us, and for many of you, variety is the first law of readability. Therefore, be it resolved, that we shall try to write in such a vein that the variety of this column will be unending. From time to time we'll trespass into the editor's sacred realm and we'll editorialize — everything from why we're opposed to — well, we'll save that until later—but take our word, there will be variety. We'll offer some thoughts that we think are worth remembering, and here and there, we'll insert some humor. World crises, national and international politics, economics, campus affairs, humor and anything else that we feel will be profitable in stimulating thought or an occasional laugh. Together we can have some good times with these next few issues of THE JOURNAL—will you let us hear from you—we'd like to know what you think of the idea. Just write to us in care of the Editor, THE JOURNAL.

* * * * *

We're not established yet, but at least you know what to expect. Now for a word of appreciation. We've been giving some thought to this matter of HOMECOMING tomorrow. How many of us fully appreciate the work that goes into making this occasion the success that it is each year? It's more than just a football game or decorated dormitories. Rather, it is a combination of things, all of which require months of preparation.

In addition to the contributions of the Alumni Association and the football squad, *Homecoming* owes much of its success to three student organizations: the college newspaper, the *Old Gold and Black;* the Inter-Fraternity Council, representing the seven social fraternities; and the Student Council. It's time someone paused from the activities of the day and passed along a word of appreciation. May we be the first to say "Thank You!"

* * * * *

You're all familiar with the abbreviation B.M.O.C.—you will recall

(Continued on page 23)

SAMMY'S DAY

Ron Bryant

SAMMY climbed slowly into the crowded school bus. He wanted to remain home today, but his mother had been firm. His blue eyes searched for an empty seat and found none. With an inveterate self-consciousness he remained standing by the driver's seat as the gears whined, and the bus moved through the fog. The bumpy road failed to loosen his tight lips, even into a grimace. The door screeched open, and he stepped to the ground. He moved toward the grammar school with the assortment of children that the bus had disgorged. As he ambled along, he idly noticed that Ben had a new *Batman* comic book. Then, as the cement steps grew nearer, apprehension returned. His mind began to race feverishly as he calculated the time before English class.

"We have English first," he reflected uncomfortably. "There goes the bell now."

He marched into the small room in which the fourth and fifth grade classes assembled and sat down at his desk. He wondered how many others had failed to do their assignment. Could he help it if he was unable to write a theme? He did not know what to write. Miss Edwards had not explained it well enough yesterday.

Diminishing whispers marked the roll call and the beginning of class. After Miss Edwards gave the fourth grade a reading assignment, Sammy's English class began. One after another they read their compositions. They seemed very short and simple to Sammy. He could write stuff like that. Then the teacher's voice cut into his thoughts, making him cringe inwardly.

"Sammy, read yours."

"I don't have one, Miss Edwards," he muttered, shifting his legs beneath the desk.

"Why not?"

"I just didn't know what to write."

"Take a zero, then."

Sammy was hurt and incredulous. He found little consolation in the ordeal being over. The lump born in his breast pulled at the lining of his throat, and forced a fog over his eyes. There was no sympathy in the smiles and glances of the other children—only a smugness. He tried to tell himself that it was unimportant, but failed.

Finally the bell rang, announcing recess. Most of the boys headed in the direction of the baseball field behind the school building. They played regardless of the chill weather. Sammy followed in their wake with the smaller boys. When the choosing was completed, Sammy was standing alone. As the boys moved into position, a question floated back and hung in the air. "Do you all want Sammy?" That was the voice of Ben's brother, calling from the playing field. His hopes rose.

"No, he's not got enough."

Sammy looked down and studied his shoetops. Ben could play because he had a big brother. He took solace in his dreams, where he fought and won, but the cut of the cold wind drove him back to reality and the Playground. He rammed his fists into his pockets, and watched them play. And as he watched, something welled up inside him in a final gasp —and died—and bitterness was there.

The remainder of the day gave way slowly. Time had apparently joined the conspiracy. Finally, the boys and girls marched through the halls and down the cement steps in an uneven line, at the sound of the bell. Everyone tried to remain still for an excruciating minute while the principal surveyed them. Then he let them go.

As they headed home, Sammy watched the slight rise and fall of the bumps in the dusty road in response to his walking. His gaze found the dry, crushed skin of a frog, with the legs outstretched, lying in a wheel track. One instant it had been life, and the next—nothing, like a match in eternity's flame. Ben and his brother Wade were walking beside him. Their two sisters were walking ahead in the usual manner of girls.

When they reached their separate paths, Sammy started on alone. Suddenly Ben called to him. "Hey, Sammy, come over to home and let's get up a ball game this afternoon. Three or four other boys will be there."

"Okay, Ben," he managed happily, and can I look at that comic book?"

(Continued on page 22)

A Changing Heart

Into my heart my love, alas, has pried.
No usual organ will she find displayed,
But one that beats for her, then turns aside,
To palpitate for someone else anew.
Throughout my life the story'll be the same;
I hang my head as does a broken weed
To realize how cold can seem her name.
Today, when with the new love I proceed,
Obliterating mem'ries old and new;
And nothing can I give of argument
To justify my odd and fickle heart.
It rules my mind regardless of its bent.
Pray God that as I grow mature and old,
—The happier ending to my story will be told.

—LEGRAND ROUSE II

THE NUN

Of all the nuns most quiet: she seemed to have
An aura (silence not less real than night)
Surrounding those soft hands which would clasp tight
Her breviary or her beads. She gave
To each small act completion, calmly grave.

The Gothick curve her hands formed when at prayer
Would make the chapel and her body one.
The Sisters never saw the amber sun
Glow dully in her eyes, heave waiting there.

The final afternoon, when that dark core
Of coals within her eyes screamed into flame,
The Mother found her lying dead: her name
Inscribed above her head; close to the door
Her hand, with upturned palm, nailed to the floor.

—J. L. Thompson

BOOK OF THE MONTH

(VILLANELLE)

The plot's fiery mixture of pain and of joy
Confronts us with Ellen and Joe at Joe's Grill;
And Ellen finds out she's in love with the boy.

She meets Joe's best friend, a truck driver named Roy,
And leaves Joe for him (since his blonde hair won't kill
The plot's fiery mixture of pain and of joy).

Roy beats her with floor lamps and starts to employ
Obscenities mixed with her name. She meets Bill,
And Ellen finds out she's in love with the boy.

Bill thinks, "Pollyanna"—she, "Helen of Troy,"
And takes on a lover. (He helps pad and fill
The plot's fiery mixture of pain and of joy.)

She thinks of herself as Camille—Passion's Toy—
And calls in a priest to repent, feeling ill.
And Ellen finds out she's in love with the boy.

Then back to Joe's Grill she goes (what could destroy
This poignant returning? What words could distill
The plot's fiery mixture of pain and of joy?)
And Ellen finds out she's in love with the boy.

—J. L. THOMPSON

The Facts

(From page 17)

how proponents of F. E. P. C. could "honestly put Nixon, the Republican, in the same class with Sparkman, the Democrat," the latter being described as a Senator who has a "100 percent batting record" against civil rights bills.

"South Carolinians for Eisenhower and Nixon" are no doubt aware of Nixon's voting record in regard to F. E. P. C., although part of their stock of argument in favor of the Republican state is that the G. O. P. presidential candidate says he is against F. E. P. C. Yet, if the Republicans win, Nixon would be presiding in the Senate, and in position to use his influence to help F. E. P. C. legislation through that body, the last defense line in the running fight that has been going on for many years.

From all of this conclusive evidence, and now the famous $18,235 expense fund, Senator Nixon's record has not been an admirable one.

General Eisenhower basically has been, and probably will continue to be an honest man, but just like General Grant, the shrewd politicians have gotten a hold on him and apparently he thinks they will succeed in electing him.

The situation has resolved itself into a pitched battle between President Truman and that courageous foe of liberalism, Senator Robert A. Taft. These are the so-called political giants in the "arena of the public eye." (The writing that follows is not a cold, hard study of what has been done, and what should be done, but is rather a popularity contest between Mr. Truman and Mr. Taft.)

I know you people in this part of the country object very strongly to Mr. Truman, but this is not true in the great industrial Northeast, nor is it true in the farm states; have you ever stood in a crowd of people listening to "Harry" speak? Well, you should. I think you would be amazed at the audience's response. Harry will shout at them, "don't let those dirty dogs of Republicans take it away from *us*," and the audience shouts back at him, "Give 'em hell, Harry!" No, my friends, you may rest assured the Republicans are "whistling in the dark" when they say "Harry will hurt Mr. Stevenson." On the other hand, Mr. Taft's support of Eisenhower has caused the withdrawal of many noted liberals from the Eisenhower camp. Men such as Walter Lippman, and even the man who nominated Mr. Eisenhower at the Republican convention, Senator Wayne Morse, find themselves unable to support the great surrender.

This writer fails to see how the American people can elect the Republicans to responsible positions on November 4th, and if they should be, then God help us, because we will surely need divine aid.

Now to go out on something of a limb, fully realizing this article will be published after the elections, I am going to pick Mr. Stevenson to win on the basis of the all-out support given him by the labor organizations. Mr. Stevenson most certainly has the Negro vote and other minority votes, the solid South will stay solid, the farm vote will stick with the party that has so faithfully served their interests, and finally the American people will continue to support "enlightened foreign policy," and will not let conservatism have its last fling. On this basis I think that the Democrats should win, and let us all pray to Almighty God that the Democrats do win it.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

DE LUXE DINER

"World's Best"

Sammy's Day

(From page 19)

"Yeah. Here it is. Just bring it to school tomorrow."

"See ya."

Timidly, the flame breathed, and grew, and became a glow.

The Long Walk

(From page 6)

to his room—the little place he called home—alone as he was in it. Still, the table lamp cast a warm glow all over the room as he finished his cigarette and listened to the rain outside and the wind whistling around the building. "Nasty night — sort'a foolish to walk home in such."

A good hot shower, a quick rub-down, and then into the sack. It had been a long day and a long evening. All those things he had thought about —who was there to care? No one else knew he existed—much less cared what he thought. Anyway, he was home now, and he had himself to live for, if no one else.

Suddenly he became aware of a distant ringing—the phone beside his bed. How long had it rung before he heard it? Drowsily he snatched the receiver off and mumbled a "Hello."

"Where have you been?" It was her voice that brought him wide awake. "You left here so hurriedly that I thought maybe I had done something wrong. And then, I could not get an answer on your phone long after I thought you'd had time to get there."

"No, it took a little longer to get here—I was walking and thinking."

"In this rain?"

"Yes, but it didn't bother me."

"Well," she hesitated, "call me tomorrow. I wanted to talk to you again tonight — I was so worried about you. G'night."

"Night."

She did care!

Trudie

(From page 7)

Bring your dead out to the streets!" The creaking wagon with its mass of rotting bodies pulled up in front of the shanty. The driver, who was crawling with vermin, slid from his seat and picked the corpse from the steps. Trudie felt her heart sink as she rushed to the driver. One look was enough to convince her and she hurried into the house. The smell of death was prevalent. It hung menacingly in the fetid air. She began to walk along the row of bodies.

"Water, please give me water."

"Help me, Miss, I'm dying."

"Just a drop of water on my parched lips, Miss."

Then she saw him in a remote corner by a filthy window. Trudie fell down beside him on the edge of the dirty sack which was under him. When she looked at his once pale blue eyes, which now housed a peculiar look, she knew there was no hope. His great physique was now diminished to skin and bones.

"Dana," she whispered, bending over him.

"Trudie, I knew you would come," he whispered, as he gasped for breath.

"Hush, don't try to talk. You'll be all right. I'm going to stay and nurse you." She brushed her hands through his curly black hair and caressed his flushed face, which no longer had the distinct little smile it once possessed.

"Washington, bring me some water, and make sure it is clean."

"Yes, ma'am."

Trudie reached down and began tearing some pieces from her petticoat.

"Here hit is, ma'am. T'ain't much, Miss Trudie. Ain't very much clean water left 'round dese parts."

"It will do, Washington." She began applying the cloths to his brow and saw that his nostrils and lips were red. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but she placed her tender white hand upon it and gasped at the sight of his scarlet tongue. Death seemed to walk in at that instant, as his skin began turning a lemon yellow tint.

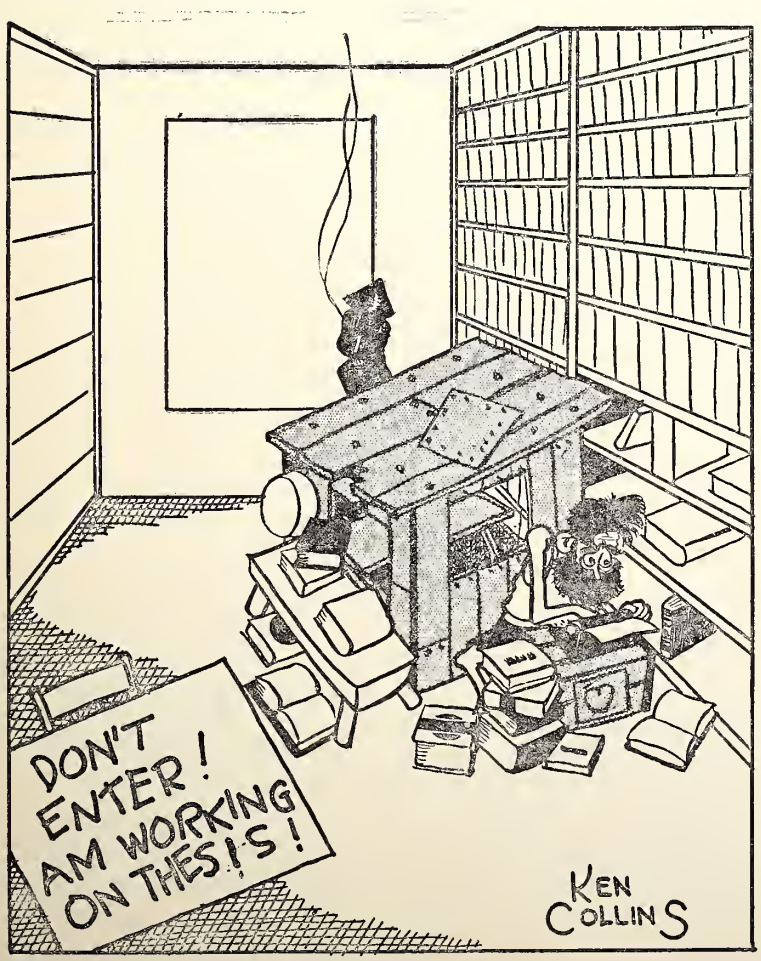
Bending over to feel his pulse, the keepsake he had given her fell from its hiding place. Feebly, he grasped it. Tearfully she said, "This will always be a symbol of our love."

"Always," as death took his breath. Seeing this, Washington moved to her side, gently lifted her, and placed her in the carriage. Quietly, he took up the reins and headed homeward.

Almost hysterical in her love for Dana, she felt a powerful urge to be by his side. She yelled to Washington to turn the carriage around. Not hearing her calls, Washington continued driving. Knowing she had to be with him, she flung open the door as the carriage rolled over the bridge.

Hearing the splash, Washington swiftly jumped down from the carriage, only to see no trace of her.

"Miss Trudie!" he muttered.



Incidentally

(From page 18)

that it stands for Big Man On Campus. We have an idea that it's time we made a slight change in this title (mainly because we've found someone that the new title will fit). We recommend that the revision be made thus: B.B.O.C. — Busiest Body On Campus. And we nominate for the new post none other than John Younginer. (We hear from reliable sources that John frequents the office of the Dean of Students so much that one prof. thought the Dean had two secretaries instead of one!)

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

On the basis of the votes after the "political rallies" held at Columbia and Wofford Colleges, we're at political odds with our sister college? It's a fact—General Ike won the "election" at C. C., both among students and faculty, but here at Wofford, Stevenson was the favorite. Now whose face is red!

* * * * *

You as a student pay only three-fourths (approximately) of the cost of your education at Wofford for one year. The remainder of the cost of operation is derived from endowment interest, gifts and the Methodist Church in South Carolina. One member of the college staff (guess who!) has suggested installing pay toilets in the dorms. With so many other coin-operated devices on campus, why not!

Eisenhower

(From page 9)

tirely hidden from public view. Political maneuvering was not to the personal taste of Eisenhower. Many of his closest friends had become hostile. The effects were readily noticeable in the fumbling awkward manner in which "Ike" presented himself to the public. Yet it was still early enough to believe the difficulties could be ironed out before November fourth. But as time went on, Eisenhower became worse and did not improve. He made many blunders, he was at cross purposes with his "high command." Eisenhower was learning that in order to be President he would have to have the support of the party. The liberal wing did not constitute the Republican party, and their ways were not the ways of liberals. Still he was a liberal and would not compromise the faith that had been placed in him.

With the nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson and the unification of the liberal elements in the Democratic party, Eisenhower realized he had a formidable opponent. In fact, intellectually a superior opponent. Daily the Stevenson barbed wit became more unbearable and "Ike" grew progressively worse. Then must have come the "great awakening," the realization he could not continue alone against the superior quality. The neophyte saw the need of a tough and seasoned veteran of the political wars. Such a personage was hovering in the background viewing the situation with eager expectancy.

Again the trying days of condemnation were to sting to the soul of Eisenhower. "Ike's" opponents have characterized his treaty with Robert A. Taft as "the great surrender." This makes excellent political propaganda for the opposition. For the Democrats are fully aware that the liberal faction of the Republican party can in no way justify the political tying of ultra conservative and liberal. Actually when considered in the light of political objectivity it was a political expediency so great as to necessitate the annihilation of his chief lieutenants. "Ike's" heart must have bave sorely troubled when he cast aside those who had brought him so far down the road to the White House.

When the negotiations were completed the Eisenhower political fortunes were doomed but were just then receiving their first great impetus. The party machinery began to hum and a new brand of "Ike" began to appear. For better or worse, Eisenhower was now committed for the first time in open antagonism to the Truman administration. Seasoned veterans of the "Old Guard" began once more to ply their trade. This time hidden beneath the cloak of a mighty general. But in judging the Taft wing we must remember they gave to "Ike" a definite positive course of action that might conceivably appeal to the majority of the American people. We must also consider, could the novices have handled the Nixon discrepancies as skillfully as the party leaders did?

Thus it is at once self-evident that Eisenhower attempted the impossible in trying to stand on his own principles alone — that a small minority could wrest the leadership from responsible hands and elect a president. The "great awakening" was the realization that he could not walk the middle ground that so many people earnestly desired he would.

Many of Eisehower's early adherents have deserted his camp realizing the dream is over. Still they must face the fact that political science theory, while excellent on the drafting board, is not by any stretch of the imagination practical politics. Theoreticists must also realize high-flown principle will not win elections, and that the means to the end must be sometimes tempered with logic.

Eisenhower's hope today lies in the fact that he has appealed to public fancy. While his strength is waning, it has never reached the depths that the party has plumbed in the past twenty years. Most of the liberal support is gone, but the mass of independent voters have not yet deserted him. Although this tidal wave of public support is ebbing it would not be sensible to believe he has been left to stand alone. "Ike" has aroused a good deal of popular support in the South, this has caused him the loss of virtually all the minority vote. It still remains a question just how deep an indentation he has made in the South. In return, heavy Taft support in key industrial areas which carry more than their share of weight in the electoral college are now safely in his column. But what was once an overwhelming popular demand has become a very bitterly contested battle. The campaign has sunk to the level of mud-slinging and bitter denunciations.

In summing up, Eisenhower has shown he has the capabilities of playing politics. "Ike's" knack of learning

(Continued on page 26)

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EDITORIAL

THIS week's events contain another milestone in Wofford's history. Great men of the past and present have been instrumental in making Wofford what she is. With this sixth presidential inauguration, these men have a worthy successor in Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, Jr., whose picture is on this issue's cover. We are sure that Wofford's destiny will make us proud to have been a small part of her, just as we are proud because of her past.

* * * * *

TRADITIONALLY, editorial policies are expressed in the year's first issue. In keeping with this custom we, the editors, say that throughout the year THE JOURNAL will continue to be a literary magazine for student expression. That is its purpose, and we shall adhere to it. We have heard THE JOURNAL criticized for Victorianism, cynicism, and flippancy. We agree that there are elements of all three, but we think that the terms have been hastily applied. It is our aim to produce a JOURNAL of some literary merit, because we feel sure that there is creative talent here. We shall also endeavor to publish material which is at the same time interesting, varied, and readable. Finally, the JOURNAL is your publication, and your opinions and criticisms will be expected and welcomed.

—THE EDITORS

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Eisenhower

(From page 24)

very quickly what must be done will serve him well in the White House. Having alienated the affections of his "dreamers," he will have little chance to unify the country as he once hoped to do. Moreover, he has made all sides suspicious with his sudden changes. The author views with some trepidation his chances of leading the country, as he must have relinquished many of his aims and acceded possibly too many of his powers to his lieutenants in order to govern effectively. Eisenhower has become a politician and there is no reason to assume he will do more than strictly adhere to party politics if he goes to the White House.

Books

(From page 13)

face of the sea itself, the words hide many things. What lay behind the writing of this novella we can but guess. The change in attitude toward defeat seems to point to a spiritual utterance, as do so many passages in the work. Perhaps we are to learn that the ultimate judgment of defeat must be based on an understanding of its causes. The sharks attacked an exhausted man, they attacked in numbers, they attacked under cover of night when the old man was without weapons. And thus they defeated him.

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December	13.33	
February	13.33	39.99
Local	440.00	440.00
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National ads	26.66	26.66
		$1424.49

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February Issue	221.97	
April Issue	221.94	
May Issue	221.31	$1103.46
SALARIES:		
Editor	87.25	87.25
Bus. Mgr., Commission	89.75	89.75
Office Supplies	28.00	28.00
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Commission and National ads	2.67	2.67
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The Journal

DECEMBER 1952

The Journal

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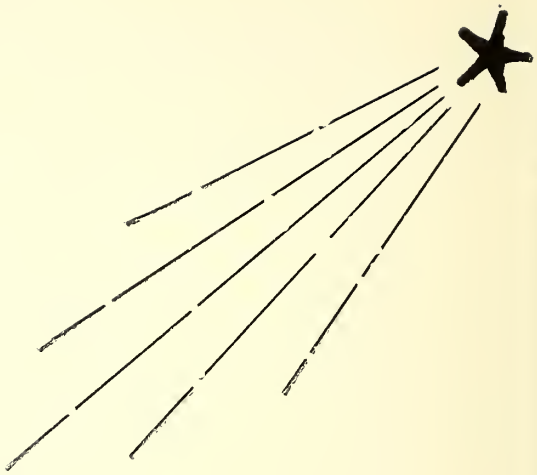
COVER BY
WADE BURLEY

Deadline for February issue is January 15.

And when they
were come
into the house,
they saw the
young child with
Mary his mother,
and fell down, and
worshipped him:



And when they
had opened their
treasures, they
presented unto
him gifts; gold
and frankincense,
and myrrh.

SAINT NICHOLAS

Jan Wendland

SOME tourists and visitors are fortunate to be in Holland on the fifth and sixth of December. Aside from the fact that the weather may be typically Dutch, with its wind and rain, this is the day to take part in the most characteristic Dutch festival. This is the day of St. Nicholas. What Santa Claus means to the American, Saint Nicholas means to the Dutch. This is also an evening for family reunions, good cheer, and merriment. If the American is the guest in a Dutch home he will see Dutch life at its best.

Just as the American people give presents at Christmas, so do the Dutch in a different manner at St. Nicholas. But it is not so much the present that counts, but the manner in which it is given and the fun it creates. The gifts are not costly and derive much of their value and interest from the love and care spent in devising them. They might be curious, especially suitable, or even ridiculous, but they must always be surprises. St. Nicholas presents must be hidden and disguised as much as possible. All gifts are accompanied by rhymes explaining what the present is, and for whom it is intended; this rhyme is read aloud by the person that is distributing the presents and often results in a hilarious scene. This is the time of practical jokes and few jokes are missed. Incidentally the poem accompanying the present is signed "St. Nicholas," and the object of the giver is to remain unknown as long as possible. The largest box may yield the smallest present. Or even better, one present might have six different wrappers and each addressed to a different person, so that the parcel will change hands every time a wrapper is undone. Sometimes gifts are hidden inside pseudo-gifts, and the longer it takes before the present is found the more successful the surprise. An ambitious youngster with too much energy

might get a message to search in an old trunk in the attic. There he finds a note that directs him to a coal bin, where he might find a small reward accompanied by a rhyme fitting his character and temperament. Puns are used extensively and a good sense of humor is one of the prerequisites for enjoyment. A prolific writer might receive an eraser, and a cook very possibly might find himself reading an epic describing his latest fateful culinary exploits and then discover the carefully wrapped package to hold three pieces of charcoal.

The traditional St. Nicholas, as adopted by parents and uncles for agreeable deceptions is an old man with a white beard in long ecclesiastical robes carrying a staff in his hand, miter on his head, and riding a white horse. The children do not hang up stockings, but they do something very similar. Each child, before going to bed on the night of the fifth of December, puts one of its shoes in front of the fireplace. Then they generally sing this song:

> "*Sint Niclaas Kapoentje*
> *gooi wat in me schoentje,*
> *gooi wat in mijn laarsje*
> *dank je, Sinterklaasje!*"

This can be translated as the following: St. Nicholas put something in my shoe, put something in my boot, thank you, St. Nicholas.

The Saint rarely disappoints the children, but I have been told that naughty boys sometimes find a switch in their shoes besides the usual candy; for the benevolent Saint is supposed to chasten the naughty as well as to reward the good.

All these little incidents will generally give the observer a better picture of the Dutch and their life; and even the word *Dutch* itself might take on a different connotation from that shown in "Dutch uncle," or "Dutch treat." Well, I hope I didn't get in Dutch with anybody.

A STORY . . . AND A DREAM

Stuart Stevens

She sat across the room in a huge chair which threatened to engulf her doll-like figure. She was only five years old, a slip of a girl. Her hair could have easily belonged to a daughter of the Nile, as it hung down, dark brown and straight and touched her diminutive shoulders. This December evening her small blue eyes were brighter than usual with expectation. These eyes flicked across the room occasionally, accompanied by a trace of a smile, then she would lean her small figure back in the chair in a manner of demure composure. At times she would shiver slightly though unconsciously in response to the wind's cry in the bare branches outside. Presently she glanced across the room and said to the other occupant, "Daddy, please tell me a bedtime story before I have to go to sleep."

A man in his late twenties rose from his chair on the far side of the cheering fire and laid aside his pipe. His thin, wide lips crinkled in a rare smile.

"Okay, Jill," he said, "but it will have to be just one. We can't give Santa trouble, you know."

"Just one," she agreed.

She settled comfortably on his lap and clasped her small hands together. He hesitated a moment and then began.

"Once a longe time ago, there lived an old man who was very rich, but very mean and cruel. He treated everybody badly and took all the money that he could from people, and left them very poor. Some had little to eat and their clothes were ragged. This old man hated everybody except one person, and that was his daughter. She was very beautiful, so beautiful that she was like a fairy princess. When she could, she helped in small ways the people that her father mistreated. She liked to sing in the rare instances when she felt happy, but her harsh father kept her from doing it except when she was out of hearing.

"One day she was seen by a young man who was instantly enchanted by her beauty. In the course of time she came to love him also, in spite of her cruel father's threats. You see, the young man was very poor. One day they ran away and were married,

and they were wonderfully happy until she received news that her father was dying.

"Since she loved him as a daughter should, she went to see him, even though she had recently been sick. Her father died without forgiving her, and because of that and the strain of the trip she had to go away for a long. long time to a beautiful land, and the man who loved her never saw her again. . . ."

"Thank you for the story, Daddy. I feel so sorry for him. Why Daddy, you look so sad."

"Well, that's the end of the story, so run along to bed now like a good little girl."

"Nighty-night."

"Nighty-night," he said, watching the retreating figure.

As she peeped over the edge of the covers into the darkness the story kept floating through her mind. Then she became drowsy. . . . She opened her eyes wider as she stared at the skeletal red figures which kept gliding straight at her in an endless macabre march. Their heads were nothing but red circles in the blackness, but they moved closer until they almost touched her. . . . Now she was standing on a lonely road at night and a flickering fire at the side cast a sickening red halo upon everything. A mass of strewn wreckage was burning, and then she saw the bodies of a man and woman twisted and charred. And then several huge dogs came out of the blackness and ripped the flesh from the fire and wreckage and began dragging the bodies away, and the flesh was so cooked that an arm came off at the shoulder and the body lay in the dirt without a head and an arm. The sweetish smell was stifling, and together the smell and the sight was paralyzing the senses, and she was suffocating because a dog was bringing the dripping flesh closer and closer right up to her. Her scream cut the blackness and there was the magic of merciful wakefulness which ended the eternity of the dream. Her father was at her side at that moment, holding her close. In a few seconds there was enough and, and she was no longer frightened.

"Daddy," she said finally, "I keep thinking about that story and that beautiful lady. You said Mommy was beautiful. Was she like her?"

"She was, very much so, darling," he said, "more than you can imagine."

SCARED

Sidney Kelly

George and Jenny walked along the beach each with an arm around the other's waist. They had been dancing at the pavilion. It was past midnight and the moon was setting. They talked just enough to keep the conversation from dying, stopping every twenty yards or so to look again at the golden path connecting them with the moon.

They walked on, feeling the soft sand under their feet, the ocean breeze cool against their legs; it tossed Jenny's curls — Gosh! George thought, Jenny is beautiful. He had been dating Jenny for over a year, but tonight was the first time he had kissed her. He didn't know if she would mind or not—she hadn't. George whispered to Jenny. Jenny smiled.

Another couple passed. Their laughter drifted away into the night. The music from the pavilion was dying away in the background. The night was quiet. The waves were too small to splash; they just slowly, quietly crept toward shore. Jenny's head was on George's shoulder; he enfolded her.

Suddenly, someone came running up behind them. It was a girl. She forced her way between Jenny and George, and grabbed George around the chest.

"He's trying to get me! He's trying to get me! My date—oh, stop him, help me!"

George hesitated, not fully realizing what the girl had said.

"He's trying to rape me!" She was crying.

"Do something, George." Jenny's voice trembled.

George grabbed each of the girls by the arm, and they started for the street lights. They were down by the water; the strand was wide; they were three hundred yards from the nearest light.

As they came to the sand dunes, a voice behind them called out, "Monk, Monk, you better come back here." Jenny, George, and Monk stopped.

"I ain't going," whispered Monk.

"Monk, if you know what's good for you, you'll come here." The speaker kept coming closer until a faint light fell on his face. George recognized the boy. He was from George's home town. George didn't know him well, but his brother had played on the football team with George, and George had seen him at the "Y." Now he stood before George —his eyes bloodshot, his disheveled hair down in his face, his dirty clothes pulled out of shape—he was drunk.

"Frank, do you know who I am?" George's voice sounded condemning.

"Yeah, George, yeah; I know who you are—if you know what's good for you, you'll get the hell on away from here. This ain't none of your business, George; none of your damn business. Monk, you come on."

"She says she isn't going, Frank."

"She says she ain't—well, I says she is—now what are you going to do about it."

Before George could answer, he had been hit in the face. He rocked back, stunned. In a helpless attempt to protect himself, he put his hands in front of his face. His head cleared. His back was to the ocean, Frank was in front of him, and the girls were on the other side of Frank.

"Put your hands down," ordered Frank, "and tell those girls to come back here."

George dropped his hands. This was the first time George had ever been hit. He didn't know what to do—was he supposed to fight back? Once in high school a boy had cursed George. George had said something sarcastic to the boy. He had been joking, but the boy tried to pick a fight. The boy said he was scared. George didn't think he was scared. He wasn't going to risk getting his head knocked off for nothing. When he fought, it was going to be for something important. But since that time, George had wondered if that was the reason he hadn't fought. Maybe he was scared . . . a sissy . . . a coward, the words burned in George's mind. He longed for a chance to prove to himself he wasn't sissy, but a man able to protect himself in a man's world. Now there was Frank; breathing hard through his nose, his fists clinched, his arms half cocked to swing again. He felt Frank's eyes watching his every move. Then he remembered Frank showing the football boys the knife he carried around with him. He showed them how he could catch the tip of the blade on the top of his pocket, and jerk the knife out, opening it, all in the same motion. Frank put his right hand in his pocket. George's legs began to shake.

"You girls run to the road." The words were out before he realized he had spoken. The girls were gone. George and Frank stood staring at each other. Frank started talking loud and fast—curses, threats, dares. To George it was a rumble of words. What to do? What to do? He began to edge around Frank. Frank didn't move. Slowly he stepped around Frank. He began walking away. Frank was following.

"You bastard, walk away, go on, walk away, damn you!"

Suddenly George turned around, faced Frank. No, he wasn't going to walk away this time.

"Frank, do you want to hit me again?" There was no answer. "Well, damn it, shut up!"

Jenny stood under the street light waiting for George. Monk was gone.

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A STROLL *with Uncle Willis*

David Byrd

"How 'bout you and me gwine ter see 'bout dem rabbit traps I sot yistiddy, Sonny?"

"I don't think so, Uncle," lamented Sonny.

"Huh? Efen I ain't wrong, you ain't feeling so good today. Uh-huh, I knows what's ailing you. Now jes' cause you's being punished for what yunnah done dis mornin', dat ain't no sign dat you is got to mope 'round and not talk with yo' ole Uncle. I knows dat you wanted to go wid yo' mammy and pappy to town, but when us do what us ain't 'pose to, us has to be punished somehow. Now, you git up out dat bed and come on wid yo' ole Uncle."

Sonny reluctantly followed Uncle Willis out the house to the path which led to the woods. It was a perfect day for a stroll. Autumn had spread her charm by turning the leaves to bright red, orange and yellow. Sonny began shuffling his feet through the fallen leaves and then skipped ahead. As he neared the denser part of the woods, he slowed his pace and walked beside Uncle Willis.

"Uncle, why do you have to farm?"

Uncle put his hand on Sonny's shoulder and said softly, "Sonny, dat's 'bout de only wuk yo' ole Uncle knows how to do."

"I don't want to be a farmer when I grow up. It's too much work for me to do."

"I know, Sonny. Some day you is gwine to be a big man and go places in dis ole world."

"I think I'd like to drive a train, or—or maybe be a cowboy. Uncle, don't you think I'd make a fine cowboy?"

"Sonny, efen I recalls rightly, you is one uf de bery bes' cowboys now, wid all dat romping you do 'round de house."

Sonny was very content with this statement from Uncle Willis and remained quiet for awhile. As they walked along the path between scrubby pine trees, Uncle Willis began humming very low.

"What's that you're humming, Uncle?"

"It's one uf de ole songs my mammy used to sing to me, Sonny."

"Sing it for me now, Uncle. Will you, please?"

"I ain't know efen I 'members de wuds or no. Le's see, now.

Who buil' de Aa'k? Norah . . .
'Twas Norah buil' de Aa'k.
En forty day, en forty night
Rain fall on Norah Aa'k.
Who tu'n loose de bud? Norah . . .
'Twas Norah tu'n um loose. . . .

Sonny interrupted, "I know that story. Mother read it to me from the Bible."

Dat's right, Sonny. Well, here is de traps. Le's see efen us cotch ole brer rabbit dis time. Looks like he done give us de slip agin. Guess we might as well leave it as it is. How 'bout you and me gwine down to de creek and seeing 'bout my fish line I sot dis mornin'?"

Sonny heartily agreed and off they went. Uncle Willis had been sort of a second father to Sonny and he usually followed him wherever he went. Uncle Willis was too old to work in the fields and Sonny's father let him do the little odd jobs around the house. Sonny always helped him with the chores and the two were inseparable. It was to Uncle Willis that Sonny always turned when in trouble. He found his confidence there and took great pride in having him as his best friend.

As they neared the creek, the path narrowed and Sonny walked behind Uncle Willis. Sonny watched him shifting one foot in front of the other. His old brogans were clumsily trodding the path. Uncle Willis' baggy overalls were patched in every possible place and his faded shirt was loosely stuffed into them. The old straw hat he wore hid his short white hair that Sonny admired so much. Uncle Willis was not as tall as some of the other farm hands, but Sonny thought he was the best of them all.

"Bless my soul!" Uncle said as he pulled the pole from the creek. "Bless my soul! Looks like we's done hit 'pon some luck dis time. Two fine brim! Missus sho' will be proud of dese. Um-um. I can jes' smell 'em in de fryin' pan now. And taste dat 'licious flavor with dat cornbread. Don't it make yo' mout' water, Sonny?"

"Can I come over and eat supper with you, Uncle?"

Uncle pushed his hat back and began scratching his head.

"I don't know 'bout dat. Efen I recollect rightly, de las' time you wuz over dere, you didn't go home 'till after da'k, and when I takes you home, yo' mammy says you ain't gwine over dere any mo'. Ain't dat right, now?"

"Yeah, that's what she said, but if you were to ask her, she might let me go."

"I ain't 'bout to do dat now. Yo' mammy means what she say and I ain't gwine to have her mad at me. No, sir! I tell you what. I'll bring you some fish and bread in de mo'ning when I comes to feed dem mules."

"Would you, Uncle Willis? Honest?"

"Sho I will and now don't you worry 'bout it. I'll git you some of dem fish and you can eat it right dere in de ba'n. Le's sot dese here lines so we can cotch some more of dem brim. How 'bout it?"

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THE RETURN

Bill Cannon

Cold wind whipped the misty clouds down over the surface of the lake and lashed the waves up against the shoreline. The dock stretched out into the water, but how far was anybody's guess. The sound of the barrels under the boathouse scraping together in the rough water made the chill of fear run through his whole body. The rain had beat at him all day while he had been driving, or trying to produce a reasonable facsimile of driving, since he was having trouble with his pre-war model car, whose every move seemed its last effort. It even seemed to sense his feeling, and tried to sympathize by doing its best —but that wasn't enough. Leaves fluttered down to cling wetly to the car and the weathered, cracked planks of the boat landing, and the swaying of the tree-tops made an eerie swishing sound that reverberated out over the water only to echo again farther out.

"Can't stand here in the rain all night," he mused concernedly to himself. "Guess it would help to get on up the hill to the house."

It had been three years—three long years since he had been here standing on his dock, looking out over the water—years that should never have been.

Stumbling around the car and across the road, he started up the hill and the thirteen steps to the house — thirteen steps that he had counted many, many times in days past.

"Where was that step that had the broken place in it—will it be there?" Hardly had he thought of it when his foot fell into an emptiness in the rock of the steps, causing him to have to catch himself. . . . "Knew I'd fall into it—never could remember the right step in the dark." The darkness was even more foreboding as he came closer to the house, as if a warning or a wish that it didn't want him to enter its doors again. Water was dripping from the eaves, and it could easily have been mistaken for teardrops falling endlessly to the ground.

Fumbling in his pocket for the key, he wondered if he had the right one—it had been so long! His hands were shaking when he tried to open the door. How many times had he opened this same door with this very key before? How many times had she been there with him, laughing and talking about the good time that they were going to have at "his" lake. She always called it "his" lake, and perhaps she was right—it was a part

of him; it always had been; it always would be.

A musty, dead smell met him as he pushed open the door to the room. His cigarette lighter showed him the old-fashioned lantern on the mantel—just where they had left it that evening which seemed so far back in the dim, distant past. She had wanted to put it in the cabinet where all the others were kept, but he had told her just to leave it alone—they'd like it where it was the next time they came. This was the next time, but instead of they, he was alone.

The cold room brought him back to reality and he set about to get a fire started. That was it; maybe a good crackling fire and a pot of old spoon-floating coffee like he used to have would cheer him up. As soon as the fire caught, he went back to scout up his favorite pot—where was the thing? Well did he remember the last cup of coffee he had here—too well. They had spilled coffee on the rug that night and then laughed about it, calling each other "butterfingers."

The wind was picking up in intensity, and it whistled around the corners of the house like a cyclone, it seemed to him. Cold wasn't the word for it—it would be zero by morning, and the rain was now sleet and snow mixed. To get out in the morning would be out of the question, so he settled himself for a long stay. He had once tried to get out when it was snowing, but he only went as far as the switch-backs over the high ridge at the south end of the lake. This promised to be even worse.

The fire and hot coffee warmed him and cut the physical chill from his body, but neither would affect the chill that grimly hung on where it counted most. The stark fact kept coming back to him—he was alone—alone in the house that they had loved so much, at the lake they had loved. How many times had they been in this very room together; he sprawled on the floor and she sitting beside him with her feet tucked under her like a little girl—that was what she was to him—a little girl. Would he ever forget the day when he gave her the key to the house? They had admired it since they were kids, and now it was theirs. Never had a pair of kids been more happy or elated over a new toy than they were over the house.

False elation! Hardly had they owned it a year when *the* letter came: "You are hereby ordered to report for active duty. . . ." He had been a reservist, but he had thought he'd gotten his share of the hell of war behind him. However, it seemed that

(Continued on page 24)

CARNIVORA

A Lion is in the street
Whose age is full-grown
Whose song—it knows one—
Is "Edward, my son. Edward,
my son."

The Lion is king.
Come, let us adore him.

His paths are the pathways of the
world;
It should be so.
This wonderful creature
Adorable child
Stubborn stripling
Was assembled, not born.

You may know him by his roar.
And he wears a thin white.
His credo is might.
The blood on his lips is not
Hawk's but the Hound's,
And the heavens resound
With his song.

"Edward, my son. Edward, my son."

—Reed Upton

A NEGRO MAMMY ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Gather 'round me all you chil'uns,
Hush! an' stop yo' silly game.
An' I'll tell all yo'll a story,
'Bout the night Lord Jesus came.

Oh, the eve was kinda dreary,
An' the dew it fell like rain.
An' the plain was sorta chilly,
On the night Lord Jesus came.

An' a star that shone like fire
Was a-shinin' o'er the plain.
An' it guided three fine wise men,
On the night Lord Jesus came.

An' a whole great heavenly choir,
Was a-singin' o'er the plain.
An' they filled the air with glory,
On that night Lord Jesus came.

An' an angel telled some shepards,
Who was sittin' on the plain,
That the Christ was borned in
Beth'lem.
'Twas the night Lord Jesus came.

Then the angels, an' the shepards
An' the wise men; they all came
For to gather 'round the manger
On that night Lord Jesus came.

So I's tellin' yo'll the story
Always new, though still the same,
'Cause it is the story glorious
'Bout the night Lord Jesus came.

—Richard Strong

THE ENCHANTED

Reed Upton

. . . Why? Why? Why? Of all the places in New York, why here?

Riverside and 149th—Harlem!

Italians, Germans, and every degree of Negro. . . . Each family must have a dozen or more kids . . . yelling like little savages . . . H-m-m-m! Already ten minutes late. . . . Ah, Loretta is a strange girl in a lot of ways, but she's always kind and sweet and understanding. . . . I'm pretty lucky. . . .

Louis, six feet tall and overdressed, looked out of place with a dirty, steep hill rising sheerly between tenements on one side and on the other, a small strip of scrubby, beaten grass, a yellow and dull green plot which was swarming with, teeming with what looked like hundreds of children of all ages and all various shades of color. And they laughed and ran with the careless abandon, happy, innocent unawareness which is lost, and must be lost, with the magic lost years. But now, laughter, spontaneous and friendly kicks and shoves, and laughter ringing like a clear bell out of a hazy dream. And the young man looked at his watch.

. . . There she is! Boy, what a smile! . . . always smiling but ready at an instant to become serious if the occasion warrants. . . .

The girl walked proudly down the street, hesitating once to pat a kinky, curly head.

"Hello, darling. Guess what? I found a man from Georgia at the subway station downtown. I knew it right away, the minute he opened his mouth."

"Yeah. So what did you do? Stand there talking until you missed the subway. You know you're late."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to keep you waiting but I stopped at a little newsstand just up the street. I'll show it to you when we get there."

. . . Newsstand? . . . Now isn't that something. . . . She stopped at a little newsstand up the street and she'll show it to me when we get there. . . .

The couple bent forward and started to climb the hill. Although the buildings were dirty and the air fairly reeked of cabbage and garbage and the human smell, there were Buicks and Lincolns and shiny new Fords parked along the curb. And the children playing on the street had so many toys until it seemed Christmastime. Really, it was early September.

Down the street toward the park shuffled a small, bent, golden-faced woman. Her coat was dull gray. Pressed tightly against her flat breasts was a book whose vellum sheen was finger marked and smeared. She looked at the couple with obvious resentment in her eyes. Her air was a mixture of belligerence and fright as she said, "Hello."

"Hello."

" 'Lo."

The book which she was holding so tightly was titled, *Fear*. She glanced back for a minute and smiled at the girl, a radiant, beautiful smile —one full of trust and friendship.

"You know, if she didn't live here, you might think that she was an Italian or a Spanish girl. I'll bet she isn't over thirty years old."

"Who? That nigger woman that just passed us. She looked sort of screwy, if you know what I mean. The way she looked out of her eyes. Didja notice?"

"Uh-huh. She did."

They turned right at the corner and started walking toward the subway station at the end of the block. It was almost six-thirty.

The neon lights were already turned on and the endless grind of songs had started from the juke boxes in places along the way. There was an odd mixture of people on the street. Some men were still dressed in gray or blue work shirts and dungarees. Others, with hair slicked back and shining, smelled of every kind of shaving lotion and perfume. They looked up as the couple approached and followed them with their glance until they had walked past. There were few whites on this street.

"There's the newsstand I was telling you about. See how neatly it's kept."

"Hi! Did the Dodgers win today?"

"Yas, ma'am, they shuah did, nine to four."

They stood at the newsstand for a minute, she talking to the small boy behind the counter and he looking through the pocket books on the front shelf.

Suddenly, the man jerked his head up, looked at his watch and grabbed the girl's arm.

"We've just got time to get downtown and eat before the movie starts. We'd better hurry."

"Don't you want to buy a book or paper or something?"

"Yeah. Pick out something. Anything."

A moment spent fumbling for the right change, and the man held out a quarter. The newsboy groped for a minute in the man's direction and finally felt the outstretched hand. He rubbed the quarter between his thumb and fore-finger for a minute and then dropped it into the correct slot in his money changer.

When the two were seated in the subway and hurrying downtown, the man leaned over and said, in her ear, "Now, why did you want me to meet you down there, of all places?"

She smiled vaguely for a minute. "Oh, I don't know. No reason, really."

SPIRITS OF

Craig

"Don't step on them!" Emily stood fast to protect the neatly arranged rows of mud pies from which arose the pleasant odor of mint.

"No, of course not," Martin laughed. "But you can't expect them to stay there always."

"Oh, I don't." Emily lifted her foot and lowered it carefully upon one of the globs of earth so that mud moved evenly all around the toe of her shoe. Then she giggled nervously.

"You know that does your shoe no good ——"

"I don't give a damn," she muttered and walked through the entire row.

"Besides, what are you doing out here on this cold day?"

"Oh, they don't know it. Regina thinks I'm helping Mrs. Austin. . . ."

"Look at your shoes," Martin interrupted.

"But Mrs. Austin gave me an old bottle of mint oil." Emily ignored his comment. "And so I came out to make mud pies. It's as simple as that."

"Really? With the mint oil?"

"Sure. Mint pies. Don't you smell them?" Emily bent over and taking one of the globs of mud extended it to him.

"Yes, quite well—even from here," Martin took a step forward.

"Don't you like mud pies? I'm not going to throw it," she said with sudden seriousness.

"Well," he sought for an appropriate reply. "I don't really know. Actually I have never thought about it. . . . But I do like mint."

"Oh, I do too," Emily smiled as she took the bottle of clear liquid and held it to her nose. Hearing the click of high heels on the sidewalk across the street, she glanced up to see a young woman hurrying toward the corner. Then she spat skillfully.

"Emily!" Martin was shocked, even though he had come to expect anything from the child.

"That's Alexandria Boult. She's a bitch — steps out on poor Arnold." Emily assumed the facial expression which has been firmly established as suitable for uttering such a revelation.

Martin could not help being amused: "How, in heaven's name, Emily, do you know this?"

"Darling, there are not many things on this street I don't know." Emily raised her hand to push her long brown hair behind her ears and to adjust a small blue barrette. Although she had been diligently preparing a mixture of earth, water, and mint oil, her clothes — strangely enough — remained immaculate. In spite of her age (nine years) her lips curved in an ever present sneer and her cool brown eyes augmented the air of impishness. Surely she is the child that was in Hawthorne's mind, Martin thought. Her skin, though reddened by the cold, was pale; perhaps she was even a bit pretty.

"I take it your grandmother is at home. I have some recordings for her." Martin carefully changed the subject.

"Sure. Florence is probably roasting herself in front of the fire. Every time I see her there it reminds me of a big, fat pig being cooked on a stick." Emily purposely dropped the bottle of mint oil upon the sidewalk; the clear liquid ran slowly between the pieces of broken glass.

"You'd better not stay too long out in this cold." As Martin turned to leave the girl she started to speak, but then she only raised her hand to straighten her hair.

In the wind the dark claws of bare oaks scraped against each other with a hissing sound and reached to caress the non-existent gargoyles of the massive house. He cut across the lawn and waded through the thick brown mist of dead leaves to the gray stone steps. For a moment he paused and arranged the stack of recordings and scores beneath his arms.

Through clear glass the myriad eyes of a Persian carpet stared at Martin in the half-light of late afternoon. Then he rang the bell. . . . A light flashed on and Mrs. Austin walked rapidly toward the door; she smiled when she recognized Martin.

"I'm so glad you came," she welcomed him as she opened the door. "I see you have some more records. I don't believe we can stand to hear that Mozart Concerto any more. Florence simply plays it all the time. Anything you have brought will certainly be a relief."

"She likes Mozart, I take it," he laughed as he removed his coat.

"Now she does, but that doesn't mean a thing. A few months ago Tchaikovsky's *Pathetique* was on the top of her hit parade; now she won't touch it with a ten-foot pole. It's 'decadent'!"

"You shouldn't take Florence too seriously," Martin advised.

"Ha! You're a fine one to tell me that. I keep house for her and have to live with her, and if you think it's easy. . . ."

"Deborah!" A harsh voice resounded. "Bring him in!"

"She knows you're here," Mrs. Austin said as she turned off the lamp.

"Obviously," Martin smiled, and Mrs. Martin led the way to the music room. Upon a worn red plush sofa lay Florence, her short, fat legs extended toward the fire. At a desk by the window was Regina, her daughter; the large house like a vampire seemed to drain the very life from her, for each time Martin came she was more pale. Her slender fingers held a pen upon a blank sheet of paper, but her eyes rested upon

ANOTHER SORT

Carson

the life outside — escape through a crystal pane of glass. From large speakers high on the wall came the soft sounds of a minuet—the Mozart Concerto.

"Well, what did you bring?" Florence asked; and, sitting down beside her, Martin thumbed through the large envelopes—reading the names of the works as he went:

" Britten: *Les Illuminations;* Brahms: *German Requiem;* a Bartok string quartet, a Haydn . . ."

"Did you say Bela Bartok?" she raised her voice. "You know damned well that I hate everything composed in the twentieth century. And you bring Bartok—and Britten too!"

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "but you really should broaden your taste."

"All right. All right. I don't want to discuss it."

"But you should," Martin continued. "After all, that idea is rather absurd. Now take books: people don't spend all their time reading nothing but 16th and 17th century writings. That's narrow. (Of course, I must admit that there are those who do.) But they are impossible specialists—invariably college professors — for whom literature has lost all meaning. It is just a corpse to be dissected—or be used to frighten poor souls who are drawn because of an indescribable love for the exotic. These specialists in trying to describe the love find, gleefully, that they only have more bodies on their hands. And all great Neptune's ocean will not wash this blood clean from their hands."

"How eloquent you are, Martin. You should have been a college professor."

"When you choose a novel to read," he continued, "I'll bet it is a work of this century."

"I don't read novels," Florence said bitterly. "I can never get past the first chapter. First chapters should be done away with. But do modern authors try to make novels more readable? They do not. In fact, they write whole books of first chapters and call them short stories." Suddenly, Florence smiled: "But enough of that; you're just in time for our party."

"Party?" Martin asked.

"Yes, a birthday party," she said. "It's Henry's birthday again. Regina loved her father (at least she says she did) and every year, even though Henry's been dead for five years, we have a party. Personally I don't mind the cake," she pointed to a large cake on a small table, "but I don't give a damn about Henry; he was a hell of a rascal. But he did know how to buy stocks. If he hadn't, God knows where we'd be now."

"Mother. Please!" Regina awoke from her thoughts. "You'll be punished some day for all your sins!"

"Well, if Henry's in heaven, as you claim, Regina, dear, I'll march straight to my own little oven in hell without the slightest regret." Florence turned to smile at Martin in her triumph; Regina began to cry softly. "Regina has been so sensitive lately; I don't believe she's well. But let's not let it ruin our party. Here. Light the candles." Florence handed him a small box of matches. "It's a beautiful cake, isn't it? Red and green—and so in the spirit of Christmas," she continued.

"Christmas? Here?" Regina snapped in a way Regina never snapped. "Everything is dead here — dead thoughts, dead actions. This house—the Cavern of the Lifeless."

"Her husband was a poet, you know." Florence looked at Martin and smiled.

The front door slammed; Emily, tracking mud upon the floor and dragging a large arborvitae behind her, entered the music room.

"Emily! Stop where you are. Don't you dare take another step until you have gotten the mud off your shoes." Florence stood up suddenly, dropping the records on the floor before her.

"Go to hell," Emily said casually and proceeded to lean the tree against the piano.

"Where in heaven's name did you get that? Take it out! out! out! You cannot have that bush in here."

"It's here, isn't it? Where are the decorations?" Spying a large urn by the fireplace, Emily moved her tree and stood it in the urn in an appropriate corner of the room.

"Emily, dear," Regina said softly, "you must mind Grandmother." Emily ignored the remark.

"Where, may I ask, did you get that tree, anyway?" Florence looked adequately stern.

"From Alexandria's yard. I asked her for it and she gave it to me."

"Is that so? I think you are lying."

"Is that so? Well, you can just call Alex and ask her, if you don't believe me."

"All right. I will, right now."

"Well, she's not at home now. Where are the decorations?"

"Emily, dear," Regina smiled, "we can't do everything at once. Go change your shoes and socks and then we'll see about the tree."

"Go fry your ——." Emily examined the tree to find the side which was best formed. Florence unsuccessfully attempted to stifle a laugh. Regina wept softly.

"'Regina, in God's name, will you stop that. This ought to be just what you want. I'll get the tree decorations—and the wreath for the door. The one Henry used to hang so religiously."

"No, please don't!" Regina pleaded. "It is wrong, all wrong!" The pale young woman stood and clutched the paper on which she had been writing in her hand. Then she spoke calmly:

(Continued on page 21)

SWORD OF WINCHESTER

Harry Gall

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Edward of Winchester, *later Edward III.*

Isabella, *Queen dowager of England.*

Roger Mortimer, *her lover, and the power behind the throne.*

Sir Thomas Gurney, *he was the jailer of Edward of Carnavon, and later murdered him at Mortimer's orders.*

Sir Ronald Carlton, *he came too late to save Carnavon.*

The setting: The royal palace, England, the second decade of the fourteenth century in the closing days of the tragic reign of Edward II. The situation is as follows as the first act commences. Isabella, Queen of England, and her paramour Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, have by ruthless methods of rapacity and rapine seized control of the English Government and imprisoned the King.

ACT I, SCENE I

(The Queen's bedchamber in the royal palace. Enter the Queen and Roger Mortimer talking earnestly.)

Isabella: But, Roger, are you sure? Is it the only way?

Roger: Isabella, believe me. I understand your sentiments about this perfectly. After all, the man was your husband and England's King. So long as he lives, however, there will always be plots and counter-plots centering around him. If you ever expect your son to succeed to the throne, the King must die.

Isabella *(pleadingly):* Oh, Roger! I can't let that happen. I loved him once.

Roger: But you love me now!

Isabella: Yes—and always shall—but, my dear, have things come to this? What will I say to him when he asks me about his father?

Roger: Tell him what we shall tell all England—that the old King died a natural death. No one will know. And you and I shall have at last our chance for happiness.

Isabella: The world will never believe us, Roger. They'll say we murdered him as we have killed so many.

Roger: The world! I care nothing for the world but only for you. Let them think what they will. You are more than the world to me. You are sun, moon, and stars—my life—my reason for being. This moment is ours! We have gone too far down the bloody road to falter now. Let me but issue one command—the King will be dead and England ours.

(Enter one of the Queen's guards at the right. He walks slowly towards the center of the stage, making an obeisance to the Queen in an attitude of profound humility. He then turns to Mortimer.)

Guard: M'lord. Sir Thomas Gurney wishes to see you in the anteroom outside. He says that it is urgent that he speak to you at once.

Roger: Inform Sir Thomas that I shall be with him momentarily.

Guard: Yes, m'lord. *(Exit.)*

Roger: Excuse me, my dear. I'll be with you again in a moment. *(Exit.)*

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(Ante-room of the Queen's bedchamber.)

(Sir Thomas Gurney paces back and forth in a state of great agitation at the front of the stage. Enter Roger Mortimer through the door of the Queen's bedchamber at the left of the stage. Gurney abruptly stops his pacing and turns to face Mortimer.)

Gurney: Your lordship will forgive this intrusion, but I have grave news.

Roger: Speak, man. You look as if you have had a difficult journey.

Gurney: Berkely castle is a long span from here, m'lord, and I have killed three horses under me tonight. Is it safe to talk here?

Roger: Of course! Tell me what brings you here at such haste and at such a late hour? Is anything wrong at the castle? Edward has not escaped?

Gurney: No, m'lord. The old man is safe under lock and key—at least for the time being.

Roger: What do you mean—for the time being?

Gurney: Disturbing news reached us tonight, your lordship, that there is a plot afoot to rescue the king. Sir Ronald Carlton plans to storm Berkely castle at dawn tomorrow with forty lances.

Roger: Are you sure of your information? When did you find this out?

Gurney: About sundown, our sentries at the toll bridge stopped a man dressed in the garb of a Sheffield yeoman, who, it was discovered upon search, carried a message from Sir Ronald Carlton to his liegeman, John le Baron, containing the whole plot, and ordering le Baron to meet him with five lances at Twinning about the time of the first cock crow before dawn tomorrow. We put Carlton's messenger on the rack and this is what we learned. After the raid, Carlton plans to rally all England 'round the King and bring you and the Queen to the block for high treason. What are your instructions, m'lord?

Roger: The castle is in no condition to stand a siege, Gurney. The garrison is undermanned and the walls badly in need of repairs. If only we had more time! I could have a hundred lances there by mid-day.

Gurney: The castle will have fallen by then. It will not stand an hour.

(Continued on page 22)

CHRISTMAS VACATION

Legrand Rouse

As Eddie maneuvered the petite blond around the crowded dance floor his eyes darted to and fro among the gay couples gathered for the big Christmas dance. Things were pretty much as they had always been the tall, good-looking college freshman decided, while gently easing his partner through a mass of female and male Arthur Murrays. "College had not changed the 'old crowd' very much yet." Most of his classmates had departed for various colleges and universities in September, and this was really the first time the entire gang had been home togther since the good old summer days.

Eddie's eyes took on new sparkle as he caught a glimpse of Tom Reynolds hovering about the punch bowl at the far end of the dimly lit hall. "That Tom, you can count on him being near the refreshments just as long as he is allowed to stay." Still looking at the massive figure of his close associate, Eddie recalled many of the great times they had had together throughout the last four years at Dantville High. Now they were in college; Eddie at Mid State and friend Tom down state at Carter College. Eddie had hoped Tom would attend Mid State with him, but Tom found he could get a better engineering course at Carter, and so they had parted ways. Oh, well, they'd paint this quiet little town all kinds of colors during the two weeks Christmas Vacation period.

The tones echoing from the little local orchestra ceased, breaking Eddie's chain of reminiscenses and snapping him back to the present. "I enjoyed it, Bet," the dark-haired lad quietly whispered to his small, well-shaped companion. He had enjoyed the dance; he enjoyed being with Bet any time. This was the second year that they had gone together, and Eddie loved his blue-eyed little doll more and more every day. He had only seen her twice since school opened and meant to be with her as much as possible during the Yule Tide season. She certainly was a dream. College life had not altered her attitudes and actions. She was the same sweet, friendly girl that had captured the heart of every teen-age Dantville youth—and she was his.

Once again the room was filled with chords of soft music sending the groups into a slow, smooth movement. Eddie secured a tight hold on his prize and expertly waltzed her to the center of the floor, passing and smiling at many friends along the way.

Why, there was Ted Moore and Kent Leeds! Eddie had been home for almost a week's time, but until this very moment had not spotted these two men with whom he had played several years of high-school football. It seemed that they had visited girls in Pennsylvania before coming home. As he floated by the two heavy-set boys and their dates, he warmly greeted them, assuring them that he wanted to talk with them later.

A tap on the shoulder and Eddie found Ed Rogers standing behind him waiting for the privilege of embracing Bet. Eddie relinquished his hold on her and smilingly saluted the short, pudgy Rogers boy. Then he cautiously weaved his way through the dancers toward the waiting stag line. Sam Hart was drunk as usual. No college could change that, Eddie smilingly thought to himself. Sam started in the tenth grade and was still going strong. At Rock Island University, Sam should not have trouble finding people to drink with, Eddie decided, as he headed for a nearby chair, stopping here and there to shake hands with a multitude of old acquaintances.

Yep, everything was just about the same as always. None of the old crowd had changed much since that day in June a few months back. Everybody was here—well, almost everybody. Craig Rice was down with measles; Sally Harper had a cold, and then there was Jim Forbes.

A frown spread over the face of the Mid State freshman as he thought of Jim Forbes. There was one guy he just couldn't get along with. Many times in high school the two boys had almost resorted to blows, and Eddie was still ready to go to war at the slightest provocation. Jim was a jerk—a first-class jerk. He always had been. Everybody supported Eddie on this. Jim had not gone to college, but had enlisted in the U.S. Army. Cocky and confident that he would clean up Korea by himself, Mr. Forbes left Dantville two days after his graduation, and had since received his opportunity to prove himself in that hell-filled land of the Orient.

Jim had been returned to the States several weeks before, after serving three months on the front line and being wounded twice. That would give him something else to brag about resolved Eddie, as he shuffled out to meet Ed, who was guiding Bet back to him. Yes, sir, Jim Forbes had bragged all through high school, and his service in the khaki of the U.S.

(Continued on page 23)

APOGEE

Was poison in the ear? Consult Act III:
The young prince has a certain knowledge of
A buried head in which a poison works
As spiders work in dark and secret places.
The instant burns outside sidereal time—
Suspended in a brief eternity.
Then time, with wooden creaking and dry whir,
Moves on unsure—embarrassed by the pause.
Quite certain something happened, the young prince
(Now frighted with a false fire of his own)
Rushes to meet the climax, unaware
That it has passed.
And rightly so: for how
Can they who say an hour is only time
Know where living stops and death begins?

But those who own the golden clocks! the gold
That buys the clocks that give the time for gold
And time for string quartets; for platinum
Kaleidoscopes revolving with a swish
Of whispering amethyst and tourmaline;
For brittle sistrum tinklings used for words;
They are attuned to catch the moment when
Existence almost seems to modulate
Into a sharper key. They know the hour
At which the climax comes—they know the point
That marks the prelude to the slow descent.

The princess (who had time for brazen plates
With limes and citron; time for silver plates
And platters heaped with shattered ice-like stones;
And time to dance for Herod and the Queen
Of Denmark—husband's brother's wife), asked
A plate of gold for fee. She knew the force—
Inexorable rush of metal—pushing
The minute to its sterile parturition.
The gradual decrescendo and the sense
Of narrowing began; the knowledge that
Each feeling and each act must, from this second,
Be measured with a smaller instrument
Began at some shrill moment fixed between
The sight of that dark head and the last taste
Of winedark blood from unresponsive lips.

—J. L. Thompson

BETHLEHEM REVISITED

A Christmas Story as St. Luke would tell it today.

A Setting:

O little town just anywhere,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

—Phillips Brooks

The Time: Christmas Present.

Cast of Characters: You; your friends; and those who need your friendship and love.

The Story:

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from the President, that all the nation should be taxed more heavily.

2 (This taxing was made because the country's lawmakers had found that increased taxation would be necessary if the defense budget was to be met. Man has not yet learned to live peacefully with his fellow.)

3 And all paid their revenue, everyone according to his means.

4 And Joseph and Mary, who lived in a small community in the South country, paid their tax as did their neighbors, but with much more concern.

5 For Mary, Joseph's wife, was great with child. And Joseph had been saving to meet the needs of the newcomer and the mother.

6 And so it was, that, the days approached when she should be delivered. And Joseph's employer called to him and said, "Joseph, I know that your wife is with child, but because of increased business taxes and lack of trade, I must let you go."

7 And Joseph was without employment. And Mary brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in Joseph's overcoat and held the babe to bosom in an effort to keep him warm. For their small bungalow was without heat.

8 And there were in the same city a group of college students who met one night to discuss the approaching Christmas season.

9 And, lo, one of them who had heard of the plight of Joseph and Mary, rose and faced the group.

10 And the student said to them, Christmas will not be joyous for these, our friends, for their child will not be visited by Saint Nicholas, but the Angel of Death—unless someone intervenes.

11 And they were moved with compassion. For they knew that Christmas could not be joyous for them if it were kept to themselves. Christmas to be truly kept must be fully shared.

12 And the student spoke further saying, I know where we can find these people; we shall find them in the industrial district, living in a small bungalow, without heat, and with few other necessities.

13 And suddenly there was with the student a host of others, talking of the matter and saying,

14 "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," were the words of the Angels. Let us show our God and our friends, that we know how He would be served by our good will toward our fellows.

15 And it came to pass that they went out from the campus and met the needs of that suffering family. And for them, Christmas was truly kept.

—*Ted Morton*

ELIOT EXPLAINS

It takes a heap o' straw to fill the headpieces o' men;
It takes a heap o' driest bones to make a land o' sin;
It takes a heap o' burnished thrones to glow on glass and gold;
It takes a heap o' mermaids, boy, to tell you, "I grow old . . ."

So, when you see those ragged claws you'll know that it is I;
And when you smell some ether, that's just evenin' 'gainst the sky;
So, now you know my secret, kid, for better or for worse:
It takes a heap o' references to understand my verse.

—J. L. Thompson

POUND'S PATRIOLATRY

(Ezra unbelts with two cantos; the first is to be sung to "The Star Spangled Banner" and the second to "America.")

I.

Os achin' hew sea buy (Thud!) on surly light:
"Watt soap rout, Lee?" *Oui. Hail.* Da buy (Thud) Why?
"Lights, lass," Tug-Lee-Ming.
"Whose broad?" "Stripe sand, Brights." Tars threw th'up
air (*il*;us) knight . . .
Oar, thar, ramp . . . ARTS? *OUI.* Washed worse, Oh, gal
(and league leaming).
Anther Rockettes (read) glare,
Th'up *ames* burr sting in hair,
Gave proof, th'Ruth,—uh, knight:
That tower flag (*Ouailles*, still!) their.
Os ate us. The "at's" tars pan *geld* "Ban her!!"
Yet, weigh . . .
Vor th'all and of thee (Freehand!) the Homer th'up.
(Rave.)

II.

Mike un-treatise Soph these
Wheat'll and awfully Bertie—
Off the icing!
"Land! Wear my Fath," hearsed.
(I'd land off the pill.) GRIMM'S.
Pried, Fra may vary mount "ain't's";
I'd let fur (Edam) ring.

—J. L. Thompson

BOOKS

Bill Duke

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following sketch is in no way intended to cast reflection on personnel of the Library. The Assistant is drawn from my own imagination and is based on none of the Library personnel. The report on the students' reading is, I regret to say, a factual one. I am very much indebted to Miss Mary DuPre for her kind assistance in the procuring of the information.

The scene is the Wofford Library. The time is mid-afternoon in the fall. The main room of the Library is empty save for one student who is asleep in a chair.

Two oddly dressed gentlemen enter.

First Gentleman: It must now be quite apparent to you, Percy, that our journey has been futile. There is no one here.

Second Gentleman: On the contrary, Thomas, there sprawls a student in a chair. Sleeping, apparently.

First Gentleman: Are you certain, Percy, of the Fact that that is a Student? Perhaps there is some glimmer of Intelligence in the Writings of that Fool, Darwin.

Second Gentleman: I will wake him and see whether or not there is someone here who might help us.

He shakes the sleeping student. The student awakes, complainingly.

Student: What the devil . . . ?

Second Gentleman: Sir, I am Percy Shelley and the gentleman with me is Thomas Carlyle. Could you tell us . . .

Student: Dunno. Ask the guy at the desk. . . . *He is again asleep.*

Shelley: Which desk, Thomas? And what "guy"?

Carlyle: I have not the slightest Notion about either. Are you positive that that Person is a Student? He is surely the Janitor.

Shelley: Thomas, please. We came here to settle a disagreement.

Carlyle: We should have brought Charles. He is so very much annoyed with Eternity. And were he here he could well advance another Theory, or prove one of his old ones.

From behind the shelves, a student assistant approaches the desk.

Shelley: Perhaps that is a "guy."

Carlyle: If Darwin were only here.

Shelley: Thomas, why must you insist on talking about Darwin?

Carlyle: I fear that I have severely misjudged him. I thought him a Fool.

They approach the desk.

Shelley: I am Percy Shelley and the gentleman with me is Thomas Carlyle.

Assistant (Interestedly): Any kin to James Carlisle?

Carlyle: I am Thomas Carlyle. I lived and wrote during the reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. Shelley here lived and wrote during the Reign and Ruin of practically Everything.

Assistant (doubting him): Oh? And what can I do for you?

Shelley: Mr. Carlyle and I were becoming rather bored with Eternity and obtained permission to come here and ascertain whether the students were reading more of the Romantic works than of the Victorian ones.

Assistant (aside): What kind of students do they think we have here?

Carlyle: Perhaps you can help us, Young Man.

Assistant: I can show you the file where you will find a record of all the books now checked out. Or you can look at the slips in the backs of the books.

Shelley: Thomas, let us examine the file first.

Assistant: I better warn you, you won't find that they like either the Romantics or the Victorians best.

Carlyle: Only two periods are under consideration.

There is silence.

Assistant: Where did you say you came from?

Shelley: Eternity. We are dead, you know.

Assistant (unshocked): And what is Eternity like?

Carlyle: One has to live with all the People one could avoid in Life.

Shelley: It is really a white dome, under which all the dead do little but sit and talk.

Assistant: Sounds wonderful.

Carlyle: It hardly is wonderful. One can do nothing but talk.

Assistant: Then it's just like it is here.

Carlyle: Is that all you Students do, talk?

Assistant: We go to the movies sometimes.

Carlyle: Oh, yes, I have heard of them. A recent Visitor to Eternity mentioned them. But surely Students read?

Assistant: Parallel, sometimes.

Shelley: What?

Assistant: Those are books that you have to read in some courses.

Shelley: I see. Do you not read books in all your courses?

Assistant: No, sir. We study them.

Carlyle: Is there a difference between reading and studying?

Assistant: When you read a book you read from cover to cover. When you study it you read only the sections you'll be asked about on examinations.

Carlyle: to Shelley. Percy, we have come to the wrong Place. We will learn Nothing here.

Shelley: But, Thomas, this is a college. If we learn nothing here, where will we learn anything?

Carlyle: I am beginning to think

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INCIDENTALLY *and By the Way*

The Spectator

My! How the time does fly! Thanksgiving past—Christmas almost on us. Ever thought about this matter of time? Well, yes, the lack of it is a constant problem, but how about the so-called "little" time that we have. Charles A. Wells has commented that "time is man's dearest possession." And then sadly comments, "how we squander it when we are young; how we cherish it when our store is depleted!" Sad but true.

But just a moment there! Isn't that the physical world in which we now live? Yes, it is. Well, then, let's look at this thing in a little different light. You mean like the writer who said:

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me,
Are all cut out for eternity?

Well, yes, that's better. But that really carries quite deep implications, don't you think? What do you mean? Well, the same writer, speaking of those clowns and kings—yes, the common folk like you and me, said:

Each is given a pair of tools,
A shapeless mass and a set of rules,
And each must build e'er life has flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

Do you see it now? You mean that because I do have time, a lifetime, no, an eternity, I ought to make it worth while. Exactly. How? The task each of us has during our lifetime is to see that our lives are invested wisely in making the world a better place in which to live. Who says so? God. God says so—Dorothy Jones once wrote:

"Your task . . . to build a better world," God said.
I answered, "How?
This world is such a large, vast place,
So complicated now.
And I so small and useless am,
There's nothing I can do."
But God in all His wisdom said,
"Just build a better YOU!"

Any clearer? Yes—much. You're leaving now? Yes, if you will excuse me. And your destination? I have some time to invest—I'm not so busy as I had thought—I must be going now to spend my time well; you see, I've just decided I DO have time to help the boys get those toys ready for the orphanage.

'Twas the night before
CHRISTMAS
is a comin' and the geese is a gettin'
that Christmas spirit yet? Don't worry! TIME will take care of that. Seriously, it isn't far off. But we often wish that it were far off—far off in the sense of being long ago. No, we don't mean to live in the "good old days"—they say you are dead if you try to live in the past. But we would like some of the "old time" ways of keeping Christmas.

We don't keep Christmas any more—it used to be KEPT in that it was SHARED (that's not a paradox). Instead of keeping Christmas, we SELL Christmas. Sad, isn't it. Bet you didn't know that the Angels of the Lord said:

Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace, good will toward men.

It's a fact—that's scripture—it wasn't written by a dry goods company or the shopper's guide. Looks that way at Christmas though, doesn't it?

Commerce is necessary, in its own area, but commercializing the birthday of Christ is not in that area. Christmas trees, colorful cards and multitudes of gifts are fine—we're all for that. But it ought to be that we, as well as the business world, think of it incidentally—because we want to—not because someone is trying to take advantage of a good thing. We have a suspicion that it would be fun to "return to those thrilling days of yesteryear" when Christmas was simply Christmas!

* * * * *

Too serious? Hope not. But try this from our

HUMOR DEPARTMENT

Attention, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION AND PSYCHOLOGY: Know what's wrong with child psychology? Someone has suggested that the main trouble with child psychology is that children just don't understand it.

MINISTERIAL STUDENTS,

here's a tip for you: Commenting on criticism via means of sermons, Rev. Brock Sutton tells of the dignified old lady, a pillar of the congregation, who shook hands with her pastor after the Sunday morning service. "Wonderful sermon!" she exclaimed. "Everything you said applies to somebody or other I know."

* * * * *

Do you believe in SANTA CLAUS? There's not one? Well, sir, we have

(Continued on page 21)

MOVIES

Sidney Fulmer

One of the biggest movie disappointments of the year was the much publicized filming of Sir Walter Scott's famous book *Ivanhoe*. The movie public has had sufficient reason to regard with skepticism those movies which are released with an elaborate and expensive press build-up — *Quo Vadis* being among the more recent examples. And M. G. M.'s new production of *Ivanhoe* may now be added to the list of super-collossal films which turned out to be a "dud."

Scott's novel has been filmed several times before, but never on such a stupendous scale. It seems as if movie producers of late have placed too much emphasis upon spectacle and grandeur and have failed to give the movie audiences just plain good entertainment. To film *Ivanhoe*, M. G. M. transported hundreds of persons and tons of equipment to England in order to give the picture more authenticity. And while many of the scenes were indeed impressive, there was not one which could not have been filmed on one of the stages of M. G. M.'s studios, or on location in our own country.

As for the stars, few pictures could boast of as many big names or as many bad performances. Indeed, a list which includes Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, Emlym Williams, and George Sanders is an imposing one.

Robert Taylor as Ivanhoe probably turned in the best performance. His own physical attributes were made for the part of Ivanhoe. But somehow Mr. Taylor went through his role as if he considered the whole thing rather ridiculous.

Elizabeth Taylor has never been more beautiful than as Rebecca, the Jewess, but Miss Taylor is definitely a twentieth century girl, and was decidedly miscast as a Jewess who has been condemned for supposed witchcraft. Miss Taylor also lacked the maturity which her role demanded.

Joan Fontaine, too, was very beautiful as Rowenna, and for the most part fulfilled her role quite adequately. Her love scenes with Taylor seemed stilted and forced, but otherwise Miss Fontaine added dignity to a difficult role.

George Sanders, as usual turned in an excellent performance, and his duel with Ivanhoe near the end of the picture was one of the highlights of the film. Mr. Sanders, who only last year was so superb as a supporting actor in "All About Eve," is one of Hollywood's best character actors.

The big battle scene, which is a sure thing in any super-super film,

was just like many we have seen before, but as usual was quite thrilling. Indeed, the noise of this scene possibly woke up many in the audience who had long been asleep, or might have been some sort of consolation to many who were silently cursing themselves for having paid one dollar to see the overdone horse-opera.

M. G. M. must be about the only one happy about *Ivanhoe*. At present it is the top box-office draw in the country.

* * * * *

The newspapers of late have been carrying glowing reviews of Bette Davis' new production, *Two's Company*, which is now having its trial run in Detroit. Miss Davis, as one reviewer put it, is completely captivating on the stage. Miss Davis is the latest of the Hollywoodians who is attempting to create a name on the legitimate stage. Many others have tried, and only a very few have succeeded. Olivia De Havilland, under the guidance of her ex-husband Marcus Goodrich, toured in Bernard Shaw's play "Candida," but the play was not a rousing success. The critics really lambasted her performance in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

Ginger Rogers, another of Hollywood's old faithfuls, opened in a play on Broadway, but only the glamour of the Rogers name allowed the play to remain for even a short run.

Of the more successful, there is Henry Fonda, who left Hollywood many years ago to star in Leland Hayward's "Mr. Roberts." The play was an immediate success and so was Henry Fonda. He followed this success with his role in "Point of No Return," which has just closed on Broadway after a year's run.

On the other hand, there have been those on Broadway who have attempted to have a movie career, but who were not very successful. Vivian Blaine is a notable example in this case. Miss Blaine has had great success on Broadway—her most recent triumph being in the smash musical "Guys and Dolls." But out in Hollywood she had to be content with second-rate parts in a few musicals.

Such theatre greats as Tallulah Bankhead and Helen Hayes have also tried movie careers, and while they maintained their superior acting in their movies, they never achieved wide acclaim in the medium of motion pictures.

And so it goes—those who are successful in one field always seem to have the desire to spread into larger fields. In some instances this can be done—in others it only tends to dim the luster of those who dare to venture!

CORRECTED FACTS

Dale Fields

(Editor's note: These opinions are the author's, and do not necessarily represent the views of the editor or of Wofford College. Anyone wishing to present his views has the same privilege as Mr. Fields.)

November fourth, nineteen fifty-two dawned clear and cold. Good weather prevailed throughout most of the United States. The vote was heavy and all indications pointed to a record vote, and as was expected new highs were reached in the voting percentages.

I distinctly remember predicting a Democrat victory in the last issue of THE JOURNAL. My record as a prognosticator was badly impaired when all the results had been tabulated. I do not intend to "eat crow" in this article simply because I made a mistake in judgment. There were reasons for my prediction (which incidentally bore fruit) that had a good sound basis. My reasons for picking Stevenson were based on the attitudes and feelings of those areas of which I am closely associated. My home county of Philadelphia gave Mr. Stevenson a hundred and fifty thousand plurality and returned six Democratic Congressmen to Congress. The second area was Spartanburg County, which gave Mr. Stevenson a four or five to one majority. I did not have a fair cross-section of the public mind to make an accurate choice. However, be that as it may, join me in attempting to analyze just what did happen.

First of all, it is apparent that it was an Eisenhower victory, not a Republican one. Many of the columnists that you have been reading have spoken glowingly of a G. O. P. landslide. This is simply not true. Not one of the G. O. P. candidates ran ahead, or even with Mr. Eisenhower's vote. In the vast majority of races they ran well behind the "General's" record breaking vote. In the Senate we find the Republicans have a majority of one (this is a landslide?) and, the Senator who gives them that majority is the senior Senator from Oregon, Wayne Morse, and he is the man who renounced Eisenhower for Stevenson when it became apparent that the "Old Guard" had seized control. Therefore, there is a tie in the Senate, which means that Mr. Nixon can't go around the country kissing beauty contest winners, but he must be on hand to break ties if the Southern Democrats (Republicans) remain faithful to the party whose name they bear. Then this is what the Republican newspapers have called a G. O. P. landslide.

In the House of Representatives we find the Republicans with a majority of two. Again the Republicans were swept into power overwhelmingly in the House. This gives them just enough to organize the House.

If it wasn't a G. O. P. landslide it must certainly then be an Eisenhower landslide, but what caused this? It seems there are quite a number of factors involved, and no one is sure just yet which is the most important one. Perhaps it is a combination of some or all of them.

Firstly, more women voted in this election than ever before, and they outnumbered the male vote considerably. Undoubtedly the flashing smile and the man in the uniform which, for God only knows what reason, have always unaccountably drawn votes, helped "Ike" tremendously.

Secondly, Eisenhower got the younger people's vote, which may well be accounted for by the idea of hero worship and the like. Thus with just these two groups supporting him, "Ike" had enough to win. Certainly these are two largely contributing factors.

Thirdly, the Korean situation helped the president-elect. The American people are woefully tired of this war, and the General has promised them he would end it, and it appears as if enough people have believed him, after all. I don't suppose we can blame the average citizen for adopting the attitude of, "Well, the Democrats have had a fling at it. Perhaps if we let Eisenhower see what he can do, maybe he will end it." So, we may say that the American people's deep-rooted desire for peace, and the desperate longing we have for it was a contributing factor in the defeat of Stevenson.

Fourthly, Mr. Eisenhower has promised lower taxation, and this is another sore spot of the present administration. Traditionally the American people have been opposed to taxation, and as taxes are high they were apparently ready to throw out their hands to grab the straw that Eisenhower has thrown out to them, much like the drowning man throws out his hands to catch a rope in a foot of water. He thinks the water level may increase so he had better jump into the leaky boat the Republicans have rowed out to him. I suppose the people think that after all maybe "Ike" can lower taxes. (Interesting side light to this last point was published just a few days ago. The president-elect, Mr. Eisenhower has said he would oppose the proposed amendment to the constitution which would limit taxation to twenty-five percent of an individual's income as to twenty-five percent of the national income. (Very interesting!)

Fifth and last, there seems to have been a desire for a change which made itself manifest at the polls on

(Continued on page 25)

INCIDENTALLY

(From page 18)

news for you—THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS. Ever read the story of little Virginia O'Hanlon, the little girl up in Chicago who wrote to the editor of a leading Chicago newspaper to get the truth about some vicious rumor that she had heard about there not being any Santa? The editor's reply was one of the most brilliant editorials ever written, for it removed any shadow of doubt concerning the existence of Santa Claus. You should read it (it's in our library in reprint in COLLIER'S Magazine of several years back)—it'll only take a moment.

Santa need not be a person, a giver of gifts. Indeed, the fact that he is mythological in existence, strange as it seems, tends to lend reality to him. Santa embodies a portion of the SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS—and the Spirit of Christmas is a very real thing.

Is there a Santa Claus? Still not convinced? One final question:

Would you want to take Santa out of Christmas?

A STROLL

(From page 6)

"Can I put the bait on 'em this time, Uncle?"

"Sho you can, Sonny."

"Gee! Thanks, Uncle!" Sonny exclaimed and began baiting the hooks.

"Do you reckon we will catch some more, Uncle?"

"Sho us will, Sonny. Us is gwine to cotch all dem fishes in dat creek. Dey ain't gwine to give us de slip like ole brer rabbit did."

"I hope we catch four next time, or maybe five."

"You jes' wait and see, Sonny. Look at dat ole sun. Guess it's gitting purty near time us wuz goin' back home."

"Do we have to go now, Uncle?"

" 'Fraid so, Sonny. I'se got to be feeding dem ole mules," he said and reached down and took Sonny's little hand in his big rough one. "Guess we better go down by de creek so's I can left dese brim wid de missus to cook for supper."

Sonny walked along beside Uncle Willis without saying anything. The sun began sending its brilliant rays over the water, displaying all the colors of the rainbow. Everything remained quiet.

"Is you done run out uf wuds, Sonny? Sho ain't la'k you to stay shut up dis long."

"I wonder if Mother and Daddy have come back yet."

"Is dat what's you is worryin' 'bout, Sonny? Now don't you let dat worry you. I bet yo' mammy is done forgit what you done dis mo'nin'. Bless my soul. You is crying. Now I bet when you gits home, yo' mammy will be brung you one of dem guns dat you saw in dat store de other day."

"Do you suppose she will, Uncle?"

"Sho, Sonny. She ain't neber forgit you, is she?"

"No, I guess not. Gosh! I hope she does bring it."

Sonny hurried Uncle Willis on to the house. He did not even go in Auntie's, where they left the brim. When they reached the house, Sonny ran up the steps and pushed the door open.

"Sonny?"

"Yes, 'um?"

"There's a package on your bed for you."

"Gee! Uncle was right!"

When Sonny unwrapped the package, the gun that he had wanted so badly fell out. He picked it up and ran to the barn where Uncle Willis was feeding the mules. Uncle Willis was right after all.

SCARED

(From page 5)

George and Jenny walked off to the right; Frank turned to the left.

When they got home, Jenny praised George. Told him how proud she was of him. But before George went to bed that night, he began to wonder again if he had been afraid to hit back. Would hitting back have been the right thing to do? Would it have been the smart thing to do? What should it take to make a man fight?

George didn't know what was going to happen the next time he met Frank. Maybe Frank would want to fight. He had decided to fight this time—right or wrong.

Two nights later they met. George was watching the dancing at the pavilion. A hand came down on his shoulder. He turned. It was Frank.

"Hello, George, what you say? It's Frank, you remember. Going to Korea in a couple of weeks. Come to say goodbye, George."

George was too surprised to answer. Frank rattled on.

"Well, I got to be going. I'll be seeing you, George. So long."

He rambled off into the crowd. George's eyes followed him. Frank disappeared into a dark corner for a second, then reappeared with Monk at his side.

SPIRITS

(From page 11)

"You would have loved to see him crucified! You hated him. . . . Mother, I beg you ——" Her voice trembled. Regina took up again her silent watch by the window, but she saw only night, which had begun to darken the smooth sky.

"Come along, Emily," Florence said. And there was silence in the room except for Regina's incessant sobbing. In a chair lay a white cat, diligently washing himself. With one leg extended in an awkward position, he stopped suddenly and stared at Martin with searching, yellow eyes. Then, as if unimpressed, he continued bathing. The clock ticked; the fire crackled, bringing to the room a grotesque, inexplicable, false cheer; however, that is what fires are supposed to do. The cat licked in silence. . . .

(Continued on page 26)

WINCHESTER

(From page 12)

Roger: There is but one thing to do. The King must die—and he must die tonight. So long as he lives we will be in constant terror of just this sort of thing.

Gurney: Will the Queen sign the order for the execution?

Roger: The Queen will sign. The Queen must sign!

Gurney: But her own husband, m'lord!

Roger: Edward of Carnavon may be her husband, Gurney, but I am her lover and real ruler of this kingdom. The Queen does exactly as I say. When I say she will sign the order for the execution, she will sign and that's the end of it. Wait here for me. You will be returning to Berkely within the hour.

Gurney: I'll be here, m'lord. (*Mortimer exits in great haste, leaving Gurney alone at the center of the stage.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(The Queen's Bedchamber)

(The Queen is seated before a large mirror brushing her hair and dressed in night attire. She turns as Prince Edward of Winchester—the future Edward III—enters through the door leading to the ante-chamber, at the right of the stage.)

Winchester *(angrily):* Mother, how long do you expect me to put up with Mortimer's impudence? Everywhere I turn I find Mortimer. He has ceased my revenues, confiscated my lands, and despoiled my vassals. My father is his prisoner and my mother, his ——.

Isabella: Son, I won't permit you to speak about Sir Roger in that manner. He is a fine, good man with the interest of the kingdom at heart. His methods are sometimes harsh but these are cruel times. I'm sure you exaggerate.

Winchester: I exaggerate nothing. *(Enter Roger Mortimer at the right of the stage without knocking and in great haste.)*

Roger: Isabella, I—oh, I'm sorry. I did not see your Grace.

Winchester: That was fairly obvious. Tell me, Sir Roger, is it your usual custom to walk boldly into a lady's bedchamber unannounced? Or are you used to such familiarity with your Queen, another man's wife?

Isabella: Edward! How dare you?

Roger *(angrily—his hand going automatically to his sword):* Were your Grace any but the first son of England, I would ——

Winchester: You would do what, Sir Roger?

Roger *(more calmly):* I would give him some fatherly advice.

Winchester: Are you trying to take the place of my real father—England's rightful King—Edward of Carnavon, whom you hold in chains at Berkely castle.

Isabella: Edward, please leave before there is a scene.

Winchester: I obey your highness as a dutiful son should. *(Sarcastically)* Good-night, Sir Roger. I wish you pleasant company with my father's faithful wife.

(Exit Winchester.)

Roger: That young man hates me, Isabella. He hates me and I don't know why. It hurts me that he feels that way, because I have always loved the lad as if he were my own son.

Isabella: O what a fine man you are, Roger! How forgiving.

Roger: Thank you, my dear. I hate to do this, Isabella, but I am going to have to ask you to do something that will be difficult for both of us. Rest assured I'd do it, only out of love for you.

Isabella: Roger, as much as we have meant to each other, you know I couldn't deny you anything.

Roger: My dear, I have received word that Sir Ronald Carlton will storm Berkely castle at dawn tomorrow with forty lances. The castle is in no condition to withstand a seige. Reinforcements cannot possibly arrive before mid-day tomorrow and that will be too late. You know his object. It is to rescue the King. If Edward of Carnavon is freed, then all that we have built up over the years will be swept away. Yes, even our lives will be forfeit. Where will then be the hopes and dreams we have so long cherished? If you love me as I love you, my Queen—Queen of my country and Queen of my heart, then sign this warrant and let the King die.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I

(A sitting room of the royal palace)

(Edward of Winchester stands by a window overlooking a balcony at the right of the stage. He seems absorbed in the noises of the crowd which is milling about the courtyard below. He turns as Sir Ronald Carlton enters from the left of the stage. Grief and despair are written on his features and Carlton's walk is slow and dejected with head bowed and eyes east down.)

Winchester: Well, Carlton, what news? Pray God it is good.

Carlton: Am I then the first to greet you as England's new King?

Winchester: What?

Carlton: We were too late, Sire (for I must call you that now). We were too late. He was dead when we arrived.

Edward: Murdered?

Carlton: They claim his death was natural—that he died of a heart attack in his sleep. But his face was black, as if he had been smothered.

Edward: You are certain?

Carlton: There can be no doubt, Sire. One of my men risked his life to view the body. It was murder—cold, heartless murder. I don't quite know what to say further, except that what you hear even now in the courtyard.

(From the courtyard come insistent cries of "Vengeance" and "The King is dead; long live the King." The King turns back to the window)

Edward: Vengeance! The King is dead! Long Live the King! And I shall be King in name and King in fact. My father's spectre will not rest until he is avenged and avenged he shall be. Even now Mortimer is with my mother gloating, I suppose, over the cold-blooded murder of a man whose only crime was that he did not plunge a knife into the heart of Roger Mortimer the day he met him. Well, enjoy your last hours together, for I assure you they will be the last. *(Turns to Carlton)* Carlton, I want you to find ten good men with keen swords that you can trust and meet me with them in the old palace dungeon at sunset tonight. Tell then nothing except that they must be prepared for any desperate venture for King and country. But be careful about it. The palace is polluted with Mortimer's retainers. His spies are everywhere.

Carlton: You may depend upon me, Sire.

Edward: Thank God, Carlton, I have one man about me that I can trust. Till sunset, then.

(Exit Carlton.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(The Queen's bedchamber.)

(The Queen paces restlessly in the center of the room as Mortimer stands helplessly by.)

Isabella: O, Roger, I feel that we have done wrong. I don't feel clean inside any more. I tossed and turned for hours last night unable to close my eyes. And when I did finally fall asleep I had the most awful dream. I dreamed that I could hear Edward's voice, crying for mercy. I shall never forget it.

Mortimer: Isabella, don't be this way. This is no time for pangs of conscience. All England believes the King died of a heart attack—even your son, his successor, but a few moments ago came to me, his hand outstretched, and begged my forgiveness for his insolence here in this room last night. The boy is truly sorry, my dear, so what could possibly be wrong?

Isabella: But something has been worrying you, Roger. I can tell.

Roger: Only one man could give us the least trouble, Isabella.

Isabella: Who?

Roger: Carlton—and he will be apprehended by morning. He arrived just moments after Gurney had disposed of the King. They finally succeeded in convincing Carlton that the man he sought was dead—and dead of a natural death. Gurney can be fairly convincing at times. Finally, after much haggling and not a few hot words, Carlton and his men rode off.

Isabella: Why was he not taken then at the castle?

Roger: Because, my dear, as even your woman's brain must recall, one of the reasons why your husband had to die last night was the fact that the garrison could not withstand Carlton's forty lances. We had to wait for his party to disperse before taking action. I have already dispatched a small force under Gurney to Carlton's manor house. We'll have our bird by morning. That, my dear, I can assure you.

(There is a knock upon the door leading from the ante-chamber.)

Isabella: Yes, who is it?

Edward *(from without):* It's Edward, Mother. Sir Thomas Gurney is here to see Sir Roger.

Isabella *(in low tones):* What can he want?

Roger: I can't imagine, my dear, but we shall soon find out. *(To Edward)* I am coming, Sire.

(Exit Mortimer followed by a terrific din in the ante-chamber, off stage. The clash of swords can be heard distinctly above the hoarse shouts of men in close combat. This lasts approximately ten seconds, followed by an ominous quiet, broken finally when the young King and Sir Ronald Carlton enter at the right of the stage.)

Isabella: Edward, what's happened? Who is this man?

Edward: This gentleman is Sir Ronald Carlton. *(The Queen, in great agitation)* Your bloody reign is over and your lover lies dead in the antechamber outside. If you were not my mother, you would be there with him, but I am not and cannot be so cold and heartless as you have been toward my father and myself. I shall rather condemn you to spend your last days as your poor husband spent his—in a cell in the dungeon of Berkely castle from whence you shall never more, so long as you live see the light of day. May God have mercy on your soul.

THE END

VACATION

(From page 13)

Army should give him plenty of other things to blow off about.

"Well, did you finally decide to give me a chance with my date?" offered Eddie as the young couple appeared before him. Ed laughed, saying it was a shame that such a goof should have a monopoly on a sweet woman like Bet, then thanking her for the dance, excused himself and moved toward the punch bowl.

Eddie reached for his cigarettes. As he delved around for his lighter, he noticed the front door swing open and a figure in uniform quietly slip into the hallway. It was Jim!

Eddie and his date watched various persons gather around the soldier and expected loud-voiced revelations to soon fill the room. Instead they saw a tired-looking young man warmly greet his friends, grasping their hands like they were valuable treasures.

Jim looked genuinely glad to see Eddie and Bet, and the young pair found him reserved, almost withdrawn, rather than boastful and antagonistic.

"There's a man who's changed," thought Eddie. "There's a man who has seen life."

BOOKS

(From page 17)

our Disagreement will never be settled.

Assistant: The man you should see is Dean Covington. He teaches Romanticism and Victorian Lit.

Shelley: You see, Thomas, we wrote literature.

Carlyle: Then this Mr. Covington must certainly be teaching Rosetti, Swinburne and Wilde. We should have brought them.

Assistant: May I remind you, sir, that this is a Christian college?

Carlyle: You may, if you explain to me why a Christian college allows a course in Romanticism to be included in the curriculum.

Shelley (hastily): May we see the file? Remove your coat, Thomas, we have work to do—at last.

Assistant: The file isn't that big.

Carlyle: Do you remember, Shelley, the Days when "that" was a simple Pronoun and did not seek to assume the Position of an Adverb?

Shelley, amused: The file, Thomas.

Assistant: I'll take this list and show you which books are parallel. You shouldn't count them.

They examine the file.

Carlyle: You see, Shelley, we Victorians are respected. One Student is reading *Oliver Twist.*

Shelley: And another *The Age of Fable.*

A meanwhile elapses.

Assistant: I told you most of them would be parallel.

Carlyle: But surely they must read other Things.

Assistant: See for yourself.

Shelley: They do read other things, Thomas. Examine these cards. *Let Love Come Last, Two Years Before the Mast.*

Carlyle: We will have no Poetics here, Percy.

Shelley: Forgive me. And someone is reading *The Canterbury Tales.*

Carlyle: And here a student is reading a Marlowe biography. He misspelled Marlowe on the card.

Assistant: And here is an intellectual. *The Nature and Destiny of Man.*

Carlyle: By whom?

Assistant (proudly): Niebuhr.

Carlyle laughs. The Assistant looks at him in annoyance.

Assistant: And here are *The Confessions of St. Augustine.*

Shelley: We are progressing.

Carlyle: That is a matter of opinion. Here's an interesting one, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.*

Shelley: We should have brought ——.

Carlyle: If you please, Percy.

Shelley: Here's *Paradist Lost.*

Assistant: And *Male and Female.*

Shelley: This is a clever chap.

The student is confused.

Carlyle: Someone is reading Pepys.

Shelley: And someone else *Ivanhoe.*

Assistant: The movie of that's on this week.

Carlyle: Comic Characters of Shakespeare, Pride and Prejudice.

Shelley: Are you commenting or reading from the slips, Thomas?

Assistant: Here are some more. *Notre Dame de Paris, Les Miserables, The Iliad, The Odyssey, The Scarlet Letter, . . .*

Shelley: And *Functional Football.*

Carlyle: The Nature of the Physical World.

Shelley laughs. The assistant is confused.

Shelley begins to laugh uncontrollably.

Carlyle: Percy, what is wrong with you?

Shelley: still laughing. Look at this one, Thomas.

Carlyle takes the card and reads: The Sun That Shines So Fine.

Mild hysteria prevails.

Assistant: Here's *Walden,* and *Back to Methuselah.*

Violent hysteria from Shelley and Carlyle.

When the laughter has subsided.

Carlyle: I am beginning to enjoy This very much. Where are the other Files, young Man?

Assistant: This is the only one.

Carlyle: not believing him. Am I to understand that only these books are being read by this student body?

Assistant: proudly. Yessir. We pride ourselves on our scholarship!

Shelley and Carlyle rise solemnly. Without a word they leave. When they are outside, Shelley speaks.

Shelley: Thomas, what will these students do in Eternity?

Carlyle: They will do as we do, Percy—talk.

Shelley: But about what? With this background, they could hardly talk for two hours, and Eternity is ——.

Carlyle (thoughtfully): Did you ever hear of Hell, Percy?

THE RETURN

(From page 7)

his uncle wanted his services again. She had cried the day they had left the house on his last leave home before. . . .

"Don't be raining on me," he had told her. "I'll be back in a while and we'll be back here again before you know it." Then while he was sitting on the side of some God-forsaken hill listening to the dull thumping of artillery shells killing, killing, killing; the message had come up to him: "Ann lost in boating accident!" Until now, she had never been found. The lake had been pulled down, and dragged for days—no results. She was still out there somewhere in all that dark, chilled water, and he was here in their house alone. Above the wind, he heard a mournful train whistle away off down the valley—a whistle that he could have sworn was not a whistle but a sighing voice: "I'm here —I'm here"; and then the wind rose and drowned out all but the steady roar of the fire. The lake, his lake, the lake they had loved, had taken all that meant anything to him.

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CORRECTED FACTS

(From page 20)

November fourth. It was the old American idea to give both sides a whack at the job.

There were some very interesting sidelights to the election. For instance the liberal Republican, Mr. Lodge (Senator from Massachusetts), was defeated for re-election by his opponent with the tea-drinking charm, Mr. John Kennedy, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Lodge has apparently become disallusioned over the whole thing, because he has said rather than accept a cabinet post from "Ike," he would return to his private newspaper business. The liberals will miss him. However, here is good news from Mr. Stuart Symington of Missouri, formerly of the Truman hierarchy. He has defeated that stalwart isolationist, Senator Kem of Missouri. Mr. Symington was opposed by just about everyone except the people. Incidentally, look for the Democrats to groom Mr. Symington as a candidate for the presidency in "fifty-six." It seems certain Mr. Stevenson won't try for something twice that he tried to avoid in the first place. We have Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Jenner back with us to do all they can to obstruct an enlightened foreign policy. It will be interesting to learn if, with a Republican Administration, they will continue their obstructive policies or if they have been pure underhanded political maneuverings.

In spite of the very slim majorities held by the Republicans in both houses, they expect little trouble in getting through the legislation they will propose, because (and this I think should be significant to Southerners) they expect the Southern Democrats (Republicans) to give them the necessary majorities to do whatever they wish. I think it is a bit ironic that the party that put the shackles (economic and political) on the South should confidently expect the Southerners to support them wholeheartedly, and what is more

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amazing, at least to this writer, they have every reason in the world to be confident, because they will undoubtedly get that support which they desire from the conservative South.

When the House is organized in January, you can expect Joe Cannon from Maine to get the post as Speaker of the House with little trouble. This is one of the men I warned you about. Joe is a conservative in the best traditions, and he may be expected to continue his old medieval ways. A stiff fight seems to be brewing in the Senate between Bob Taft and other more liberal Republicans over who will control the Senate. Taft is extremely desirous of becoming Senate majority leader, and you can reasonably expect him to get it. The split in the Taft and Eisenhower forces has not been mended, and you may expect fireworks before the next Administration settles down on an even keel.

SPIRITS

(From page 21)

It all seemed like a damnably good setting for something dramatic to happen.

By the time cold winter darkness had made it impossible for Regina to see anything from the window where she sat, Emily had consumed most of the birthday cake and sat on the carpet by the fire with a pleased look upon her face. The tree shimmered in the firelight.

"Well, I'll be damned," Emily smiled and then she turned to Florence: "Merry Christmas, Grandmother."

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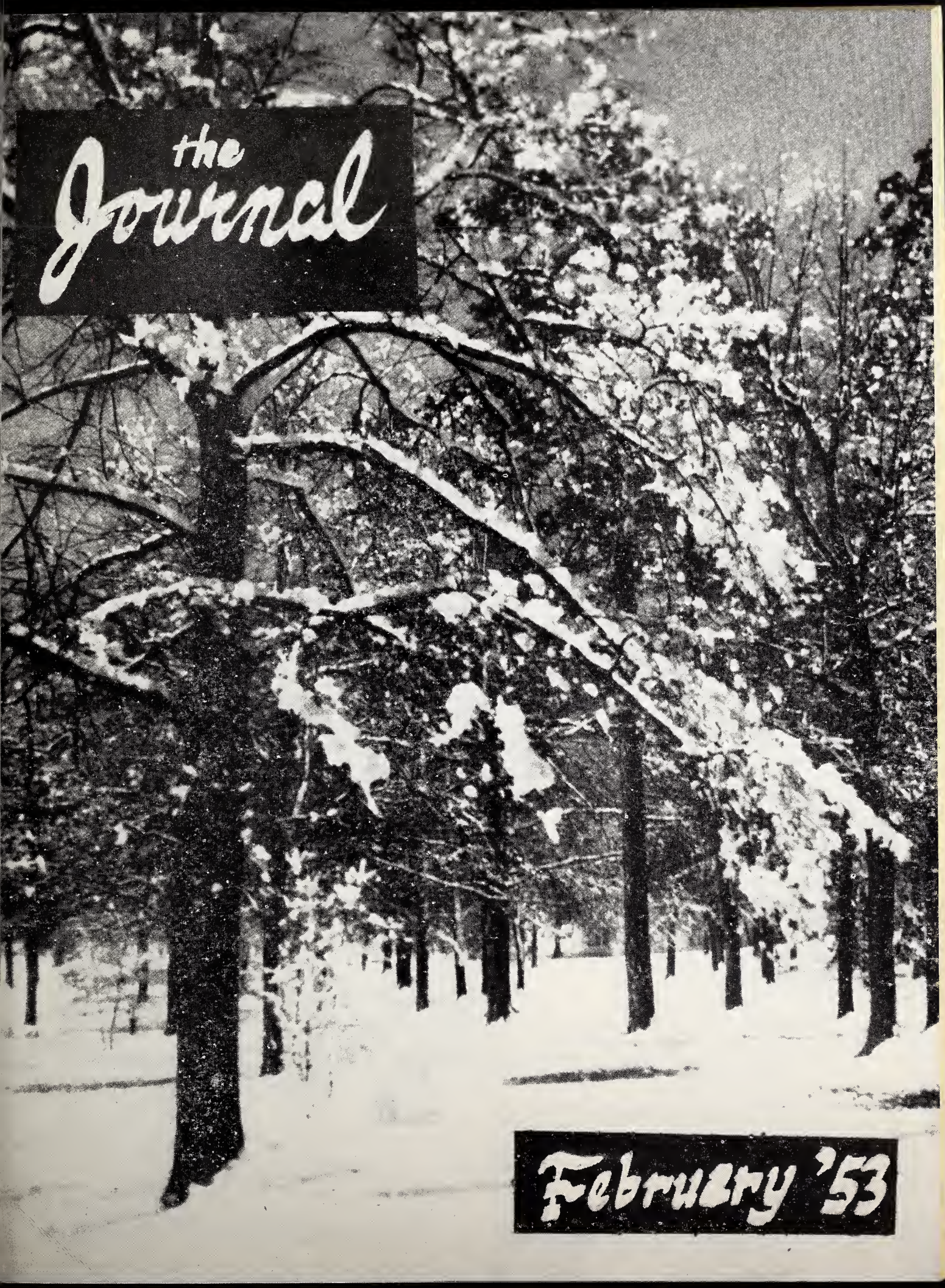
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COVER BY JOE TYLER

Deadline for April Issue is March 12

REVENIR

Was swept last night by the plaintive rain
Down a wind-blown, glistening street.
The soul of the house where you and I
Had begged the sun's gold gladness in,
With poured libations' measured beat,
Breathed its pain and drooped to die.
And darkness hung upon the stair
To be about the dead thing there
And murmur like a madman's prayer—
Where are you?
Where?

—Reed Upton

A MOUNTAIN'S DEFENSE

Sid Fulmer

Getting to the top of an empty mountain would serve no useful purpose, but the inanimate fury of a mountain's defenses makes restless men more determined to reach the summit and live to tell the tale.

THE night was cold and still. And beyond the light of the camp-fire the landscape of the chilled surroundings disappeared into the precipice of darkness. There was snow on the ground. And the flickering flames of the camp-fire, like tentacles of a monstrous octopus, reached out hungrily to grasp something in the velvet darkness.

For the half-dozen men who shivered around this camp-fire the time was growing near. It was only a matter of hours now before this group would begin to climb the treacherous and forbidding peak which stood as a monument to those men who had tried to conquer it and had failed. But these men would succeed. They would, they knew. But somehow, as they sat around the fire, there was nothing to talk about, to laugh about. The cold had muted their voices and their thoughts. The group of six men were not professional mountain climbers—the kind you read about in the papers. They were not even experienced, for they had only made one climb before, and that was up a peak which other climbers had conquered many times. But they were men, real men; tough, unshaven, troopers from a nearby lumber camp. Unexperienced in mountain climbing, yes, but men who knew, loved, and looked for perilous and exciting adventure. Only a few hours till dawn, and then they would begin.

Detailed plans had been made. Every man's place during the climb had been worked out in advance, every piece of equipment tested and retested.

Jack was the first to break the monotonous quiet. "Why in the hell don't you guys say somethin'? We ain't a bunch of damn mummies."

Jeff, who was sitting on a blanket with his legs crossed under him, was the only one who attempted to answer. "If you're so damn interested in having somebody talk, talk to yourself. Hell if I care to make with a lot of bull."

The other four, known to others only by their nicknames — Trav, Moose, Hack, and Crow — did not blink an eye, and silence once again and for the rest of the night reigned supreme.

Were it not for the battered watch that Moose carried in his pocket, the group would never have known when morning came, for sometime in the night the snow had begun to fall again. The wind was strong, hurricane-like, and the sky gray and bleak.

The small group slowly dismantled their camp and set out on their greatest adventure. Curses and obscenities were the only words used, and under the circumstances were the only ones expressive.

The object of their climb was not visible, even though they were only several hundred yards from its base. The snow was coming down faster now, and the wind hit the face like a dull razor.

The first mile of the climb was slow but uneventful. The walking was easy enough, and the men were now in better spirits and occasionally yelled at one another.

Around noon the party stopped for their first break, and pried into some of their rations.

"Just like the damned army," Moose half laughingly said. "But I sure am glad there ain't no damn bullets to duck. There ain't many things I mind, but I sure hate dying, and if one of them frapping things hits you, you're a dead son-of-a-gun!"

"There ain't but one thing wrong with mountain climbin'," Trav added. "There ain't no wimmin, and I'm just downright skeptible about anything or any place that ain't got no wimmin. God, you shoulda' seen that woman I had down at the ——"

"Shut your damn trap, Trav; you gonna' git me all worked up for nothing," Jeff snapped. "We're out to conquer this here hill. That woman'll be there when you git back. If she ain't, I know where another one just as good is."

The next few hours the climbing was more like what they were expecting. The snow had stopped falling, but the wind was sharper. At frequent intervals a big rock or boulder whizzed over their heads like a flying saucer. The sky had lightened a bit, and as the clouds shifted their positions the outline of the part of the mountain still to climb was glimpsed.

Occasionally the group could look to either side of them and see just how far up they were. Now, each step of the six men carried with it life or death. The tow rope was connected to the waist of each climber, and all six were tied to each other. They were tired, dead tired, but there was no place to stop. Their big coats and gloves were about as effective as paper bags. The wind cut through them like a large pruning knife. Their toes had long since become numb, and each step was now a burden requiring great effort.

Late that evening the group found a small niche in the side of the mountain, and it was here that they stayed until dawn. They could not sleep—too cold.

At dawn they were up and on the go again, but with ever-increasing

(Continued on page 27)

LIKE WIND AND RAIN

Sidney Kelly

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

The Rubaiyat
of Omar Khayyam

I LOOKED up from my cue stick and there he sat, perched on top of half a dozen beer cases. I had felt the discomfort of being watched, and now I looked up into his small, dark, flashing eyes. He was a little, old man and his legs hung helplessly down the side of the cases. He wore an old, beaten up army overcoat. His face peered through the upturned collar. His shoulders and the corners of his mouth drooped as if he had never found sufficient advantage in holding them up. Nothing should be more commonplace than a tramp in a pool room, and yet what a fascinating and strange clan are tramps. Here is a bit of humanity with no sham or pretense. No false front—they do not know where they are going, and so they don't care. They come and go with little reason, following the seasons. New York in the summer, Miami in the winter—like the millionaire. This little old man must have seen it all. There was a lot of moving about and loud talking in the pool room, but the old man sat aloof on the cases. He seemed to be taking everything in, and he saw it all with a blank expression. Only his eyes had meaning. They were the saddest eyes I have ever seen. In these sad and tired eyes were written again the truth of The Preacher, "The Wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about into the north; it whirleth about continually, and the Wind returneth again according to his circuits."

The smoke from his cigarette rose to join the cloud of smoke which hung overhead. He looked perfectly at ease and at home on his high seat, though he kept glancing out of the window as if he must soon be going. It was dark outside and raining. He must have wandered into the pool room for shelter. After my next shot I crossed to the other side of the room and watched him out of the corner of my eye. Again I caught a glimpse of his eyes. You could tell he had seen a lot of pool games—*he had see a lot of pool games.*

A little boy came up to the popcorn machine that was next to where the old man sat. The little boy stood there a moment, hesitating, looking at the machine, then looking down in his hand. The old man got down off the beer cases, took a coin from the boy's hand, and put it into the machine. They both carefully watched the bag fill up. The little boy looked up at the old man. The old man picked up the bag, took a few pieces, and handed the bag to the little boy. The boy went running off. The old man climbed back up on the beer cases. All this was done without a word.

After my next shot I went over and sat on a bench close to the old man.

"You shoot a good stick." He spoke as easily as if we had been talking all evening.

"Did you speak to me?" I asked.

There was such a long pause that I thought perhaps he had not spoken.

"You shoot easy. That's the way to win."

"I control the cue ball better when I shoot easy."

Again he was as quiet as if he had never spoken. He continued to look straight ahead. I arose, shot in a couple of balls, and returned to the bench.

"That's right, just take a couple at a time, as they come, don't force 'em. You'll win."

My opponent shot in several balls on an amazing assortment of shots before missing his easiest shot.

"I'm afraid I won't win this one."

"You'll win; he shoots too hard, too much english, too much pressure; he'll win a few games, but you'll win the most. You've got patience. Ever do much fishing?"

"A little," I replied. I waited for him to go on, but that was all. He did not speak to me again. He had never turned his head or changed his expression. After my next shot I moved back to the other side of the room and watched him, but he never seemed to be conscious I was there.

At the table next to ours, there was a man running the table. He made ball after ball. Most of the spectators had begun to watch him. He shot in six, then the seven. For a long time he studied how to make the eight ball. Finally he took aim, shot, the ball bounced off two rails and went straight for the hole. As it dropped in, the onlookers gasped with amazement. Then the cue ball took a peculiar spin, and left the nine ball at the other end of the table. The spectators groaned. He could not make this one. The shark studied a few seconds, then with cool deliberation bent over, aimed. At this moment I looked up at the old man who had been closely following the game. But as the cue stick was drawn back to shoot the nine ball, the money ball, the old man slowly, indifferently turned his head toward the window. It was still raining. I looked back just in time to see the nine ball spin

(Continued on page 19)

DEATH

Wesley Floyd, Jr.

The air was thick with screaming shells and holes were dug with each resounding shock. I ran through mud until a hard and stabbing pain struck beneath my neck.

Here I lie through endless hours, hours of time, hours of thought, hours of memories. Who knows when death shall strike with that sudden sting? A sting that will hurt, or a sting that will ease my aching soul and rest my body upon some gray hill, full of men who have made a world of life. Death, a word of hate, a word of love, a word of fear. I traveled the tunnels of time, step by step, until at last I found time was the only thing man could not save. Once one step is taken, there is no turning back, but only amble on to the brinks of eternity or the abysmal pits of hell.

I lay with staring eyes, shaking like the buried pillars of destiny. Come, cold wave, and ease my worried mind, and let me blow with

earthly winds which will scatter my thoughts like leaves in the autumn breeze. Sometimes the blackness and darkness of night creeps over my sight even though I know my eyes are open wide. I know time is short, that soon I'll know the mysteries it holds. I only hope and pray that my death can be called a birth, a birth of light, a birth of goodness, a birth that will restore my youthful thoughts.

Yes, I feel it now as it starts its slow tormenting pace. I feel myself sinking down, down like a bird with a broken wing. If only I could reach up and clasp that hand which would pull me back to the realm of living! My thoughts are scattered, my body is numb; I hear a thousand bells that ring with laughter that their duty is done. A ray of light, like a glass spectrum, blended so perfectly and so beautifully that all is lost in a ray of colors.

The air is clear and the shells no longer blast.

NIGHT

Ron Bryant

The midnight blue of the heavens slowly pales and blends under the soft magic of moonglow. The crystal sprinkle of stars becomes dulled and they blink modestly in the image of diamond wavelets. Tapers of moonbeam cling to fragments of the fresh, scented air as it gives birth to a breeze which drifts like a thought and teases a tendril of hair. The moonglow exerts its art on the trembling waters, causing the rhythmic, muted beat of the surf, and the surface is not water but a sheen of silver-gold with a border of sprayed lace. The irreverent noises of people striving quietly and desperately for love, but hate, for life, but death fuse with the symphony and reality and unreality and all is Night.

The dirty yellow glow of artificial lights blends easily with the long, crowded room in which the mass has gathered. They hover together like leashed animals, at the rough tables, paused in their mad, fruitless quest. And the search is interminable. . . . A rose-tipped cigarette in a littered ash tray. A lewd joke, laughter, a curse, a bottle. . . . Like wraiths they weave among the tables, parting the blue haze of atmosphere, gigantic, small, grotesque, ugly, but smiling.

The tinkle of a blue piano beats through the waves until it pierces them. A smoky voice reaches out from between red lips and turns the head with the touch of a velvet hand. Tan smooth legs disappear beneath the green of a pair of shorts and begin to move sinuously to the sensual "St. Louis Blues." The breasts beneath the white blouse form a crescendo. And the smile says—yes, and the lissome body screams—now! And the limpidity of the brown eyes says —you fool! The crowd is an animal, leaning forward, eyes glistening, lips parted, bodies tense, and all is—*desire*. The tan legs slow, the red lips close, the tinkle fades, and the way is lost. And the endless quest with a rose-tipped cigarette, a lewd joke, laughter, a curse, a bottle, and—all is Night.

TOMORROW IS JUST ANOTHER DAY

By **DAVID BYRD**

With apologies to George Milburn, who has the original plot of this story.

"Be sure that you pick a subject that is not too broad for your term paper and don't forget that it will be half of your final grade. The other grades will come from your exam and classwork. Now for the final . . ., Professor Brown was interrupted by a knock on the door. Upon opening the door, the Negro janitor handed the boy a note.

"Mister Reynolds."

Bill, tall and lanky, went up to the desk and got the note. He trudged back to his seat and opened the letter. It was from the Dean. Bill knew of no reason why the Dean would want to see him at this moment. "Don't tell me I've got to go watch that man run his hand through his unkempt hair and fidget with some pencil or paper," thought Bill as he reluctantly went to the Dean's office when the bell rang.

"Come in, Mister Reynolds."

His heart beating with fear, he sat down on the edge of the chair. The Dean, sitting in a slumped position, rubbed his clean-shaven face as he began talking.

"Mister Reynolds, I have just been looking at your mid-semester grades. As you know, we have a rule here which states that if a freshman fails four subjects, he automatically flunks out of the school."

"Yes, sir, I know."

"According to your grades here, you are failing three: Math, French, chemistry, and you have a D-minus on English. I believe you work in town, is that not right?" the Dean asked, picking up a piece of paper and folding it.

"Yes, sir, I work at Andy's."

"What are your hours there?"

"From six to twelve at night, sir."

"Every night?"

"Except Sunday night."

The Dean threw the paper in the waste basket. "I see. I understand your situation and I admire your courage for trying to work your way through college; but you are going to have to start studying a little more. If you need any help, drop by and see me."

"Thank you, sir."

Bill left the Dean's office in deep thought and went to his room. He knew that he had to do better, because finishing college meant so much to him. His life at home had been hard to cope with, but with solid determination, he hung on. Getting an education would put Bill in a better economic and social position, which he had not previously had. His father would not help him and his sisters, who had quit school to work in a dime store and were now married with husbands to support them, did not see the value of an education for Bill. He had diligently worked his way through high school and graduated with high honors, but college was so different. His father said that he did not have a high school education and he was making a living. "But such a meager living it is," thought Bill. Bill's mother died when he was very young and he did not have anyone to encourage him.

He was sitting at his desk in his room when Donald walked in.

"What? Don't tell me you're not going to sack out this afternoon! And studying, too. Man! You are really getting up in this world."

"Go ahead and laugh. I've got three damn failures."

"So have I, but you are making better on English and I know I'm going to fail it. I just can't find any time for that term paper that we've got to write."

"Ah! You can always pull them up. Care to go to a movie this afternoon? Marilyn Monroe is playing in some comedy. Whatta gal!"

"Guess I better stay here and see if I can learn any French. Don't see why I should have to take the stuff anyhow. I'll never go to France."

"Maybe they should offer a course in Korean."

"Yeah. Hey, I didn't tell you I had to go to the Dean's office today, did I?"

"No, what did old Grump want?"

"Talked to me about my grades."

"Did he fidget with his pencil this time?"

"No, he tried to make something out of a piece of paper and he could not."

"Ha, that's a laugh. Well, I better get going if I'm going with the rest of the gang. See ya later, Bill."

Bill tried to concentrate on his French, but he began thinking of the good times his roommate had. He seemed so carefree and jolly. He was always dating, or going to the school dances, but Bill had to stay in his room and sleep or study. He fell across his bed with his book, and soon fell asleep.

"Little late, aren't you, Bill?" said Wayne as Bill dragged in the restaurant and took his place behind the grill.

"Yeah, guess so. Guess I overslept this afternoon."

"That's okay. I didn't mind working a few minutes overtime."

"Thanks, Wayne."

"See ya tomorrow."

"Okay," Bill said and began washing the dirty dishes that had accumulated during the rush supper hour.

"Can I have a cup of coffee, Mister Reynolds?"

"Sure," Bill said, and turned around. "Yes, sir, Professor Brown." He nervously placed the coffee on the table.

"Mister Reynolds, I want to talk with you. You seem not to have any interest in my English class lately, and I've noticed you going to sleep several times, too."

"Yes, sir. I . . . I don't get off

(Continued on page 25)

THE DUSTY WEB

Bill Cannon

He stood in the bouncing, swaying vestibule of the Pullman, amid the screech and clatter of the brake shoes biting into the steel of the wheels. The porter, with his abrupt but polite: "Excuse me, suh!" passed by him to release the floor panel and open the door. Just another stop in a long day's run to the big, smiling Negro, but to him it was the last stop on a seemingly endless road—a road he had been traveling for an interminable length of time—a road whose end he was approaching with every click of the rail joints.

With a final sickening and sudden jolt, as if the man up front were disgusted, the car groaned to a halt. Five steps away from home ground—ground he had been away from a year. They seemed like miles to him, but to cover them was to end it all.

Old Joe, the station agent, was out bustling around the platform with his measly few parcels of express, and did not notice him as he walked past down the board surface toward Main Street. Faintly, very faintly, he heard the cry he had heard so much in the past: "B-o-a-r-d," and the noise of a moving mass of steel receded in the distance.

The dull, lethargic town lay sprawled before him; anyone's town who wanted to claim it. That was the beauty of it all—anyone could come in and in no time at all, he was a full-fledged and accepted member of the town's citizenry; that is, unless you left like he had with not the slightest explanation. People had wondered why "that boy did like that," but no one but he himself knew the true reason. And that he intended to keep to himself.

The main highway was, of course, the main thoroughfare. No traffic troubles or worries here, though — folks were just as neighborly on the streets as they were in their own yards. There were the tourists passing through, "yankee imports" they were not so fondly named; but considering them a necessary evil, they were allowed passage unharmed. He even remembered the day one had possessed the audacity to question the town's history. To be sure, it held many stories, but what little town did not?

And there was old Frank, the postmaster, with the inveterate tobacco stain about his mouth. How many years had he met the trains and ambled back to put up the few objects of mail in the boxes, and then meet so many people with a pleasant "No" that belied his inner feelings? He, the man who passed out letters that told of love, health, sickness, death, could not feel right doing anything but just that. And it was Frank who started so many of her letters to him in the days just after he left. Sure, there had been letters, many of them at first, but after a while they began to slow down in their frequency, and finally they had stopped altogether. It could be that his attitude had something to do with her failure to write. He had not written what could be called civil letters to her at all. They usually were methodical wastes of good stamps. His fault, yes, but already done and passed—too late now. He moved past the General Store. Here, he mused, he had had his first position. He clearly remembered the day old Mr. Wilson had engaged him to sweep out the store, for a quarter and a bag of candy, after closing on Saturday. He was the only kid who could boast that he had his own income. More actual money than he had ever made since. Even though when he left he had a clerk's job, he longed for the days when he had had no worries at all except how he was going to get that sweeping done, and get to the last showing of that rootin', tootin' western movie, the only kind that ever came to town at all.

A breeze whipped the moss hanging from the trees over the street, and the sun played through the limbs creating grotesque shapes which seemed to move as listlessly as he did. The sand of the street seemed to hold him as he strode on toward home. Presently, there it was, low, comfortable, and white; the house he had grown up in and finally come to leave as he had. That house held many memories for him, happy memories of a childhood at home. Like any other kid, he had contracted all of the hurts and ills of the age; measles, broken arms, bloody noses — all of them had happened here. And when they did he had been able to come here for comfort and understanding. Then the time on his first date that things had failed to progress as he had planned, and he came back home with his world of illusions shattered. Now, here he was again, *home*, but with no expectation of sympathy or understanding. And he was not disappointed in his expectation.

His mother and dad were the same, only a little older and a little grayer from worrying about him. They were overjoyed at seeing him, and welcomed him back to their tiny circle of life called home. His home-coming appeared to him as the story a Sunday school teacher had told him so long ago. Nothing was too good to fix for him, and everything was done to make him glad he had returned. Yet, there was still something wrong.

Days passed, yet he never saw her nor met her when he went to the post office or down to the store for

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DUTCH STUDENT LIFE

Jan Wendland

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article came to America as an immigrant in July 1948. He was born in Holland. During the War he was going to school in Holland and Germany. He has lived in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Berlin, and Munich. He has traveled over much of Europe. His home is in Vermont. Jan is a senior majoring in Education and History. He plans to teach.

Many students have asked me about different things in the Low Countries, but the prize question was put to me by—well, of course, a freshman. It was one of a number of rather taxing questions and ran like this: "Do the people in Holland take their wooden shoes off when they go to bed?"

I do not pretend to be an authority on events in Holland, but on the basis of this actual question I venture to present certain phases of student life with which I am familiar.

Let me start by telling you something about Dutch high schools. In the first place not everybody goes to high school. An entrance examination is generally required, and even though the schools are state-subsidized, a small tuition has to be paid. This might explain why these secondary schools are on a much higher level than their American counterparts. So with a student body that could well be compared in caliber with that of an average American college it is not surprising that you find a hard curriculum offered. There is no choice in individual subjects that the student may take once he is enrolled. But he does choose his type of school. He can go to a regular high school, which takes five years, or he can go to the *gymnasium* which specializes in classical studies and takes six years. There sometimes is also a third possibility, and that is the *Lyceum*, which is a combination of the two and takes five to six years, according to which direction the student takes after his first three years. All of these schools start after the six grades in grammar school. To come back to the curriculum, classes are held six days a week, morning and afternoon, with only Saturday afternoon off. A load of ten to twelve subjects is average, and if you fail two of them or make three low grades you have to do the whole year over again. The pressure is great. The teachers will help you, but not pamper you, and they expect a lot of work. If you are mentally not well equipped you do better in going to a trade school.

There is a large emphasis on languages which might be explained by the relative position of Holland in Europe. Besides the native Dutch, French, German, and English are studied during the entire stay at school. The *gymnasium* adds to this Latin and Greek. Add to this a good amount of mathematics, history, art, geography, natural sciences and half a dozen other courses, and you will have to agree with me that the students have a rather full schedule. The school year itself is long, too, and five or six weeks of summer vacation will fly by, which is one of the reasons why students rarely work during these vacations.

At the end of your high school you have to take a comprehensive examination administered by the state. If you fail you can do your last year over again and try once more, but that is all. This examination is a requisite for entering a university, and the studying that the students do during their last year can very well be compared with the work a student does in his first year at a medical school here. I might mention that graduates of high schools in Holland and most other European countries are accepted with upperclassman standing in nearly all colleges in the United States.

Don't let me create the impression that students in Holland spend their time with books exclusively. Even the very strict schools will give a holiday for the first day of good ice skating, and in the physical education classes, soccer, hockey, basketball, baseball, and many other sports are played. Interscholastic sports are played, but are not as much emphasized as they are here. Nevertheless, people are very sports-minded, there are hundreds of athletic clubs. Further, there is one bicycle for every two people, and I can assure you they are used. There are no school busses, and I used to ride my bike eight miles to school every day and think nothing of it. We always carried our raincoats along and used them quite regularly, but no weather ever stopped us from getting to school —except some good frost that turned the numerous waterways into wonderful skating lanes. Then everybody tied on his wonderful Dutch skates and off we went, from city to city. There are several tours in which thousands participate. One is called the sixteen villages, and it is around eighty miles long. Then there are also the "Eleven Lakes" and the "Eleven Cities," which are ninety and one hundred and twenty miles long, respectively, and take one day.

Now let us take a look at Dutch universities, because colleges, as we have them here, are unknown. Because the student that is admitted to one of the six universities has had a very thorough preparation, he starts at once in his field of specialization.

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MOVIES

Sidney Fulmer

EVERY once in a while, there comes out of Hollywood a motion picture which has had very little publicity and which to everyone's surprise turns out to be a tremendous hit. *Above and Beyond* is one of these pictures. The movie is another in a series which has attempted to show the American people just what went on behind the scenes before the first atomic bomb was dropped over the Japanese mainland. And this film is by far the best in the series.

The story is that of Lt. Col. Tibbets—the story of the courageous man who was responsible for one of the most important military operations of our time. Col. Tibbets' job was to train a top-flight air crew for the purpose of dropping this first atomic bomb. And just what he had to do makes up the first good motion picture of the year.

Robert Taylor, as Colonel Paul Tibbets turns in his best performance and undoubtedly will be nominated for the 1952 academy award. Taylor conveys in a brilliant manner the strain and emotions of the Air Force colonel.

Eleanor Parker, as Mrs. Tibbets, was equally commanding in her role as a woman who was witnessing the break-up of her marriage. In her scenes with Taylor, Miss Parker was never more convincing.

The supporting cast was especially outstanding. James Whitmore, who rose to fame in the picture "Battleground," played the captain who was the security officer for "Operation Silver Plate," as the project was known. He once again proved that he is one of the best character actors in Hollywood.

The film was produced in cooperation with the United States Air Force, which supplied films of the actual dropping of the first "A" bomb.

* * * * *

About this time each year the newspapers and trade journals carry lists of the year's best pictures. Below is my selection of eight of the best cinema features for 1952, listed in no significant order:

1. *High Noon*—a different and suspense-filled Western, with Gary Cooper.
2. *The Greatest Show on Earth*—De Mille's latest extravaganza, about the great Ringling circus.
3. *Come Back, Little Sheba*—the famous stage hit with its original star, Shirley Booth.
4. *Phone Call from a Stranger*—Bette Davis, never better, in a supporting role.
5. *The Quiet Man*—John Wayne in John Ford's greatest production.
6. *Singing in the Rain*—another musical hit, featuring the king of dance, Gene Kelly.
7. *Limelight*—the latest film of old-timer Charles Chaplin.
8. *Hans Christian Andersen*—Danny Kaye in Sam Goldwyn's best film.

The award for the best actor should go to Gary Cooper for his compelling performance in *High Noon*, and Shirley Booth should win the woman's award for her emoting in *Come Back, Little Sheba.*

My award (if it may be called an award) for the most disappointing picture would go to M.G.M.'s much ballyhooed extravaganza, *Ivanhoe.*

An award for that screen star which has contributed most to the high ideals which the movie industry should exhibit would go to Irene Dunne, with Loretta Young as runner-up. Those stars which would receive an award for bringing most discredit to the industry would be Barbara Payton and Franchot Tone, with Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra as runners-up.

An award for the biggest surprise would go to Mario Lanza, who has just about ruined his once fabulous career. Mr. Lanza's continued feuding with top studio officials has resulted in cancellations of all his pictures and radio contracts.

And so these are my selections for '52. It must be added, however, that this has not been one of Hollywood's best years. The calibre of the movies has been very mediocre, with only one or two pictures which may be classified as outstanding. Hollywood is still worried about the effects of television. Something must be worked out which will again draw crowds at the box office.

All of the major studios have reduced their personnel, with many high executives taking 50 percent pay cuts. But not all of the news is on the pessimistic side. L. B. Mayer has introduced to the movie industry his much publicized cinerama, which is an attempt to present movies in three dimensions. For 1953 over half of the pictures scheduled will be in technicolor with most studios scheduling the big extravaganza type movie.

My own opinion is that '53 will be a much better year for the industry. There is a place for both television and movies and a great step forward will be made during the year to adjust the two mediums to each other.

DINNER FOR

Harry Gall

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
(*In order of appearance*)

JIM MALFI—*he came back from the past.*

JACK CRAIG—*local fire commissioner. He was on top, but haunted by ghosts of the past.*

SUSAN CONNOR—*wealthy young society heiress; Jack loved her.*

ED — *combination butler and valet. He was good at hearing much, and saying little.*

INSPECTOR MARK DUBANE—*he was called upon to solve a puzzling murder.*

SERGEANT JOHN WEINBERG—*he read the book by its cover.*

OFFICER FRANK—*he had trouble holding the door.*

SAM CONNOR—*he never appears, but is always there.*

ACT I

SCENE 1

Setting: A light, airy study, furnished richly in modernistic style. There is a bookcase in the upper left-hand corner of the stage. At the far right of the stage, French doors open upon a terrace patio. Just to the left of the French doors an antiquated marble-topped desk stands out conspicuously as the sole non-modernistic piece of furniture in the room. The walls are lined on all sides with several full-length mirrors, stretching from floor to ceiling. A man is seated at the desk; he has just lit an expensive cigar which he had previsouly removed from the humidor at his elbow. He now leans back and is apparently enjoying his cigar with the greatest of complacency. The man is rather shabbily dressed, about forty, and of very heavy build. A tall, handsome, distinguished-looking man enters through a doorway at the opposite end of the stage. He walks a few paces into the room and then halts in shocked surprise. The man at the desk looks up from the contemplation of his cigar and speaks.

Jim: Hello, Jack.

(There is a moment of silence.)

Jack: You!

(Jack moves to the center of the room and keeps moving as Jim speaks.)

Jim: Yeah, it's me. Didn't expect to see me again, did you?

Jack: (He has by this time reached the desk and is looking down, still in shocked surprise, at Jim, who surveys him calmly.)

Jim: Dead—in prison. Yeah, I reckon you did, Mr. Commissioner—I reckon you did. Good cigars you got here. I helped myself—hope you don't mind.

Jack: What do you want here, Jim?

Jim: That's a hell of a question. I come back to get what's mine—what you stole from me. (Heatedly.)

Jack: I don't know what you're talking about!

Jim: Yeah; well, maybe I'd better refresh your memory, Mr. High and Mighty—the biggest oil field in Texas—you and me found it—sweated and starved over it—made it what it is today. Only that wasn't enough for you, Jack. You had to have it all. You said I stole money from the firm. You even hired a couple of phoney witnesses to swear they caught me red-handed taking the dough out of the safe. Three rotten, stinking years in the pen on a phoney rap. That's what I'm talking about, Mr. Commissioner.

Jack: What nonsense! You had every opportunity to plead your innocence in a court of law. I was more than lenient with you under the circumstances. In order to prove my desire to forgive and forget, I'm more than willing to lend you—say—oh, a few hundred, until you get on your feet again.

Jim: A few hundred! Ha! That's rich! I ain't borrowing no coupla hundred off you, Jack. I'm taking four million.

Jack: Four million! Jim, you're mad.

Jim: Four million. Yeah, that's just about what I figure my share of our partnership comes to. And, by heaven, I mean to collect it!

Jack: Over my dead body!

Jim: Over your dead body if I have to. But either way, I mean to have what's mine. You may be interested to know that Blind Pedro, one of your four-flushing witnesses, has confessed that you slipped him ten bucks to lie like he did in court.

Jack: Now don't be hasty, Jim. I'm sure we can reach some kind of accommodation. (Enter Susan Connor, a well-dressed young lady, reeking with an air of false sophistication. Jack breaks off his conversation abruptly and turns toward the door to face Susan in a slightly embarrassed manner.) Oh, Susan!

Susan: Hello, Darling. I didn't bother to knock. I—(notices Jim.) Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were alone.

Jack: That's all right, dear. This gentleman was just leaving.

Jim (rising): Hey, that ain't no way to treat an old buddy, Jack. Ain't you even going to introduce me to the lady?

Jack: Of course, Jim! This is Miss Susan Connor, my fiancee. Miss Connor—Mr. Malfi.

Jim: Pleased to meetcha, Miss Connor. (She extends her hand; he accepts it.)

Susan: I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Malfi. Have you known Jack long?

Jim: Call me Jim! Everybody does. Yeah, Jack 'n' me been buddies since we both worked the oil fields

THREE

together a coupla years ago.

Jack: Sorry you have to leave, Jim.

Jim: Well, now, Jack, I don't exactly have to go. I thought maybe I'd stay to dinner and we'd talk over old times.

Jack: I don't want to keep you from your business.

Jim: My business will wait until after dinner.

Jack: Well, dinner will be about seven, I imagine. Perhaps you'd like to freshen up a little bit. I know you've had a hard trip. I'll have Ed show you to the guest room. (Jack walks over to the desk and presses a buzzer.)

Jim: Yeah, a bath and a shave would feel good about now! I'll just take you up on that, Jack. See you at dinner.

(The butler enters from the right of the stage, beckons to Jim, who follows him out and upstairs.)

Susan: Jack, who is that man?

Jack: I've told you—a friend of mine from the oil fields—haven't seen him in years.

Susan: For an old friend, you weren't very cordial. It seemed almost as if you were trying to get rid of him.

Jack: Oh, that's absurd, Susan. What possible reason could I have? Your imagination is working overtime.

Susan: I came over for dinner early tonight, dear. I hope you don't mind.

Jack: No, no, of course not. (Hesitatingly) Susan, something has come up. I don't quite know how to tell you.

Susan: Darling, what's wrong? What's happened?

Jack: The fact is, Susan—well, I'm stuck with a number of unexpected financial reverses. I'm afraid we'll have to postpone our wedding for awhile.

Susan: Postpone our wedding! But, Jack, darling, you know that's impossible, and unnecessary. Father will be glad to advance you whatever you need. Why, we sent out the invitations weeks ago. The most important people in town will be there.

Jack: It would only be for a few months.

Susan: Jack, I don't understand you. Mr. Reeder, your manager, tells me the company has been doing extremely well lately.

Jack: I've made some bad investments.

Susan: I don't believe you. You are lying to me, Jack. What is it? Another woman?

Jack: I've told you the truth, Susan. You've got to believe me.

Susan (angrily). Of all the nerve! You don't love me. You never loved me. To subject me to such embarrassment after all my father has done for you. Who got you into the country club? Who bribed the right politicians to make you fire commissioner?

Jack: I ——

Susan: You know who? My father, Sam Connor—the biggest man in this town—and don't you forget it! Two years ago you came to town with money—a lot of it. You were a visiting oil man with a big bank roll and bigger mouth. You drove around town in a cherry-red Cadillac convertible and gave head waiters hundred dollar tips. You thought you were pretty good. You decided to crash society—then suddenly you found yourself, just another hick from the country with too much money and too few brains.

Jack: Susan, believe me, dear, you are getting excited over nothing.

Susan (paying him no attention): Then you met me—rich society heiress. I was just made to order, wasn't I, Jack? I introduced you to the right people—showed you what fork to use —what suit to wear ——

Jack: I suppose when we're married I'll have to listen to that for the rest of my life. Yes, you're right. You and your dad picked me up when I was a two-bit grease monkey from the oil fields and made a gentleman out of me. For that I'll be eternally grateful. But that's all.

Susan: You mean ——

Jack: I mean that that little speech of yours just now has made me realize what a fool I've been. I never loved you, and if you will admit it to yourself, you never loved me either. I'm tired being a doormat for Sam Connor, and I'm tired of being a lapdog for his daughter. Our engagement is off.

Susan: I'll not be made a fool of by you or any other man. You just can't say to me in that calm sardonic voice — it's all off, you and I are through.

Jack: I can't say it! My dear young lady, I have said it! And I mean it.

Susan: It's not that simple, Jack. I'm going to have a baby—your baby.

Jack: You're lying. This is another one of your cheap tricks.

Susan: I wouldn't lie about something like that.

Jack: No, I guess you wouldn't.

Susan: I saw the doctor today. That's why I came over early tonight. I wanted to talk to you.

Jack: Well, what do you expect me to do about it? Marry you and save the Connor clan from disgrace? You've made your bed, darling, now lie in it.

Susan: I think the courts would feel differently, Jack. Don't forget, I'm Sam Connor's daughter.

Jack: Blackmail, eh? If I don't marry you ——

Susan: If you don't marry me, father and I will see that you're ruined in this town forever. Your firm will be bankrupt in six months, and you won't have a dime.

Jack: All right, you win. The wedding will take place as scheduled. Promise me only that you will leave

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BOOKS

Ron Bryant

American fiction of the last ten years, at least on the basis of popularity, contains two interesting, if not particularly talented, names. These two authors are Frank Yerby and Mickey Spillane. Spillane is a relatively late arrival, but the success of both men has been phenomenal.

Frank Yerby, a Negro, is the most popular author of the last ten years, according to sales reports. These sales have totaled close to ten million copies (cloth bound). Yerby turns out his work on a mass-production basis, but his efforts also attain the best-seller lists rather frequently. This is exemplified by *The Foxes of Harrow*, *A Woman Called Fancy*, and *The Saracen Blade*. The first of these three was adapted to the motion picture medium several years ago.

The *sine qua non* of Yerby's work apparently is a close blend of action and sex. He writes in a highly descriptive, excessive, sensuous style. The work is pornographic, without being artistic enough to enable one to apply the term *primitivist*. He merely tells a lusty, fast-moving story. He habitually relies on the common triangle, made up of a man and two women. However, in some cases Mr. Yerby is not so austere as to impose a limitation of two women.

It is rather interesting to note how Mr. Yerby points out the potentialities and accomplishments of his race. His protagonists are white, but there is always a well-educated Negro lawyer, or a member of some other relatively high profession, who, on being challenged, displays his erudition to his white brethren by translating at sight lurid passages of Latin from Petronius' *Satyricon*. Then, too, there is also the superb loveliness of the quadroons and octoroons. My criticism is that it seems to run through most of his works so much that it becomes a chant of didacticism. For all his limitations, Yerby can tell an entertaining story. *The Foxes of Harrow* is considered his best work.

Mickey Spillane is presently the master of the paper-backs. Here is a newsstand idol quite different from Frank Merriwell. It seems to me that this is possibly a thing of concern for the educator who worries about the influence of television, though these books do not reach the younger children as does the latter.

Spillane's books have sold over eleven million copies, even though he has not published a dozen different ones. His talent lies in his ability to saturate the fewest pages with the greatest amount of sex, brutality, and murder. His hero, Mike Hammer, is a slugging, pistol-whipping, revenge-maddened giant whom gangsters cannot kill, and women, often nymphomaniacs, cannot resist. For his different books, he merely changes characters' names and a few other things. His success has been so phenomenal that *Life* magazine ran a feature about him last fall.

I did not intend to give the impression through juxtaposition that Yerby and Spillane are of the same order. Yerby can be called a novelist, though perhaps not a good one. We cannot say the same for Spillane.

* * * * *

There has been a significant literary revival in Italy since the war. This movement is headed by men such as Alberto Moravia and Giuseppe Berto. A number of the former's books have been translated. And excellent translations have certainly been instrumental in Moravia's popularity in this country. You are doubtlessly familiar with such titles as *The Woman of Rome*, *Two Adolescents*, *The Conformist*, and *Conjugal Love*. His works were recently banned by the pope, which would probably insure their popularity.

Moravia consistently deals with the corruption of the middle classes' social customs. He points out the immorality and decay, and the indifference with which the individuals view this within themselves. This indolence is both the cause and the tragedy. Moravia is not a moralist, but an observer of morals. He points out, but does not condemn. All his books are sordid, yes, but because of the segment of society they are treating. They contain no erotic stimulation.

Moravia is a pure realist, using psychological insight rather than documentation in the manner of Zola. Here, Moravia's ability as an artist comes to light. He creates with a few descriptive strokes a complete character. In addition, Moravia also possesses an unusual ability for telling a story.

The Woman of Rome is considered his best work, and on the basis of popularity it is the most successful. It is a story masterfully told through the psychological unfolding of a single character. (It is told in first person.) Adriana, a lovely young Italian girl, wishes to have a comfortable home and family. Every evening she gazes wistfully out of her window at a little white villa surrounded by a garden, in which she can see a happy family sitting down to their meal. She wants these things, but lacks the necessary will. Thus, through moral indolence she becomes a woman of the streets. She is a voluptuous beauty, loved by two men, and desired by all. Her resignedness is narrated with a balance and simplicity of style that is remarkable. One lays down this book, not with repugnance, but with the feeling that he has looked clearly at a human personality caught in a deadly web.

INCIDENTALLY *and By the Way*

The Spectator

THOUGHTS ON THINGS NEW . . .

EVER looked around you to see how many new things you could discover? We've done no extensive research in the field, but we have been giving casual notice and occasional thought to some things and events around us that have a new glitter to them. With our EXAMS COMPLETED (not necessarily passed) the one item that probably is foremost in our thinking is the NEW SEMESTER. And with the NEW SEMESTER come NEW DAYS—and they will be busy days with many opportunities for NEW ACHIEVEMENTS. Many of us will have courses opened to us that we have not previously been able to study; and it's rather comforting to think that we start off in each course with a perfect score—the job is maintaining it. We're taking an optimist's point of view, of course; it's the pessimist who feels he starts in each subject with a zero and has as his task the building of a good grade. But you can't build on "nothing," so therefore, we say you're starting off with an even one hundred.

NEW WAYS

. . . are going to be opened to us also. Not only are there opportunities to show that we can do well in the realm of intellectual pursuits, but also we will find a host of NEW PRIVILEGES that will be ours. Haven't heard about them? You will in time. Just remember when you learn about NEW USES for "old courts" that NEW PRIVILEGES also entail NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

WINTER WONDERLANDS

. . . will soon be fond memories. And we'll all be welcoming the sweet spring time. Seems quite fitting that our new semester precedes the arrival of spring when we turn our thoughts to NEW LIFE—this weary old world of ours could use a good bit of it, don't you think?

HERE ON THE WOFFORD CAMPUS we're noting many changes—one of the most outstanding of them is in the form of an addition—our PLANETARIUM.

We can honestly say that something new has been added, and mean it. Have you been over to the Science Hall lately? The change in the room located directly under the dome is remarkable—and to those of us who have never before seen a planetarium, it is just as interesting as it is remarkable. It's worth a visit from you.

TRADITION

. . . is always under heated discussion around here—most people (students and others) feel that we have too much of this "indefinable something" that has been tagged "tradition." I'd like to come to the defense of the "powers that be" (to borrow an expression from a friend), and say that we may be steeped in tradition, but that's not harmful. When you become saturated, or even "pickled" in tradition—well, the trouble starts then. So rest at ease, men, we're keeping up with the world.

That last expression—keep up with the world—makes us wonder if we are doing our best to keep ourselves informed of the world situation. If we were on trial, most of us would have to plead guilty, guilty to neglect of interest. Over in the military department the students have learned that they will begin their tours of active duty within sixty days of their graduation date; for most of them that means Army service by August. Everyone is aware that a war is being waged, in particular, those in the category to which we just made reference. But our awareness is not undergirded with interest. Robert Ingersoll was an agnostic, but we could all learn something from his "Picture of War"—a word study, actually an oration, of the tragedy and suffering of war.

CAVES, RAGS AND GARBAGE PAILS

. . . are the commodities with which the Koreans, or for that matter any war victims, are most familiar. But, you know, we just can't believe it. They've made movies about it, good ones, too, but for some reason we feel that so much that Hollywood produces is "make-believe" that we can assume that *everything* Hollywood produces is artificial.

When we're well provided for, we forget how it feels to be without.

Are we being CYNICAL — we think not. We're just trying to remind ourselves and others that we're extremely fortunate to be Americans, Wofford men in particular. Let's act like we appreciate it. Cynicism is just another stage of development in the never-ending process of growing up—we'll always be growing, but let us hope we're grown out of, or past, cynicism. You're always better off when you "keep your sunny side up."

Korea brings to our minds the multitude of airplane crashes that have occurred in connection with troop transportation. For the past several weeks the papers have been crowded with news of air disasters—each one apparently more dangerous than the past. But when we stop to

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FIND IT

The stance of a dog, the crack of a twig,
The flutter of birds are the things I feel;
The sound of the wind, the purr of a cat,
And the glide of a wingback teal.

The patter of rain, the rays of the sun,
The softness of a baby's skin.
The whiteness of clouds, the clash of thunder,
And the ripple of a river's bend.

Painters have painted and sculptors have
Molded their arts;
But none have created the wonders
Of nature's hearts.

Love is its word, beauty its eye;
Life is its strength and passion its sigh.

The man with the power of will
Is the one who finds it in the call
Of nature's thrill.

The blossoms of spring with colors array,
The shine of the moon over ocean's
Crest, the smell of an earth-bound rose.
The hardness of wood, the tongues
Of a leaping fire and the peace
Of an evening's doze.
There is shelter in its growth,
And wisdom in its verdant pose.

Go and find these things and see
If the world isn't brighter.
The troubles become few and the
Burdens get lighter.

—Wesley Floyd, Jr.

WHAT I'LL BE

While I'm still young—just out of school,
All ask me, as a general rule,
What are you going to be, my son?
How will you best your life's race run?

Do you set wealth or fame your goal?
Are you content to just grow old,
Or do you wish to do some deed
That might relieve another's need?

Perhaps you wish your time to loan,
Or better still, a business own.
Investment might suit your eye,
Or government service you would try.
To serve your country across the ocean,
Or give to God complete devotion.

Many things are there to be.
Many things that would suit me.
I could be happy with two or three,
But choosing one is hard for me.

If someone could but choose for me,
One happy mortal would I be.
No one can make my choice for me,
But now I know just what I'll be.

I'll shun the wrong, for right I'll stand.
I'll be what's best, I'll be a man.

—Charlie Bates

MY ASPIRATION

I often wish that when I die;
My friends would neither mourn nor cry,
But rather say with sparkling eyes:
He was a man both good and true;
Could either laugh or cry with you.
He lived his life as it should be.
I'm glad I knew one such as he.

—Charlie Bates

SHOULD WE FORGET?

Danny Smith

April 9, 1953, will be eighty-eight years since an erect man in a gray uniform entered a farmhouse near a Virginia courthouse. He was met by a man in blue who looked as if he did not have a dime, and who wore a private's jacket. There was a discussion, and one could hear the scratch of a pen on paper. Still erect, still unflinching, the man in gray marched to the steps of the McClean house, and mounted a gray horse, which was led to meet him.

Robert Edward Lee, commander-in-chief of the Armies of the Confederate States of America, had surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant, commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States of America. Thus a nation died that day at Appomattox Courthouse, on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865.

The terms of the surrender were broken by one man. Asked later if he would have surrendered had he known that the terms of the surrender would have been so grossly repudiated, Lee replied, "No, never!"

The war was one that could have ended in another way, if Lee had not been such a good and honorable soldier. He had seen more than one opportunity for Southern victory snatched from his hands by higher authority. Had he used his own judgment, he might have been the victor instead of the vanquished.

What was so wonderful about losing the war, and where are the benefits which came after losing? Why wouldn't victory have done more for the South? The old reply that its so good that we are all one country sounds hollow when we think that either we would have been associated with the Union as is Canada, and thereby fighting our wars side by side, or we would have rejoined at a later date under terms that could have been reached after the tempers of both sides had cooled down.

As it turned out, we were looted for years and we have not fully recovered yet. Many a poverty-stricken child, white and black, would have grown into healthy men and women had they had the care and attention that a proper economic stability could have given them. Some say we could not have had a proper economic stability, because the system before the war was aristocratic. This may be so, but which is better, the aristocratic form of society or the so-called Reconstruction? We were a poverty-stricken and a defeated country, which had lost her youth on the battlefield, and we were also an occupied country. What was so beneficial in that?

Would it not have been better to have won, to have risen to new heights through prosperity, to have been independent and to have retained our currency? Would we, in the South, not have more voice than we now have in international affairs? What would have been so tragic about being divided into two healthy countries, each working with the other, for the sake of this war-torn Earth?

The South, had she won, would not have forced the North into the Confederacy. The South fought for her independence, not conquest. Had the Confederacy survived, we would have been the size of Europe. Besides the thirteen original states (Missouri seceded August 20, 1861, and Kentucky seceded December 10, 1861), Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, and California would have come into the Confederacy as states. The Confederate Government was going to buy Baja California, Sonora, and Chihuahua from Mexico. If the Confederacy had won the war and if she had acquired the states listed with 1,868,340 square miles.

Had the Confederacy lived we would have been a free people under one banner, the Southern Cross. The Constitution would have been upheld and everything that the destructive war occasioned would have been more peaceable and properly adjusted. There would have been no so-called Reconstruction, when the grandest people that ever wore a uniform were trying to make a living on a devastated soil, with no Marshall plan, but the iron heel of oppression in its most inhuman practices known to that time.

Some may say the Confederacy could not have survived, because her society was based on slavery. Slavery was doomed in the South, as it had been in the North, not because of any wrongfulness, but because it was fast becoming industrially unremunerative. In 1861 slave labor could not be profitably employed as far south as North Carolina, and was barely profitable in South Carolina. If the war had been postponed, say for twenty years, then there would have been but few places in the South where slave labor could have been worked profitably. Even if the South had won the war, slavery was doomed. The South would have been forced, by industrial conditions, not bayonets, within a reasonable period, to have freed its slaves.

We have been called rebels, but there is no disgrace in being called a rebel. If there is disgrace in being a rebel, then George Washington, the Father of his Country, must have been overwhelmingly disgraced. Our Confederate leaders were not rebels, for their states had legally and constitutionally withdrawn from the Union. They fought and died for the very principles written in the Constitution

(Continued on page 19)

SHAPERS OF YOUR DESTINY

Dale Fields

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an opinionated article, and does not necessarily represent the views of the Editor or Wofford College.)

The tumult and the shouting dies and the return to normalcy is begun. Thus we are prepared to embark on the ship of state with a different type of individual at the helm. Eisenhower is different in that he is an unaccustomed Republican. Occupying the beauty spot of Pennsylvania Avenue has its burdens and worries, as the General has already learned. Mr. Taft, the rebuffed but not dead Republican, rears his head as the majority leader in the Senate. The Eisenhower conspirators explain this extraordinary sell-out of Styles Bridges as an attempt to mollify Mr. Ultra Conservative. This writer thinks this would be perhaps very amusing if it were not so fraught with many perils for the very delicate international situation. I warned my readers that the Old Guard was not dead, and that they would make a very determined resurgence to their former position of power. I have said before, and I reiterate I do not object to Eisenhower *per se*, but rather do I object to those who surround him, and a vote for him was a vote for the conservative element. A great number of people were lulled to sleep by the chanted lullaby of the big dailies seeking the votes of the politically untutored. Before me I have a newspaper that stated on their editorial page on Wednesday, October 29, 1952, and I quote:

Congressional Chairmanships. Who's president has absolutely nothing to do with the organization of Congress. South Carolina's senators and representatives who hold chairmanships will retain them after January, *if there are more Democrats in their respective houses than there are Republicans. Yet there are those who would make it appear that these chairmanships are at stake in the presidential race.* The legislative branch is organized apart from the executive and the judicial. Who is president has no more to do with who is chairman of a committee in Congress than who is chief justice would determine who is to be president. The candidate for president who gets the most electoral votes will be president. The party that elects the most members of congress will control the congress. *Sometimes there is a split. In 1940 the people elected a Republican congress, and took the chairmanships, while Mr. Truman, a Democrat, had a majority in the Upper House. In 1930 we had the situation of a Republican president, a Republican senate, and a Democratic house, in which case the chairmanships in the senate were held by Republicans and in the house by Democrats. Don't get excited about the chairmanships.* All South Carolina can do on this score is to re-elect our six congressmen. These congressmen will get the vote of all Democrats regardless of the voters' presidential choice.

The —— —— has touched on this subject several times because several speakers have indicated that a vote for Eisenhower might affect the chairmanships held by South Carolinians. *Such a conclusion is far-fetched.*

I have emphasized with italics what I consider to be the important points of the article. Apparently the editorialist was trying to (and did) convince his readers that a Democratic congress was something to be desired and was an altogether agreeable situation to have exist. This was one of the many lullabies sung to us by the organs of reactionism. Now read with me the editorial this same newspaper was forced to print on Tuesday, December 16, 1952, and I quote:

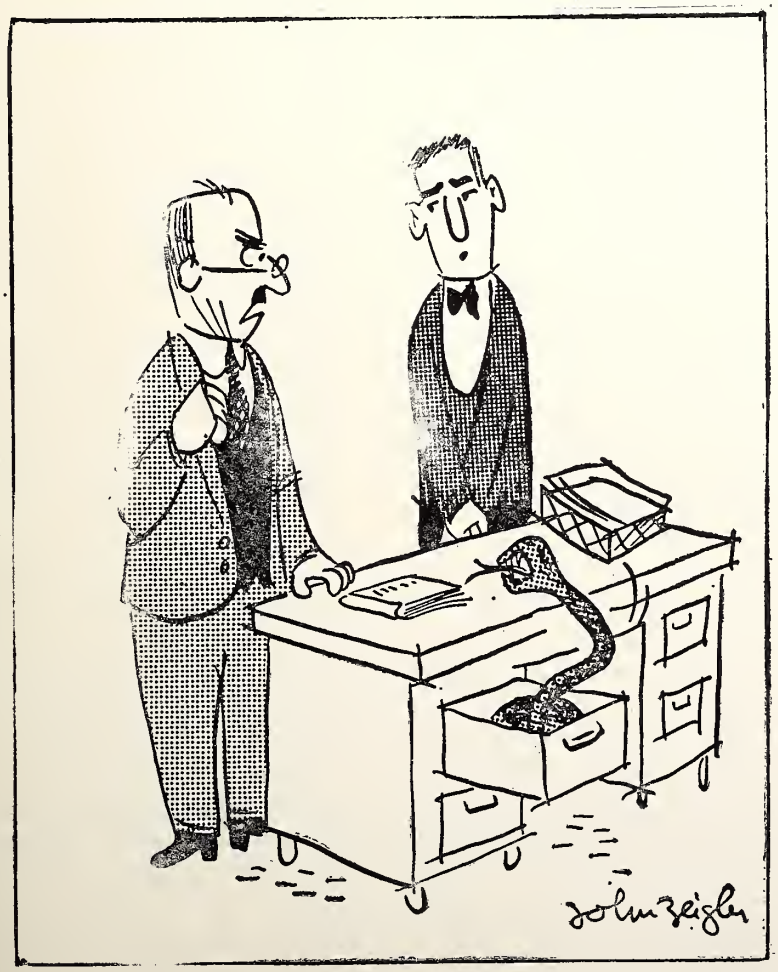
Richard's Successor. When the 83rd Congress meets January 3, and organizes, Representative James P. Richards of the Fifth South Carolina District will lose his chairmanship of the house foreign affairs committee. He will become the ranking minority member. The next chairman will be Representative Robert H. Chiperfield of Illinois, who, fourteen years ago, made a lucky draw. On January 23, 1939, three new G. O. P. congressmen were assigned to the foreign affairs committee. The three pulled numbers to establish rank. Chiperfield won and thus now gets the chairmanship in place of a colleague still on the committee who participated in the game of chance. The third member is no longer on the committee. But what of Chiperfield? What will be his attitude on foreign policy? Generally speaking, he has not been very foreign-minded. He voted against aid to India in 1951, and the Korean Aid Act, and the Far Eastern Assistance Act in 1950. He has advocated foreign aid cuts, opposed lend-lease, and the British loan.

And this newspaper tells me not to get excited. These are the men in whose hands we have placed the fate of the great American experiment. A further word is necessary. These two examples are not isolated chairmanships, not the exception but the rule, but I suppose I am crying out in the stygian gloom of reactionism purely on a partisan basis.

President Eisenhower, realizing his limitations, has surrounded himself with fairly capable men, and in some cases extremely able men. While Eisenhower is exceedingly far from an intellectual giant he has done some very adroit political maneuvering (shades of old "H. S. T.").

The new line-up in the cabinet will be Herbert Brownell, Attorney General; George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury; Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense; Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce; Douglas McKay, Secretary of the Interior; Arthur E. Summerfield, Postmaster General; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture; Martin P. Durkin, Secretary of Labor.

Most of the above mentioned men are able and qualified for their posts. The choice of Durkin (Secretary of Labor) was an extremely shrewd one, probably engineered by some of "Ike's" top liberal advisers. While the choice of Durkin may have temporarily damaged relations between Taft and Eisenhower, the Administration will probably benefit from the good effects it must of necessity have had on labor. It was certainly a clever piece of political maneuvering, and this writer must compliment the man responsible for it.



"It's these little things that lead me to believe you're dissatisfied with the course."

John Foster Dulles will be the new Secretary of State, and with that post goes almost as much responsibility as that which Eisenhower assumes. (A current rumor has it that Dulles will be removed in six to eight months to make room for Thomas E. Dewey in reward for his ardent backing of Eisenhower in the recent election.) Dulles is an extremely able man. He shares the views of Eisenhower in matters of foreign policy, and takes a good "Democratic look" at the foreign situation. In other words, he supported Dean Acheson's enlightened foreign policy. Dulles was special assistant to the State Department as part of President Truman's bi-partisan foreign policy arrangement. Dulles did a highly commendable job of negotiating the Japanese peace treaty in 1952. Mr. Dulles had the unpleasant task of attacking the foreign policy of the outgoing Administration during the recent election. This was complicated by the fact that he had done so much to formulate and to mold our foreign affairs. The conclusion that we may reach from the foregoing material is that, barring any ridiculous intervention by the president, Mr. Dulles can be expected to do more than a creditable job in keeping the pendulum from swinging too far toward an active, hot, and shooting war on all fronts; nor will he permit us to go soft or bury our heads in the sand. However, there may well be conflict between Mr. Taft and Secretary Dulles, because neither has ever been a staunch admirer of the other, on matters of foreign policy.

Walter Bedell Smith, former ambassador to Russia 1946-49, and director of the Central Intelligence Agency since 1950, has been appointed Under Secretary of State. "Beedle" Smith is another extremely able man and of the high caliber so necessary for us to have in the State Department, but there is one fly in the soup. "Beedle" Smith is a very good friend

(Continued on page 20)

DANCE FOR STARDOM

A PLAY IN ONE SCENE

Neil Bonds

(The scene is laid in a small, respectable night spot. The left side of the stage has tables with small lamps on them. People are sitting at every table. There is the dim outline of an orchestra in the background which can be heard more clearly than it is seen. The lighting is dim so as to give the place a smoky atmosphere. At the first table sit a young couple, dressed in sport clothes, sipping cokes and talking.)

Mac: Well, it's been a month since you arrived in Hollywood. How's the job in the cafeteria on the set?

Lynn: The job is swell, so is Hollywood, but the breaks for glamour girls are scarce.

Mac: You've got the best set up. Lot of the girls would give their right arms to have your job. All the directors, talent scouts of the S. E. E. eat there on the set. You arrange it so as to wait on their tables, don't you?

Lynn: You bet! I've tripped over Mr. Warren's feet, spent my entire check on a fancy wardrobe, and have even tried to bribe the "tester" to give me a break. Nothing doing, they all say—unless it's the orders of the big boss Warren. Oh, Mac, I don't know why I ever came out here! I have to write Mom and Dad lies, lies, about how the studio is training me secretly. I—I wish I were dead!

(Lynn starts sobbing and buries her face in her hands on the table. Mac gets up and goes around to her side of the table, and gently raises her head, letting it rest on his shoulder. He speaks very softly to her.)

Mac: You poor little, beautiful, determined devil! All of you girls are the same . . . get stars in your eyes and won't take no for an answer. Look, Lynn, you know how I feel about you. The law firm is growing steadily. Why not give up this silly idea about Hollywood and marry me?

Lynn (angrily): Silly? Mr. Mac Stevens, I'll have you know I spent the greater part of my life in dramatic classes, plus years of dancing. I've won many awards for my acting, and twice as many in dancing —no, as much as I love you, I'll not give up without a fight . . . I'll—I'll show you.

Mac: Look, darling, I don't give a damn whether you can act or not. I love you for being yourself.

Lynn: So you've finally gotten around to telling me I can't act. Well, Mr. Stevens, for your ——

(The band director's voice cut in with a crisp announcement.) O.K., folks, get your partners for a fast-moving Charleston.

(Mac, seeing his chance to end this argument, grabbed Lynn.)

Mac: Come on, honey, let's see how well you learned to dance.

Lynn (irritably): Mac, you can't Charleston. Anyway, that dance is out of date. We'll make fools out of ourselves.

(By now the band had struck up a fast Dixieland number. Several people drift to the right of the stage, which is the dance floor. Lynn allows Mac to pull her onto the floor. Immediately they start many varied and fancy steps of the Charleston. The people at the other tables start clapping enthusiastically to the time of the music. Lynn completely loses herself in the dancing. As the song ends everyone applauds and cries, "More!")

Lynn: Whew! I always feel so much better when I'm doing something I love. I wish Mom could've seen us; she taught me. Mac, you've been holding out on me. You're great!

Mac: You're professional yourself.

A waiter walks up to their table and hands Lynn a note with "Miss Lynn Locke" written on it.

Lynn: Who ——

Waiter: The gentleman in the corner, ma'am.

(Turning in the direction that the waiter indicated, Lynn and Mac saw Mr. Warren, the director at S. E. E. With a funny little laugh and shaking hands, Lynn gets the note and opens and reads aloud.)

Lynn: "Miss Locke, for sometime we have noted the versatility in your efforts for a screen test. Tonight your dancing abilities have proved to us that you might be exactly what we're looking for in our new picture. Call at my office at 10:00 in the morning. Mr. Warren."

(Lynn opens her mouth to speak but only a funny little noise escapes.)

Mac: Honey, you made it!

SHOULD WE FORGET?

(From page 15)

of the United States. The Confederate Government even adopted the same Constitution but improved it. These principles were assailed and our very existence threatened by the Union Government, but our soldiers fought to the bitter end to protect them. Who then were the true rebels, and who aimed and endeavored to overthrow existing conditions? The Republican Party of 1860, a sectional political organization, which objected to the time-honored original Constitution and sought to change the established laws and principles of our Government. For this reason the Republican Party and her leaders were the true rebels. The arch rebel was not Jefferson Davis, but the radical leaders of a radical party.

You may ask this question: Was not war imminent before 1861, and consequently before this party (Republican), came into power?

Disputes and honest differences between the states arose in the life of our country, but they were always settled amicably or by compromise. Then, at last and most sadly, angry passions were aroused. The birth and growth of the Abolition Party, with all its attending bitterness, raised the passions of the people and then friendly settlement of differences became extremely difficult, if not entirely impossible.

This Abolition Party grew and became popular, strong, and finally aggressive. Eventually it united with the remnants of the old Whig Party and other elements of dissatisfied political parties and the Republican Party was born. So when the Republican (Abolitionist) Party came into power the match was put to the dynamite.

February 22, 1953, will be ninety-one years since the birth of a nation of which an Englishman said: "No nation ever rose so fair, nor fell so pure of crime." There will be no parades, no speeches, no holiday, and not even the display of her crimson flag with the Cross of Saint Andrew. No one will place flowers at the foot of her monuments, nor will anyone place flowers on the graves of her dead. Have we forgotten that they fought and died for a principle which they believed to be sacred?

Yes, the Confederacy is no more; but we still have her spirit with us. Her spirit is with us in the form of her battle-flag. Just what does that flag represent? Perhaps some would say that it stands for slavery, but that point is debatable. Some say it stands for rebellion and if so the flag of the United States also stands for rebellion. By this reasoning the sin of the Confederacy was failure.

The Confederate flag represents what was said to have been the finest fighting Christian force the world has ever known; a dogged determination that sent men barefooted through snow and forced them to fight well armed men with stones; a belief in something that was real and sacred; a mass valor that few causes have aspired in its people; a universal patriotism among the women of its land; and a love so great that, at its defeat, strong men burst into tears.

For us to put away the Confederate flag is impossible. Even though its folds are trailing in the dust of time, the ideals for which it fell will live forever in the hearts of a truly liberty-loving people. Some may say that there is irony in the last sentence, but there is not. The world is today engaged in a terrific struggle for free government, and the right of the people to govern themselves. The very principle for which the Confederates so gallantly fought, but had not the strength to defend. The principle lives, though the Confederacy is gone! That is why it would be just as easy for us to bury the principles of democracy, or some other great ideal. It is instilled in the hearts of men and women of the Confederacy as part of their very nature.

WIND AND RAIN

(From page 4)

around the table and drop in a hole. The old man continued to look out of the window. What was wrong with the old fool, didn't he realize he had missed everything? No, he had seen a lot of pool.

Suddenly a drunk staggered from the crowd, muttered something to the shark, pushed him a couple of times, and hit him in the stomach. Someone yelled, "fight!" and immediately the room was in chaos. In a few seconds several men had separated the fighters, and the tension died away as quickly as it had risen. Throughout the fight the old man had watched passively. In a few seconds a policeman strolled in. He looked around. He walked over to the old man.

"Someone said there had been a fight in here, old timer. What happened?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, looked the policeman in the face, "I don't know; I just came in myself."

The policeman surveyed the room once more and walked out.

"That-a-way, grandpa." The words directed to the old man came from a boy in his late teens.

"He's got a hard job," answered the old man.

"Hey, grandpa, where'd you get that big overcoat?" Another teen-ager spoke.

A shadow of a smile crossed the old man's face. He chuckled to himself. "They want to check under it every time I leave a store."

The old man was looking out of the window again. It had stopped raining. He climbed down off the beer cases and walked out the door. Outside he hesitated a second, then walked off into the night. I walked over to the window. He was disappearing in the darkness. The wind was behind him, and seemed to help him along. Yes, he had seen a lot of pool.

IN RETROSPECT

Stuart Stevens

The chill, endless blue of the evening holds the reddish-yellow ball of a sun in its grasp. The beams of sunlight that escape and attempt to flee to earth seem transfixed by the frigidity of the atmosphere, causing the air to gleam. Movement is arrested; the trees are mute; and perception is teased by the penetrating quality of all nature in pause under the magic of a Christmas Day. Somewhere a bell rings and the sound comes clear and clean in the sharp air.

Yes, there are children playing, and adults talking and watching them. Exuberance, laughter, a pinched finger, a howl of pain. A rush to the mother's knee, and soon the pain is gone. The eating of coffee and cake, the color of a tulip, the cold weather, a father playing with the boy's toy, and again there is laughter. A small hand seizes a plastic reindeer from the herd, or a bell from the cedar, and a large hand descends.

A dog strolls slowly by and gazes with lazy tolerance at the dashing children. He yawns, turns his head, and ambles back to his sleeping site in dull contentment. The seconds click by as day wanes, and shortly Christmas will be gone for another year. Under the spell thought tries to heave through time until next Christmas. And memories race backward, escape a time line, and become pervading and free-floating, suffusing consciousness and arousing a melancholy sweetness, a poignancy that blends with the chill.

Clearly now there is the ghostly beauty of a white silence, an ethereal world; the love-filled eyes of parents as they watch a child jump from a bed and rush and bend over a toy; he picks it up, clasping it tightly to his breast, and turns, eyes wide, with a broad smile, and he looks at his mother with shining eyes; the sputter of a rocket making its red line in the black, and the pop of a Roman candle into multicolored bubbles; sickness and its despair and disappointment and tears, like a bad dream, and later the wonderful days of convalescence beside a cheering fire.

There are college memories, the beginning of holidays when everybody shakes hands with a smile and a "Merry Christmas" on his lips. But former friends are thousands of miles away on a snow-covered hill, a muddy hill, a no-man's land, or in a red ditch. . . . And somewhere in the world a man dies with the death of a second and fear in his heart, a curse or prayer on his lips. Likewise a man is born. There is hate. There is love. And now in the ears there is the thrilling beauty of a soprano's voice and "O Holy Night." Man looks at the image—and life is good.

YOUR DESTINY

(From page 17)

of the General's, and somewhat the same situation may occur as happened in the early years of the Roosevelt Administration when Cordell Hull as Secretary of State resented the power and prestige commanded by the then Undersecretary of State Sumner Wells, causing the eventual resignation of Welles. If the showdown must come between Dulles and Smith, let us hope that Eisenhower will continue to go along with Dulles.

Eisenhower apparently has not promptly and conveniently forgotten that the female sex did so much to secure his election for him, because he has appointed Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby Federal Security Administrator. Mrs. Hobby was more than likely a good move as far as public relations go on the part of General Eisenhower. However, at the same time, Mrs. Culp has a long and distinguished public career. To mention just a few she was parliamentarian in the Texas House of Representatives, director of the Women's Army Corps, and many, many more things. (Her husband is struggling along publishing the Houston Post.)

A few of the not-so-able appointments made by Eisenhower are Harold E. Stassen, Mutual Security Administrator; Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, and others.

There you have the men and women that will control your destiny for the next four years. I only wish that I had the time and space to go into detail on all of them for you. The ones I have chosen to expound on I think have been obvious choices, because of their relative importance in the scheme of things. Your writer supported the Truman foreign policy as vigorously as possible, and as long as the Democratic-minded in the present Administration continue to shape our enlightened foreign policy, I shall continue to support them. For the sake of the common weal let's all give our whole-hearted support to these leaders who were chosen by the majority, and we shall continue to go forward content in the fact that cause is one of right.

THE DUSTY WEB

(From page 7)

his mother. Where was she? Not one of his friends, and he did have a few, volunteered to even mention her to him. Even his mother never hinted at mentioning her. Why so much pointed evasiveness, he wondered? Nothing was said until finally he came to an abrupt halt in his speculation and pointedly asked his mother: "All right, you've kept it up long enough. Where is she and what has happened to her that you want to make such an effort in keeping the truth from me? Haven't I a right to know where she is or what she is doing?"

No answer, for his mother completely ignored the question by turning away to become absorbed in the magazine she had been reading. Bitterness welled up inside him—bitterness not at his mother, but at the things she was responsible for in his life. Always she had molded him to fit right into what she wanted him to do or he doing exactly as she wanted it done. Always it had been as she said, and sometimes her requests were totally selfish. Then had come the time that she had pushed him too far, and he had rebelled at her dominance. Nothing went right after the day of the scene and argument. And then to top it all off, his girl had begun to think up frail excuses not to see him. After all those years they had spent growing up together, she drifted away from him. And when he found out the cause rested squarely on a conversation his mother had had with her, he had left—bitter at even her.

"Enough is enough! I've been around a sufficient time to know what I want, and I want to see that girl. Now where is she?"

There was no answer, so grabbing the old cap he had so happily worn in days past, he slammed the door of the house, and started across town. Stark fear and uncertainty hit him where it hurt. He wondered if she were even still here, and more still, if she would even have anything to do with him. Everything had happened so quickly, so thoughtlessly on his part. He could not blame her for anything she did or thought. Moving slowly down the lane that finally ended at her house, he happened to remember the movie he once saw in which there had been a quotation

used as a basis for the plot, and he thought how closely it fitted his situation:

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ, Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

He had liked the lines and he knew it had been his fault; and now, it was done and over. All he could hope for was a chance to put it all back together like it had once been, and make it work out like they had always hoped and wished in their dreams. Then . . . he was in front of her house.

It took him a long time to walk up the winding path to her house; even longer to knock at the door where he had once knocked so often.

On the first knock, nothing happened. But, after the second, he heard the shuffle of moving feet inside the house. It seemed an eternity before the door swung open. Her mother faced him blankly. He heard himself mumble almost incoherently: "Is she here?" and he was answered by an invitation to come in. He stood gazing out the window, the window he had spent time by before when he would be waiting for her to ready herself to go out somewhere on one of their jaunts. Here he was, waiting to see her after such a long time.

The sound of a foot fall behind him made him turn. There — her same radiant self—stood the girl that had meant so much to him; that still meant so much to him. Quite motionless she stood, slender, sylph-like, and pretty. Her hair shone in the light flowing in the window past him, and her eyes had a glow about them that made her whole appearance change as she watched him. The corners of her mouth turned up a little, as if she were trying to form a word and could not.

"You came back," she said without a change of expression. "I knew some day you would. I never understood why you left, but you're back." Suddenly, tears came into her eyes and she moved the remaining few feet into his arms—arms that had been so far away and had yearned for her so many times. They were together, both talking in an incoherent babble about how much it had hurt to be apart; about why he had not come before; about why she had evaded him in the town.

It came to both of them at the same time—the thought of the lines they both used to repeat from that poem she had given him once. And again after so long, they whispered to each other:

. . . Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly, we ought to be together, you and I!

DINNER FOR THREE

(From page 11)

for Reno as soon after the ceremony as possible.

Susan (sarcastically): Living with you, dear heart, is the last thing that would enter my mind.

(Enter the butler.)

Ed: Dinner is served, Mr. Craig.

(Exit the butler, followed by Jack and Susan.)

SCENE 2

(Setting same as last, except that the room is now in violent disarray. Furniture is overturned, mirrors are smashed, Craig's desk is overturned. His personal papers are scattered about the floor. Numerous used flash bulbs are scattered about the floor. The room is filled with photographers, newspaper reporters and various police officials, who upon the approach of a tall, thin man, dressed in black, begin to leave by twos and threes, talking excitedly in hushed tones. Soon the room is empty save for the man dressed in black, who is soon joined by a short, heavy-set man in grey.)

Inspector Dubane (removes black overcoat, tosses it on a nearby chair which he has just righted, pauses for a moment and then this man, Inspector Dubane, turns to his companion, Sergeant Weinberg): Sergeant, tell Frank, for God's sake, to keep those reporters out of here and, oh yeah, tell him to send in that butler.

(Enter Ed, obviously shaking. Dubane motions him to a chair.)

Dubane: Now, Ed, I want you to calm down and tell the Sergeant and me exactly what happened.

Ed: Well, there's not very much to tell, Inspector. I always bring Mr. Craig a whiskey sour about midnight, and tonight was no exception. But tonight for some strange reason I found the door locked. Mr. Craig, you see, sir, almost never locks his door. It was completely contrary to his usual habit. I knocked repeatedly, but there was no answer.

Dubane: Then what did you do?

Ed: I went upstairs and asked Mr. Malfi if he had seen Mr. Craig.

Dubane: Had he?

Ed: Mr. Malfi told me that the Commissioner hadn't come up yet, and must be downstairs in the study.

Dubane: Did it occur to you that Craig might have left the house?

Ed: Yes, sir, but his car was still in the garage. And if you'll remember, Inspector, it had been raining "cats and dogs" all night.

Dubane: True enough! What did you do after you had satisfied yourself that the Commissioner was nowhere to be found?

Ed: I told Mr. Malfi about the study door being locked, and at his suggestion we broke it down.

Sergeant: Tell us what you found when the door finally gave.

Ed: The room looked as if a cyclone had hit it—much as you see it now. The furniture was turned upside down. The mirrors were smashed. The French doors were open. Mr. Craig's desk was overturned and his personal papers scattered indiscriminately around the room. But I'll never forget until my dying day the horrible sight that drove everything else out of my mind. Mr. Craig was lying on his back in the center of the room, right about where you're standing now, Sergeant. His bulging eyes staring fixedly at a ceiling he could not see, and would never see again. He was dead. We turned him over and found a butcher knife imbedded between his shoulder blades. I got sick.

Sergeant: Then what?

Ed: Mr. Malfi called the police.

Sergeant: There must have been a terrific struggle in here—why didn't you or Malfi hear it?

Ed: This room is soundproof, Sergeant. The Commissioner wanted it that way so that outside noises, traffic and the like, wouldn't disturb him while he was working. Of course, you understand that it works both ways.

Dubane: I see. Well, I guess that's about all for now. Stick around, though! I might need you later.

(Exit Ed.)

Dubane: Frank (toward the door), send in Jim Malfi.

Frank (sticks his head in the doorway): Right, Inspector.

Sergeant (as Frank exits): Not too hard to figure this one out, Inspector. The murderer walked in and pulled a knife. Craig put up a fight. The killer finally finished the Commissioner off, bolted the door to give him more time for the getaway, and then made his escape through the French doors—a burglar, maybe.

Dubane: Sergeant, Craig had five grand and some jewelry in that safe over there. The safe is unlocked, but none of the valuables were touched. No, I doubt very seriously that a burglar did this one. By the way, did you get that information for me?

Sergeant: Sure, Inspector, but I can't see that we're any better off for having it.

Dubane: You let me be the judge of that.

(Frank enters.)

Frank: Malfi's here, Inspector.

Dubane: Send him in.

(Enter Malfi; exit Frank.)

Dubane: Malfi, I don't mind telling you that you're in a bad spot.

Malfi: My God, Inspector, it's four in the morning. Why don't you come back at daylight and let us get some sleep.

Dubane: Malfi, I don't think you realize just how deep you're mixed up in this thing. The medical examiner says Craig died somewhere around ten in the evening. There were only three people in the house—you, the butler and the chauffer. Ed and the chauffer were shooting craps in the cellar. But you have no alibi whatsoever.

Malfi: I was in bed reading.

Sergeant: Do you expect us to swallow that?

Malfi: You've got to! Damn your eyes! It's the truth! (Rises from his chair.)

Sergeant (pushing Malfi back into his chair): How do you account for the fact that your finger prints were all over the knife? You told us yourself that you and Craig had been bitter enemies ever since Craig sent you up the river on that phoney rap three years ago. You came here tonight to get money out of him. He wouldn't come across, so you killed him, and walked out through those French doors over there in a sorry attempt to make us believe a burglar had done the job. Now call me a liar if you dare.

Malfi: I tell you, Sergeant, I'm innocent. Sure, I touched the knife when Ed and I were turning the body over. It's true that Craig and I were enemies, but I didn't have to kill him. I had the goods on him. He and I had a showdown right in here after dinner.

Dubane: This was after Miss Connor had left?

Malfi: Yeah, he was sitting right there at that desk. He knew he was licked. You should have heard him beg me not to ruin him. He'd give me anything, if I'd just leave, he said, and not mention anything about that business back in Texas. He pulled a blank check out of his desk drawer — made it out to cash — and then handed it to me to fill in the amount.

Sergeant: You'll have to think of a better one than that, Jim.

Malfi: So help me God, it's the truth. If you don't believe me, here's the check. (Hands the check to the Inspector, who scrutinizes it carefully.)

Dubane: It looks genuine to me, Sergeant.

Malfi: It is genuine!

Sergeant: Just because this check is genuine doesn't mean that our friend here didn't kill him.

(Officer Frank enters.)

Frank: Excuse me, Inspector. Here's the medical examiner's final report.

Dubane: I told 'em to do a rush job on this. Hmm—this puts a new complexion on matters. You can go for the time being. Remain on the premises. I'll probably want to question you again.

(Exit Malfi.)

Dubane: Frank, show Miss Connor in.

(Enter Susan, exit Frank.)

Sergeant: Inspector, why did you let Malfi off the hook? If you ask me, he was just about to crack.

Dubane: Malfi didn't kill Craig, Sergeant.

Sergeant: I don't get you, Inspector. It seems like an open and shut case to me.

Dubane (motions Susan in from the doorway): Come in, Miss Connor. I am sorry to bother you at a time like this. I know that your father's sudden death tonight has made this particular ordeal doubly trying. I'll try to make this as brief as possible.

Susan: That's all right, Inspector. It's all been so horrible. When I told dad the terrible news of Jack's murder, it was too much for him—his heart. (She bursts into tears.)

Dubane: Try to control yourself, Miss Connor. Painful as it is for you, we must get the facts of the case.

Susan: I'm ready to help you all I can.

Dubane: Good! Suppose you begin by telling us why you killed Jack Craig?

Susan: Inspector! I'm afraid I don't understand. Surely you're joking.

Dubane: I only wish I were, Miss Connor. You were pretty clever, my dear. I'll have to hand it to you.

Sergeant: Miss Connor couldn't have murdered Craig, Inspector, because she couldn't have made this mess in here. Look at this room! Chairs overturned, mirrors smashed —why she could never have overpowered Craig in a fight and plunged that knife in his back.

Dubane: There wasn't any fight, Sergeant, there couldn't have been. That knife was not the instrument of Commissioner Craig's murder. It was merely a prop used to frame Malfi or some outsider and throw us off the track. I hold in my hand the medical examiner's report, which proves conclusively that Jack Craig died from a lethal dose of cyanide.

Sergeant: Then the upturned furniture and smashed mirrors ——

Dubane: Were faked by the murderer to throw us off the scent. There was no struggle here, only an argument. I suppose Miss Connor can tell us the subject of their argument. Her doctor informs me through a couple of my boys that routed him out of bed at 2:00 A.M., that Miss Connor is about to become a mother in the not-too-distant future. I strongly suspect that Jack Craig is the father. Am I right, Miss Connor? Two of the neighbors saw you come through the French doors shortly after ten. You poisoned Craig in anger after an argument in which he finally refused to marry you. You had already stolen the butcher knife from the kitchen. You plunged it into Craig's already lifeless, but still warm body, allowed the corpse to bleed on the carpet, and then placed the room in a state of wild disorder to make it appear the battle of the century had taken place here. You were very careful to wipe your fingerprints off this knife handle with this handkerchief. This one with the initials "S. C." I see you recognize it, Miss Connor. Blood spurts up pretty quickly from a knife wound and a spot got on this handkerchief—the handkerchief which you dropped in your haste to flee the scene of the crime. You told your father what you had done and the shock of it killed him. (Susan slips slowly to the floor.)

Sergeant: Look out, she's falling.

Susan: Very clever, Inspector. But

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you see all your cleverness will get you nowhere. I saved a little of that cyanide for myself. Heaven forgive me, I didn't know ——

Sergeant: I suppose that amounts to a confession, Inspector.

Dubane: Yes, Sergeant, this case is closed.

DUTCH STUDENT LIFE

(From page 8)

In other words, the four years of college, or certainly the first two are skipped, and the student starts at once in graduate school. I do not have this as first hand information, but a good friend of mine has written me about some of the customs.

In the first place, there are no dormitories and you must stay somewhere in a rented room. You attend lectures as long as you feel inclined to do so. When you think you are ready, you see your professor and arrange for an examination, or a *Tentamen*. This examination might be anything from a grueling, day-long written test to a friendly chat over a cup of tea, but it pays to know your subject, and very often you have to take the examination more than once.

Some of the upperclassmen might be interested to hear about the Dutch equivalent of ratting in Holland. You only have to submit to it if you want to become a member of the "Corps," or student body, and it lasts only about ten days. It varies at different places, but is largely similar in procedure. It starts off with the frosh having their heads shaved and becoming the owners of a little green booklet. One of the features of this little notebook is that it gives upperclassmen an exact picture of all the freshman's activities and commitments. If there is a single vacant line then he is at liberty to fill it. He might ask the rat to wake him up in the morning at seven o'clock, and prepare him a cup of tea or anything that strikes his fancy. The only way out for the rat is to present a sound reason, and to be able to hold his own with the upperclassmen in an argument. You might not mind if you are told to take off your jacket and your shirt and tie, but by the time you realize what is going on, and have a good argument ready, it might already be too late.

These are just some of the ways in which you are tested and have to show your mettle. The amount of sleep the boys get during this week is practically nil, and some will undoubtedly drop out, because the fun is sometimes a little one-sided. Let me make the point that it is ratting and rush week all in one, so the students are put under a great pressure to give a good account of themselves. The *dispunt*, as a fraternity is called, will attempt to become acquainted with you thoroughly before they extend a bid. As I mentioned before, there are no dormitories, and therefore the students have to meet at other places for their social activities. Fraternities do bring students together which is an important reason for joining one.

The university students are a very independent lot with definite ideas that will be brought to the attention of the entire city. Some of the old medieval laws still linger as traditions, and the students sometimes feel themselves above the law. An interesting case came up recently.

The students were not represented on the city council, but nevertheless a small nominal tax had been collected. The students demanded the right to vote, obtained it, and promptly endorsed the construction of a covered sidewalk from the station to the campus. Needless to say, the to-be-out-voted town relented, and gown had once more triumphed over town. Let me conclude with my personal finding that you can find real men on both sides of the Atlantic, and I have had the pleasure of meeting a lot of them at Wofford.

TOMORROW

(From page 6)

until twelve and then I try to study for awhile. So, I . . . I don't get very much sleep."

"I understand, but you're going to have to do something. I will not tolerate anyone going to sleep in my class. You might as well not go to class if you're not going to keep awake and be alert. How much have you done on your term paper?"

"I've looked up a few books," Bill lied.

"Well, I don't want any lagging behind in my class," Professor Brown said and picked up his ticket to pay the cashier.

Bill cursed under his breath as he returned to the dirty dishes.

One evening Bill resisted all temptations to go to sleep and studied for a chemistry test. When he arrived at work, the restaurant was full of people waiting for their orders.

"Get that damn apron on and hurry out there and carry this food to them starving people," Mister Kemp said. "I didn't hire you to sit behind the counter and look at everybody."

Bill hurried with the tray and began placing the sandwiches and coffee on the table. Accidentally, he spilled some coffee on the table.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," he said, and began wiping the table.

Mister Kemp was waiting for him when he went behind the counter.

"Never seen anyone so damn nervous. Another time like that and out you go!"

"Yes, sir."

Donald came hurrying into the restaurant.

"Hi! Bill."

"Hi, Don."

"Just thought I'd drop by to tell you a bunch of us are going over to the next town to see what's cooking. Say, why don't you ask your boss to let you get off and come with us? We'll be back in time for classes in the morning."

"You mean ask old 'sour-puss' to let me off? He's already on the war path."

"I swear. He needs a good kicking. Wish you could go, Bill."

"So do I."

"See ya tomorrow."

"Okay."

Bill began thinking, "Why can't I go out and have a good time like the rest of the guys? Guess it's just no use. I can't get an education by working my way through college. What the hell! Guess I can always join the navy or something. Better than staying here slaving away both day and night."

Christmas came, but it was no vacation for Bill. The post office gave him a job during the day and at night he worked at Andy's. Dog tired and weary, he fell across his bed every night, only to awaken the next morning with the same troubles confronting him. His life began to be a boredom to him. There was no room for girls, no good times, which he occasionally had enjoyed in high school.

"How unfortunate can a guy get?" he thought, as he lay in his bed the night before the last day of actual classes. "Tomorrow will be just another day for me. Not much need for me to go to review, as I'm not going to pass the darn old course, anyhow."

Professor Brown had been rambling on about what the final exam would consist of.

"Now," he said, "has everyone turned in a term paper? Let's see. H-m-m. Seems to be one missing. Patrick, Gibbon, Williams . . .". he continued on through the papers. "H-m-m. Seems as if Mister Reynolds doesn't have a paper in. Is that right, Mister Reynolds?"

In the rear of the room, cramped in his seat, sat Bill asleep with a term paper clutched in his hand.

"Never mind waking him," Professor Brown said when one boy started to awaken Bill.

Bill continued to sleep, unaware of the "F" that had been placed by his name for his final term grade.

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INCIDENTALLY

(From page 13)

consider the rapid progress that aviation has made in the past fifty years (December 17, 1903, was the birthday of aviation—the day on which the Wright Brothers, Orville and Wilbur, made their first successful flight in a heavier-than-air craft at Kitty Hawk), it is little wonder that the engineers have not yet discovered all the "bugs." Do you remember the movie "Million Dollar Mermaid" (as if you could forget!)—seems fantastic that they could stage cross-country races in the planes pictured in that movie. Of course if you failed to notice the aero machines in said movie, you won't know what we're talking about.

NO HOLIDAYS AFTER EXAMS

. . . really set the tongues to wagging here at Wofford. Exams ending on Saturday the 31st of January and registration taking place on February 2 just didn't set well at all. But we have a few interesting facts for you. They were passed along to us by a friend who did some research into old issues of the Wofford College catalogue. Here's what was found:

The catalogue of 1855, the year the college opened, made absolutely no mention of holidays whatsoever—not even Christmas. The catalogue of 1858 was the first to mention a break between the two terms of the college year: the first term ended

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on the 3rd Wednesday of December and school resumed on the 3rd Wednesday in January with the second term. This practice was continued until approximately 1874, for the catalogue of the year 1873-74 was the last to mention a break between terms.

It was 1891 before holidays came back into vogue, and apparently in that year they came to stay. The catalogue of 1891-92 was the first to publish notice of such holidays as Thanksgiving, Christmas and Washington's Birthday.

Since 1891, the holiday periods have become increasingly longer. Some holidays have been added, others dropped. Any idea how many holidays we've received, or will receive this year? Including the extra day at Thanksgiving, we will receive at total of 24 school days as holidays. Any room to complain—none that we can see.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE

. . . will soon be on the map as far as visitors to Columbia, South Carolina, are concerned. A number of luminous signs, bearing the name and date of founding of our sister institution, have been prepared and will be erected on all of the principal highways into the city. Several other signs of a similar nature will be erected at points just adjacent to the campus in order to call attention to the school. No such markers have been erected to inform visitors to Spartanburg that this is the home of Wofford College; it would be a most worthwhile undertaking for some college organization, if not the college itself. Let's see—they should be up by spring.

A Mountain's Defense

(From page 3)

slowness. Each time their foot touched the rocky side now it must be with extreme caution.

Suddenly, Jeff, who was at the head of the line let out a yell that could have reached to the very bottom of the valley. "Damn, Trav, I'm slipping! Slipping! Pull on the rope —pull, pull, pull!—I can't hold on; pull, you bastard, *pull!*"

Each of the other five tried to brace themselves upon the slippery rocks, but there was nothing to stop their sliding. Moose lunged for a big boulder, but in doing so swerved the whole party out of the path of climb. Blood-curdling yells, now of more than one man, pierced the vastness of the mountain terrain, and then faded into utter nothingness.

And then it was quiet. The snow was beginning to fall again, the wind was biting and fierce, and the mountain still proud and still the victor loomed higher, higher than before.

Getting to the top of an empty mountain would serve no useful purpose, but the inanimate fury of a mountain's defenses, makes restless men more determined to reach the summit and live to tell the tale.

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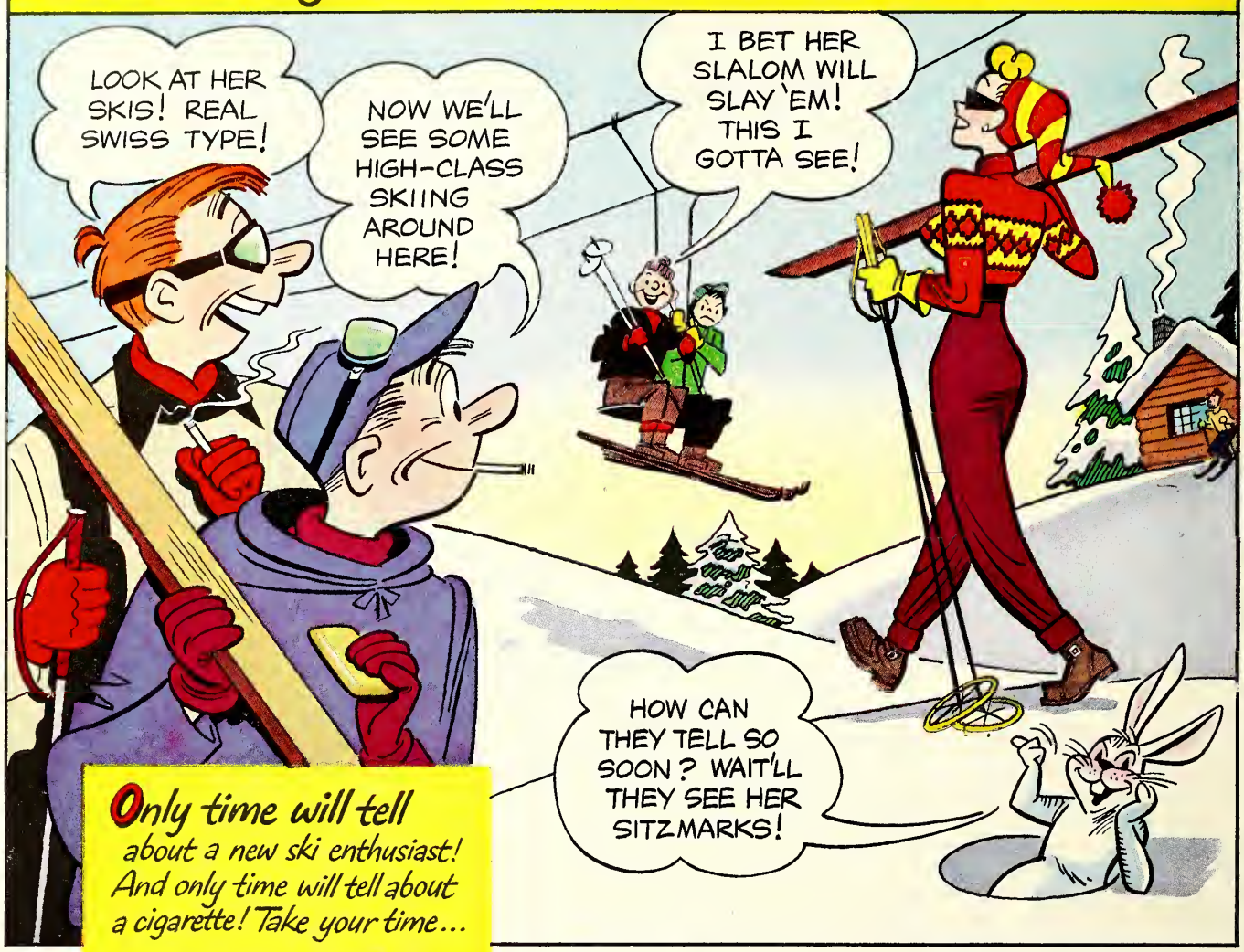

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April 53

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COVER *by* J. L. THOMPSON

Deadline for May Issue is April 16

SEASON OF ENDINGS

The seed that sprouts our hesitation.
The cause of our great lamentation
The tho't that catches breath is
Love of living and fear of death.

Dead leaves whirl, spin and dip
crazily to the ground;
Gusts of wind moan the sadness of
the leaves
Which can only rustle their disap-
pointment
Now that the season of endings has
come.

One leaf rebelliously catches the tail
Of a gust of wind and soars toward
the sky—
But only for a minute. Then, rocking
gently
Side to side, falling slowly
With the tide of all that live
And must abide together in the end,
It seeks the ground, the source of all
its life
While on a limb it lived.

Another finds a rusty perch,
An empty, hollow, soggy bed
Whose only virtue is it's fed
From clouds above.

This tiny bed provides a perch
Where one may live, half alive, half
dead.

—Reed Upton

MISS GARBO AND ALFRED STIEGLITZ

J. L. Thompson

"BANG, BANG! my dear."

"Bang yourself! Now I'm gonna shoot you through your left eyeball, pardner. *Bang!*"

With only this for warning, the Princess pulled the trigger of her disintegrator. The Viscountess of of Petal fell in a vague heap composed of a purple ten-gallon hat, a tiara with three seed pearls missing, *that* dress with the rose sequins, and 160 pounds of quivering flesh. The Viscountess lay in an uncomfortable position with closed eyes and heaving bosom. Until she heard the Princess storm out of the salon in pursuit of a bedraggled peacock, she pondered the ingredients of the fourth layer of the "miracle" pie which had been served at lunch. As usual during these short "breath-catchers," she also reviewed the events that had brought her to this most humiliating position. The position included (on Wednesday afternoons) a rousing good game of Cowboys-and-Indians-and-Space-Patrollers. The game always left the Princess overheated and the Viscountess dead.

Alicia, Viscountess of Petal, was an unfrocked Duchess. She had Fallen From Grace to the status of Viscountess because of a magnificent lapse of tact; seven years before, the erstwhile Duchess had worn diamonds to the christening of the Princess Bertha. A rumor was just then dying down concerning the Queen and a South African mine owner; the Queen was supposedly having an *affaire de coeur* (*affaire de corps*, the court had spitefully termed it) with this man who was unusual only insofar as he sported six diamond fillings in his foremost teeth. Naturally, allusions to either teeth or diamonds were just not made; one of the lesser Barons had been banished for using the phrase "teeth like pearls" in the presence of Her Majesty. So, when the Duchess Alicia had appeared at the christening wearing her best baguettes, the effect was electrifying; the Duchess might well have painted a bend sinister on the Coat of the Royal Family. Alicia had been immediately reduced to the rank of Viscountess with one expert flick of the royal fan, and seven long years of needlework, governesship, and cold dishes at table had resulted.

There were few things with which the Viscountess could pass the time now. The dear dead days of literary teas and daring picnics at Mays Landing had disappeared with the appearance of the first crow's-foot on the Queen's classic face. Although the Viscountess could console herself that there were no outings (since she would surely be excluded if there were), it would still have been more exciting to experience second-hand thrills than to sit quietly and work on the embroidered piece depicting the life of William Blake in burlap and cloth-of-gold. Wednesday afternoons and Friday nights (as we shall see) were a thing apart, of course, but they hardly represented the type of stimulation the Viscountess craved. Shortly before the christening, Alicia (then a Duchess) had married a watery young man with whom she had nothing more in common than the same *couturier* — Alicia entertained her own private thoughts concerning marriage which will not be gone into here. The Viscountess made no use of her husband except as a source of conversation "droppers." His more choice remarks were always welcomed by the court and were the only reason Alicia had not been banished; the court found the malaprops of this illiterate pedant one of the few diversions left in the world. (The Viscountess' husband had, for instance, recently alluded to the resident Professor of Greek as a nymphomaniac, going on the assumption that the word implied an excessive love of classic mythology.)

The Princess, naturally, was the great problem. The Wednesday afternoon affairs with six-shooters and inter-planetary travel were maddening, but they were hardly the blackest moments in Alicia's life. The Princess Bertha was going through a stage consisting of the worst facets of Garbo, Mendel, and Alfred Stieglitz. The Garbo business was the least trouble: Having seen a film in which this actress portrayed a Russian spy, the Princess Bertha had established a weekly routine. Every Friday evening before retiring Bertha would dress herself in basic black and a rope of pearls and would play the final scene of the film before the pier glass in her bedroom. The climax of the film involved the heroine's blowing her brains out, and (since there was a touch of Sacher-Masoch in the Princess as well as a generous helping of the Count de Sade) the Princess had discovered that a small amount of gunpowder without a bullet stuffed into her small platinum pistol would produce a satisfactory noise and a nauseous cloud of black smoke worthy of her histrionic efforts. On Friday evenings the Princess retired with her face as black as the dress she wore. Bertha never seemed to tire of this game, and for twelve consecutive Fridays the game had been carried through to the final shout of "For Marx, Russia, and the Garment Workers' Local 144!" with which line Miss Garbo had seen fit to terminate her film. The pistol shot would follow, and the Princess would drift off to untroubled sleep with the taste of powder smoke strong in her mouth.

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MORNING SPORT

John Cottingham

His father had waked him early. He sat before the open fire sullen and half awake and fumbled with the lacings of his boots. He'd always wondered what made men leave their beds at this time of the morning to kill birds. His father offered him coffee. He mumbled thanks as he took it and cursed softly when he burned his lips on the cup.

"I don't know why I drink this stuff. The taste will be with me all day."

"Go ahead. It'll wake you up and you won't feel the cold when we get outside." His father sat on the other side of the table. He was filling the pockets of his jacket and Dave's with shells. His eyes were puffed with sleep, but he moved quickly and deftly about his work. Dave knew that he loved to hunt. Dave thought of the many days they had spent in the woods. Of the days when their luck had been good and their spirits high. He thought of the days when their luck was poor and they were silent during the ride back from the club.

He thought of the day that his father had gotten lost when he followed a turkey that had answered his scraping on a cedar box. He had taken a great deal of joking about that. It was early morning when he followed the bird into the brush and he hadn't found his way back to the cabin until late that afternoon. They had laughed about that for many weeks afterward, and whenever he took out the cedar box and scraped the powdered slate along the top of it. The times in the woods had been good: Both the men looked forward to the day's hunting as Dave finished his coffee and pulled on his heavy canvas jacket.

They sat in the car and shivered as they waited for the motor to warm. The windows were frosted and Dave got out and rubbed the thin ice coating off with his bare hands. He then rubbed his hands roughly on his cheeks trying to wake himself out of the dull state that made him think twice about everything.

"Damn, but I hope that heater hurries and warms up."

"It will. It's slow but it will run you out of the car when it does begin putting out the heat." His father laughed at him as he pulled on his gloves and slipped the car into gear and backed out of the drive into the street.

The hunt had been planned three days ago. They were going to hunt the marsh-hens that are so plentiful along the lower part of the South Carolina coast from August until late November. It had been planned that they would leave from one of the little islands that dot that section of the mainland and go by boat back into the marshes and streams along the inland water-way that runs from New York to Miami. Marsh-hens are hunted only on high tides, as the birds are forced by the tides to leave their hiding places in reeds and gullies.

They had planned the hunt because of the unusually high tide that was predicted for that day. Two of those in the party lived on the island and also had boats that could handle the entire party.

It was still dark as Dave and his father went over the last bridge that led from the mainland to the island. The heater was doing its job and both men had loosened their coats and were comfortable in its warmth.

When they reached the first house there was a single light in a room that turned out to be the kitchen. Dave's father pulled the car into the yard and as he did the back door of the house opened.

"Come in the house. I've got a little fire started and it should heat up in a minute. Come in. It's too cold to be standing around out here in the cold." Howard Adams was standing in the doorway in his heavy wool socks and slippers. He was holding his boots in his hands. A beagle pup with his tail wagging vigorously jumped in vain attempts to catch the laces in his teeth.

The kitchen was bright and three cups were placed on the table. A pot of coffee was beginning to percolate on the white electric stove on the other side of the room.

"I just got up. Thought that we could stand a cup of coffee to warm us up." He sat down and began to tie his boots. He pushed the pup off and the dog fell in a clumsy heap at Dave's feet.

"Where did you get the dog," Dave said.

"Friend of mine gave him to me about a week ago. Here take a little of this. It should be hot enough by now."

His father took the cup he offered but Dave said that he'd already had one cup and that he didn't like the stuff, anyway. He watched his father as he poured a little from his cup into the saucer and blew on it trying to cool it. The taste of the cup he'd had at home was still in his mouth. He wished that he'd eaten something. Maybe that would kill the taste.

"What kind of shells are you shooting today?" Adams asked as he put on a vest made of some sort of skin. "I've got a couple of boxes of sixes but I don't like to use them. They tear up the hens too much."

"We're using eights. If you need some we might have some extras," Dave's father answered.

"No, I don't need any. I just

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THE CURTAIN FALLS

LeGrand Rouse

WIND whistling around his prone, aching body — a mocking, howling, screaming wind, shouting out a wild cry over the bleak, snow-covered hills.

How much longer could he survive? Just what were the limits to a man's endurance? The tall sergeant inched forward a few more feet into the omnipotent darkness, then stopped short — the damned pain! He pressed his fingers to the wet, sticky mass that was his coat front. In the horrible clarity of his mind's eye he could see the brilliant red smeared across drab brown.

It was getting colder now. Well, there was one consolation—the temperature couldn't go much lower. Everything has a limit and—yes, everything does have a limit. The question again raced through his mind. What was a man's range of endurance? He never had thought much about such things. Well, now he could think and crawl—crawl into the soft, white bed of nature that reached up and out to touch the fingers of the mystery-filled blackness.

He was pretty well gone. Hell, he knew it, but die—who wanted to die? The cards were definitely stacked against him. That damn pain! Once more the lean frame jerked to a halt as the hurting spread through his entire being, tempting him to stop and submit to the forces that were allied against his desperate plea for survival. Minutes dragged by—minutes of hellish fear that seemed like years to the struggling figure in the snow.

Would he ever be found? He did not know; only God Almighty could answer that one, and as yet the young soldier had received not even a slight hint to assure him of either safety or death among the ice-coated rocks of the Korean countryside.

Things stood out in his mind—it was operating surprisingly well for a man who had suffered so for the last four or five hours. It must have been about three hours. This was only a rough guess. He couldn't be sure . . . smashed his watch back there on a damn rock. He could still hear the sound of his Lieutenant's voice. "Okay,, men, we're gonna go up and join Johnson's platoon." Join Johnson's platoon — well, they accomplished their mission, he guessed. As far as he knew, Johnson's platoon were dead men and so were the men of his outfit. They had gone up at dusk, their shadows sliding across the white carpet as their boots crunched loudly into the whiteness. The Commies came out from everywhere around nightfall and all hell had broken loose. Yeh, he guessed all of them had got it—Lt. Ray, Sgt. Jones, Benson, Carter—all of them. Before a bullet had closed his eyes and rocked him into a tormenting sleep, he had seen them falling. Upon regaining consciousness he had found all quiet, save for the wind that never stopped its weird orations. Though badly hit and half frozen he set out on a slow, grinding, painful crawl, hoping to find someone . . . anyone that could help him. He had edged over several limp bodies; they were beyond help; and then onward into the shadows.

And now . . . now he stopped—death had eagerly followed him over the snow and ice.

The black curtain fell to the magnificent white stage and another of earth's actors made his final bow.

IN ALL HER GLORY

By the gleaming, sun-baked waters,
By the lake so stately standing,
Stands my love in all her beauty,
Dream of all my past and future.
In the glory of her setting,
Watch her dive into the water,
Watch her move like Neptune's
Daughter,
As she moves the clear blue water,
As to the pier she turns and swims.
'Tis there upon the pier she climbs,
Standing straight in all her glory,
Standing alone, in solitude,
Waiting for one who cherishes her.
Then she moves in all her splendor,
Towards the shore where I am
waiting,
Takes my arm and smiles so lovely,
Takes my arm and whispers softly,
Softly whispers that she loves me.

—DAVID BYRD

INSPIRATION AT 12:30

Before me talks an enormity
of Space.
Which testifies that Space is not
Space;
It is Nothingness.

To my left is boredom; right,
compensation—in the form of
tic-tac-toe.

Is this the Nature of Philosophy?
The fruit of years gone past?

That out of ALL should come
Nothing;
And the result should be Space?

MASON STAPLETON, JR.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

John Collingham

He had come earlier than expected. And he had come alone. On the phone that afternoon he had told Nick that he had a date. He had called and suggested that they go out together. It was New Year's Eve and they had not seen each other in a good while. Nick had gotten a date. But his? Well, ——.

"Come in. Come in. Where is she?" Jim had begun dating her a long time ago. He had broken up with her many times since then. He said that he loved her but yet he had broken up with her many times.

"I took her home."

"Well, come on in the house. What happened?"

"Nothing. I took her home, that's all."

They decided that he had to have a date. Nick had a date and he had to have a date. After a few drinks they decided that they would call for another date. Nick's sister could call for them. Everybody has a drink at that time of year. So they had a drink. Everybody does it at New Year's.

They were successful on the first call. Some excuse was made as to why she didn't have a date, but she would be glad to go.

Jim was driving his father's new station wagon that night. It was new and it smelled of newness in the leather. It was a seven-mile ride to the city. They talked of times gone by. They joked and laughed. And Nick wondered why Jim had taken her home.

"Remember that day we spent at your summer house at Blufton? And how we wanted to spend the night? And how everyone agreed to it except one girl?" Nick enjoyed talking this way. No one had any worries then. Now everyone had his worries.

"I sure do. I felt like kicking her rear that day. What was her name, anyway?"

"Helen Rogers. So did I."

"And remember the time we gave Father Daly running him around the yard?"

"I thought Harry would break his back when he pulled him through that window backwards. Man, I was beat when we got back to town that night."

They were on the final span of the bridge now. The brightly lit city was before them. Nick's girl hadn't said much. She only smiled in agreement throughout the conversation.

Traffic was heavy in the city. It was heavy and they caught most of the lights red. It didn't matter very much. They finally came to the girl's house and he went in to get her.

"Nick and Joan, I'd like you to meet Nancy—what did you say your last name was? I'm sorry but I didn't catch it in there. I should have asked. It was stupid of me. Forsmark? That's what I thought it was."

"How do you do?"

"I'm so glad to know you."

"Glad to meet you."

A little driving and they were out of the city again. They crossed the bridge on the other side of town and were again in the suburbs. It was nicer than the city. It was more open and people weren't in a big hurry. They were going to Jim's house now. His folks were having some friends in and they had been invited. It was some place to go until they were ready to begin celebrating the New Year.

They were introduced to everyone when they came in. They didn't remember any of the names. They weren't important. They were older. They all were settled and fat and wise. They sat around in a semicircle and forced conversation. They had a few more drinks. Everyone was drinking. Everyone drank at New Year's.

They decided to move the record player onto the porch and dance. To get by themselves. After moving it it was time to go somewhere else. It wasn't hard to leave them. They were older. They were settled and wise.

While they were at the door Jim's mother asked him where she was. "I thought you had a date with her tonight. What happened?"

"Nothing, I took her home."

Again they crossed the two bridges and were on the island where Nick lived. On the way over Nick told them a story he had read that afternoon. It was about a man who was corrupted. He had been beaten by a large Irishman and left in an alley. Nick had enjoyed it that afternoon. It took all seven miles to tell it. Tonight it didn't sound as it did that afternoon. Maybe he hadn't told it right. Maybe he'd forgotten parts of it. It didn't make any difference. Everyone was feeling good now. Nobody minded that the story didn't make sense. They had come to the place.

It had started as one room. Another had been added. And then another. Fish nets were hung on the walls in an attempt at atmosphere. It was still three rooms.

There weren't too many people there. Several men were standing at the counter which tried to be a bar. One of them was an Air Force enlisted man. He wore his hat at an angle. He still looked like a bus driver. A couple was walking about the floor dancing. Two other couples talked and looked at each other.

They ordered Canada Dry and ice. The one who brought it to them looked like a wrestler. He joked with

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A BRILLIANT SUN

Bill Cannon

A GENTLE, wafting breeze whipped the surface of the water into little peaks that broke and spread across the lake. The steady slapping sound as the water lapped against the pilings of the dock, combined with the sun and the breeze, only seemed to lull Ed into an even deeper sleep. To look at him, he appeared not to have a care in the world, or if he did, it was not showing too much right now. Periodically, a faint smile crossed his ruddy, sun-tanned face—a smile that went deep into the middle of his dreams.

Nothing much had happened to him since he had returned from what he laughingly called "his expense-paid tour of the Orient." Yes, he had laughingly called it that before he went over there to that God-forsaken pile of broken, rocky hills and saw so much of an indefinable hell on earth. Now, there was no laughing done in his presence about it; fact is, he was very sensitive about any mention of it at all. He remembered after that last war how the guys who had come back had not wanted to talk about their experiences. He had not thought at the end of that one that he would ever be sent anywhere to come back and talk about happenings. How wrong can a fellow be?

That might be a good question along many lines of thought. Girls? Yes, he would apply that to them, too. Admittedly, he had been wrong many times about the workings of the feminine mind, but he had managed to stay one jump ahead of them before he left. Thought he was smart too, but he found out after a few of those endless mailless days that he had not been so smart or half as intelligent about women as he had thought. His early actions paid off in loneliness. All the rest of the guys were meeting mail call, and he was sitting on a muddy hillside feeling sorry for himself.

Then had come that explosive night when everything started flying around in the air. A big piece of Chinese hardware got him square in the middle, and the next thing he knew there was a sweet little nurse holding his hand while some doctor put him back in one piece. That had been the night too that his best buddy got it, and right after they had been discussing in that dirty foxhole the universal army subject—women. Bob had told him to find himself a girl when he got back home if he ever got there, and he had passed it off like a big joke.

"Yeah, Ed, what you need is a girl to straighten some of the bachelor dust out of you—find one and then let me know if your opinion of women has changed." The last full coherent thought that Bob had given him, for right after that, the trouble started.

Day after day passed in the hospital; days that he thought about his friend and his last wish; days that it took to put him back on his feet. Finally, after flirting with every Red Cross Nurse in Japan, he was put on a plane for the States. A few check-up days in a hospital, and then a discharge.

The ride home on the local seemed longer than it ever had before, but he passed the time riding in the baggage car chewing the breeze with the baggage man. The old fellow had known him since he was a boy and had worked with him after he started working for the railroad. And then, back to his job at the depot of the little mountain town as agent for the road. Not much of a vivid life, but very satisfactory to a fellow who wanted only to be left alone.

Here he was, asleep on his own dock on the side of the lake where he owned a little house a couple of miles from the station. Drab? Not to him. It was a fine life. Not a care in the world, he tried to tell himself.

Suddenly, the clatter and roar of a motor boat broke into his reverie. Rolling over, he sat up and leaned on one elbow to come almost face to face with a girl that had fire in her eyes, and looked as if she were ready to start a fight.

"This so-called motor," she ranted, "won't run worth . . .!"

Looking up at him, complacently parked on the dock, she spat out: "Well, why don't you help me? Stop laughing at me—it's not the least bit funny to me."

Her eyes flashed as she looked him over, and he fully expected the paddle in her boat to crack resoundingly over his head. A strikingly pretty girl with brown, shining hair and a smooth, tanned skin that showed she stayed on the lake. The sheer blue bathing suit did its share of showing too, and it showed with a symmetric outline that all was well in the figure department. Shapely, lithe legs completed the picture . . . one he had seen many times in his idealistic mind. Funny though, he had never seen her on the lake before; but then it was a big lake and possibly there were many people that he didn't know that lived on the lake.

"Lady, if you'll just slow down long enough and push that boat over here with the paddle you're wanting to swing at me, I'll be glad to see if I can make that bucket of bolts run—used to be pretty good with those things."

"Think a lot of yourself, don't you?" she flung back at him.

"Well, if you don't want it fixed,

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THE STRANGER'S VOICE

Oscar Smith

"Oh God, it hurts." He realized he was saying something but didn't know what—his only thought was in that continuous throbbing, wondering it it would ever stop.

Jeff knew there were people in the room with him, but their talking was nothing but a jumbled maze of sound that was like a bee pestering a couple of lovers on a Sunday picnic. He wanted them to go and let him be alone. He wanted to pray, to be quiet, and he felt like crying.

Jeff turned to his girl, who was beside him and asked for a glass of water, thinking maybe it would take his mind off things for a second. Maybe talking—maybe talking would take his mind off the throbbing that seemed to get stronger and stronger with every beat.

"Lord, I never thought this would happen to me. Things like this only happen to other people, at least it always seemed that way."

"Don't worry, Jeff, everything will be all right. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

He began drinking the water again and his mind was becoming clearer.

"Jeff, please come and go down town with your father and me this afternoon. We might even take in a show and have supper down there if you will go with us." It was his mother. He could still hear her voice even though it was three hours ago when she spoke those words.

"Oh, why didn't I listen — why didn't I go with them?" With these thoughts his restless body turned and he shuddered with the pain.

"How did it all happen," he was asking himself. "It was so quick, so fast, so complete that I hardly knew anything had happened.'"

He was quiet now. All the people had gone and only Jeff and his girl were in the room. She was running her hand through his hair and humming softly, hoping that he would go to sleep.

He was far from going to sleep. The pain had eased a little and he was thinking back.

"That damned little machine. If only I had left it alone and gone down town with Mom and Dad. No, I had to stay and borrow that THING to cut the grass with. Oh, well, no use taking it out on the machine, because it was my fault for being so careless.

But if it only had been running right and that V-belt not slipping. I can remember it all so plain. I will never forget my feelings and the different expressions of the people that saw me."

"Oh, take it easy, kid." His girl had just moved and it hurt just a little as she got up from the bed.

"I'm just going to fix you something to eat, so you be quiet until I get back." She was gone before he could say anything.

Thinking had taken his mind from the pain. He decided to try and get some sleep, but as he got quiet again he began to muse about those feelings and expressions.

"Boy, I was mad when that V-belt started slipping, after going all the way over to the station to get the machine and it wasn't working right. Then I got the idea I could make it run right without stopping the motor. It seems silly now that I would stoop over and try to push it with my hand. It happened so fast that I hardly realized my hand had been pulled around the pulley, and between it and the V-belt, until I looked and saw one bloody finger shorter than the others on my right hand. That first feeling that ran through me: Was it fright, pain, or what? I think it was amazement and senselessness, but as the warm blood began to ooze from the flesh-torn finger and run down my quivering hand, I became alive again. I searched wildly and hastily to find the end of my finger. I found it hanging in the pulley. It wouldn't fit back—I tried to force it on but it hurt. Then, realizing, I shut the motor off (I thought) and ran to the house next door."

" 'What in the world is wrong with you, Jeff.' It was the lady next door. She must have known something was wrong from the way I was running."

He laughed out loud and turned in the bed a little.

"It sure didn't take her long to find out the trouble, because soon as she saw me holding one hand with too few fingers and one with too many she fainted. I sure am glad her daughter didn't faint, even though she was so excited the car choked down about twelve times before we reached the doctor."

His girl came in with a bowl of hot soup and he sat up a bit so she could feed it to him.

"Baby, I wish I could sit in the bed and let someone feed me, but I never was that lucky."

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THE LAUREL TREE

Craig Carson

I.

"JASON, I want you to always love me—forever. Even when I go away," Daphne said, as she scratched her ear and shifted her position on the dirty green sofa: her blue jeans were much too tight. However, she managed to assume, even under the adverse situation, a most ladylike air which did not seem incongruous in spite of her almost grotesque appearance. Though her body for the most part was long and slender (remarkably artistic hands, she often reminded her friends), the lower regions were outrageously prominent and most certainly distressingly out of proportion. Nevertheless, she had one truly outstanding attribute—her hair, which when she was alone or with Jason she allowed to flow freely in its four feet of blond elegance. Not without reason the coincidence of Jason's name and Daphne's golden locks formed a standing joke at the University where Jason taught first year Greek in a rather meek, embarrassed manner. Also, it was said—among the giggles and pirouettes of dormitory life—that the only comb which trod those glistening strands was held by none other than Mr. Agnew, assistant professor of Greek. One can easily see that this would never do; and one just as easily can understand the president's immediate desire to rid the institution of the scandalous Jason Agnew by any available means —whether exactly legitimate or not.

Jason showed no inclination to answer Daphne immediately, but rose slowly, sedately (as he did before addressing a class) from his seat beside her, crossed the room with a gait that indicated suffering with every step, and stood in silence where the late afternoon sun played upon the carpet in pools of shimmering with leaf shadows. Casting his eyes downward (he knew his role well) Jason smoothed back his thick dark hair (graying beneath the tint. He had been an assistant professor much too long.) And not before he had flung back the French doors which opened upon a terrace and a dreadful little garden where Daphne spent hours in the summer sunlight did he deign to speak. But first he only smiled as the hot summer breeze played in his hair a la *Ladies' Home Journal*, and gave him an extremely abandoned appearance for a college professor.

"You do love me?" Daphne whined and let her gilt moccasins slip from her feet.

"My dear, your oeillades are simply aphrodisiac."

But the chief thought in Jason's mind was how wonderful it would be if there were only a full length mirror across the room from him. Nevertheless, he smiled calculatedly and toothily and used his imagination skillfully.

"Oh, Jason," Daphne giggled impulsively, "do don't tease. You don't seem to realize I'm going away. I'll be training in a big camp and I won't see you at all." Jason sat down again beside her and looked rather sad.

"Cigarette?" he said.

"No, thank you . . . don't you care, Jason?"

"You're damn right I care! And furthermore I won't hear of this silly business. I didn't even believe you were serious until now. Just give me one good reason you should join the army ——"

"The WAC's."

"All right, the WAC's, and I won't say another word!"

"Mother thinks it's a fine idea." Daphne passed the chocolates. "That's almond," she smiled.

"Thank you, but I'd like to have a creamy one," Jason said.

"Try this one. . . . You know, your raving is no going to do one bit of good. I thought you'd be glad for me to serve my country; after all, it's safe; it's not like going out and getting shot. . . ."

Turning away and looking very angry, Jason examined each key of the open harpsichord across the room: "May I have a glass of water?"

"How about coffee?"

"No, thank you, water's fine."

Daphne rang for the house boy and then sat down very close to Jason.

"What does your father think?" he asked with his head in his hands.

"You know he always agrees with Mother. In fact, I don't believe he ever has a thought that she hasn't passed on first. Besides, I think ——" The door opened and a rather corrupt - looking young man entered dressed in blue jeans and a purple shirt. "Oh, there you are, Arnold," she continued, "please bring Mr. Agnew some water."

"Pronto. Is that all?" he laughed.

"No, bring me a coke and fix it you know how. Are you sure you don't want anything besides water, Jason?" Jason shook his head slowly as if he were plagued by another thought. "Then, that's all, Arnold."

Jason could swear that he saw the boy wink at Daphne and, too, she seemed to get all bubbly. But what could he say? Besides he could be wrong, for it was beginning to grow dark in the room where the two sat alone. Dusk and currents of evening air laden with rich perfumes of flowers filled the garden and overflowed into the mutual silence. Jason tried to think how it would feel to be without Daphne when she left for her training. It all seemed so ridiculous. Why did she have to be so determined? But he would be true to her: he would always go alone to concerts and lectures, and afterwards he would come by and sit with her moth-

er and father for an hour, drink coffee, and wonder what poor Daphne would be doing states away. Jason was determined to suffer terribly; even now tears were beginning to form in his eyes. As Daphne rose to light candles upon the harpsichord he saw her face blurred as in a dream.

"When are you leaving?" he said in the sort of voice one uses at someone's deathbed.

"Oh, not for a week at least." She closed the French doors and drew the drapes behind the sofa. "I wish you wouldn't look so morbid, Jason. It makes me sad and before now I've been just all elated about joining the WAC's and getting to see something for a change. I don't think it's a bad idea at all. When we're separated we can really see how much we love each other." She kissed his ear and pulled his hair. "Now, come on, smile," she laughed and began to tickle his ribs.

"Daphne-e-e-e, stop!" The box of chocolates fell from the edge of the sofa and pieces of the candy rolled upon the carpet. "Now look what you've made me do! Damn!"

"Oh, just leave it alone."

"Your water, Mr. Agnew," Arnold piped, as he entered the room. "Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Put it down-n-n! Here!" Jason snapped angrily.

"Mr. Agnew had an accident. Please help him pick up the chocolates, Arnold." Daphne bit her lips to prevent laughter, but the boy understood and pinched her as he passed.

"Never mind, never mind, I'll do it!" Jason quickly scooped up handfulls of the candy and dumped them into the box. "Please go away!"

"Then just forget it, Arnold. He seems a bit peeved. Oh, . . . and thank you," she smiled as she straightened her blue jeans. When the boy had gone she sat down beside Jason on the floor.

"You know, you're being very difficult." She kissed him lightly, then forced a chocolate into his mouth. Through the open door came the sound of dishes and the odor of frying onions, forming a pungent summer mood completely out of character in the formally furnished room. Misty moonlight sifted from the firefly - filled garden through the filmy curtained French doors into the semidarkness where the two sat close together: Jason was combing her hair.

"Would you sell your hair the way Bella did, maybe to save my life or something?" Jason said softly.

"I don't know, Jason. . . . I think maybe dinner's ready. We're having hamburger steak, French fried onions, lettuce and tomato, and Pepsi-Cola," Daphne said enthusiastically, as she stood and crossed the room to open the Air-Wick on the harpsichord. "Mother's having everything you like, so try to be in a good mood. You know, Jason, sometimes you're so temperamental that it's really annoying."

Appearing before the open door, Arnold announced that dinner was ready and made a sign which Jason did not see, but poor Daphne was forced to hold back an embarrassed giggle. "We'll be ready in a few moments, Arnold," she said. And turning to Jason: "Please get up; don't just sit there like a child."

II.

PERHAPS it was the weather; perhaps it was just Jason, but everything seemed to be closing in around him. Now he was not even sure that Daphne cared for him at all. After all, wasn't she leaving him when it really wasn't necessary, even though he had almost demanded that she stay? Besides, what sort of a wife would a woman make who makes eyes at the house boy? (Jason was now sure Arnold had winked.) Things wouldn't be easy for him after she had gone; undoubtedly his classes would jump at this chance of devising new torments. Perhaps he should commit suicide; then they would all be sorry. Daphne would cut her hair and go into years of mourning. The students would talk about the good old days when Professor Agnew taught Greek at the University, and to top it off he would leave all his money to make up a Jason Agnew Memorial Fund for Greek Scholars. That would show them all. Everyone would be sorry, particularly Daphne. . . .

Jason's thoughts had been on a rampage through a channel of morbidity throughout the inaudible mumblings of Daphne's father, which one was compelled to accept as a blessing. However, Jason, who was an agnostic with distinct deist leanings (though he was prone to cover them up in conversation), felt no particular inclination to attempt to discern the trend of the incarnation, but simply allowed his mind to wander. But—as psychologists remind one—such a subject was hardly suitable for consideration during a meal. . . . "Amen." On second thought, probably no one would care at all. He would not be one bit surprised if as soon as the funeral was over—if he had a funeral—Daphne would simply go back to her task of making a new translation of *Les Chansons de Bilitis* and forget about him entirely. Besides there was no telling what was going on between her and that nasty little house boy.

"Jason, you look as if you're just miles away. I just know your hamburger's gotten cold. And your Pepsi-Cola has gone all flat. . . . . There's not even one single bubble.'" Daphne said.

"I'm sorry. It's just that I'm so upset about your going away. I can't eat a bite."

"But, Jason." Daphne sat up very straight and looked quite human. "That's all decided; you'll just have to accept it. You don't see Mother and Father looking all down in the mouth, do you?"

"No, indeed," her father joined in a shrill voice, "I think it's ——"

"a fine idea," her mother smiled

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BOOKS

THE PARADISE BELOW THE STAIRS, by Andre Brincourt. Translated from the French by Herma Briffault. New York—Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 202 pp., $3.00

In 1950 Andre Brincourt's *Le Vert Paradis* was published in France and subsequently won the *Grand Prix du Jeune Roman.* Thus it carries with it a strong recommendation. The French title is derived from Baudelaire—

. . . Mais le vert paradis
des amours enfantines.

and there is in the work much of the atmosphere of *Les Fleurs du Mal.*

Brincourt writes frankly and competently. Novels which are heralded as bold, frank, outspoken or daring frequently show more intent to shock readers than talent. Such is not the case with *The Paradise Below the Stairs.* The same adjectives could be applied here, but these characteristics are a by-product of artistic effort, rather than an end in themselves. Brincourt writes of the crucial adolescent discovery of sex, and he writes with the frankness required by his subject and no more. The aim is not to portray adolescents as universalities. These are particular adolescents and their experiences recall our own only in a slight degree—or so it is to be hoped.

Francois is the young hero. He has the head of a cherub, golden curls, innocent eyes and all the other earmarks of the victim of evil. The novel covers one year in the life of Francois, the year when he seeks to gain prestige with the "gang," to revolt against parents and teachers, to explore the secrets of sex, and above all to play the role of the adult. He is a vivid character and one the reader will not easily forget. We see things through his eyes and we share his experiences. From the figure implied in the title, Francois is best interpreted as Adam.

Eve is Myriam, precocious, beautiful, mysterious in her own way. With her infatuation for Musset, her surprisingly bountiful knowledge of sex and her overwhelming desire to indulge dark and strange thoughts, she captivates Francois. The young pair advance from a stage of sending to each other love poems copied from old poets who apparently knew more about sex than about poetry to an attempt at love-making.

Basson, Normand's more experienced partner in perpetuating the Paradise, advances beyond the attempt. Basson and Myriam cause Francois trouble, worry and tragedy.

The Paradise is a small room below the stairs of the school. It has somehow ceased to be a storage room for the school janitor and lies neglected until Francois and his friends discover it. They make of it a meeting-place and there they meet every day at recess to perform their rites.

The serpent is sex, with a capital S.

The aspects of Francois' discovery of sex are not nearly so compelling as the aspects of his developing adolescence. Here there is something universal—the awareness of self and the dream of asserting independence. The lies Francois tells his brother Gerard, the impassable wall he erects around himself—these things, and many others, give life and being to Francois. Because he is pictured in such detail, because his life is presented with insight and understanding, Francois emerges as more than a character in a novel. The same cannot be said for the remainder of the characters. Gerard also seems to live and breathe, mainly because of his effort to understand his brother and because of his efforts to do so.

The work begins slowly. Brincourt sometimes seems to be exploring the possibilities of plotting. He finds one particularly to his liking and proceeds to develop it rapidly and steadily. The tragedy occurs before the reader has realized that tragedy was in the offing. And therein lies the outstanding fault of the work. For all the crucial events, the tragedy seems unjustified and so loses much of its available impact.

The frankness encountered here is not for the purpose of shocking. It is difficult to see how the theme could have been handled from a less outspoken viewpoint. The incidents, however, seem overdrawn. French critics repeatedly note that here is a picture of every childhood. For the French this may well be true, but for an American culture, the picture here drawn is the exception rather than the rule.

The faults notwithstanding, the talent remains, and though we may question the credibility of the incidents, we can hardly deny the fine writing by which they are developed.

* * * * *

STRANGERS AND AFRAID, by Thomas Sterling. New York: Simon & Schuster. 275 pp., $3.50

Thomas Sterling's first novel, "Strangers and Afraid," shows him to be a writer of considerable talent and promise.

Sterling is a member of the school which developed from William Faulkner by way of William Styron, Thomas Wolfe and other young writers questing and questioning. The themes of the school border on futility, returning ultimately to hopes that are more fragile than consoling. It is characterized by frank and bril-

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INCIDENTALLY *and By the Way*

The Spectator

THE whirligig of international, national, and local events has moved with such rapidity since our last issue that we find it rather difficult to select topics for comment. Selectivity always presents a problem when writing a variety column—you just can't comment on everything. But let us begin with a few quips from the columns of our daily tabloids—we'll just call them—

NEWS QUIPS

THE recent visit of Dr. Charles L. Allen on our campus brings to mind a number of thoughts about the living of a worthwhile life. Dr. Allen stimulated our thought in a wonderful way, and we could not help but wonder how many of us will really count for something in this world in which we live. Here's a thought worth remembering — it came from Gus Edison's comic strip, "The Gumps," and was passed along by Uncle Bim, a world-renowned millionaire and philanthropist:

"It's not what we gain, but what we give,
That measures the worth of the life we live."

Our profs, no doubt, felt fully the impact of Dr. Allen's statement that to "seek God" we need to learn "to empty our minds." It's our thought that most of the profs feel that our minds are quite empty—especially at test time.

Speaking of our pedagogues and tests, we wonder how many of them read about the Italian student in Rome who shot his professor because he failed a test. The course? Mathematics!

Tragedy struck a Spartanburg family recently when their son, a student at Clemson College, was killed accidentally while returning from an initiation into an honorary fraternity. No harm was intended in the course of the initiation, but irreparable damage was done. It might be well for Wofford social fraternities to consider the possibility of such a tragedy resulting from their initiations. Human life is invaluable. We should treat it as such.

Speaking of fraternities, may we offer a suggestion or two to them? First, why not consider a second semester rushing season for next year? And second, could another system for spring formals be arranged so that all of the fraternity dances would not be crowded into the very short space of seven or eight weeks? How about some dances in the fall—oh, well, it's only an idea.

SOMEONE SAID: All girls are not interested in boys—some are interested in men. A verity, yea, a verity! Remember back in the latter part of February when a group of outraged co-eds from Reading University marched to No. 10 Downing Street clad in bikinis to protest to Prime Minister Churchill that their men were more interested in French girls than in the English variety? Seems the English men wanted to invite some French belles to the school's annual carnival because the English girls weren't glamorous enough." Who said something to the effect, "Oh, to be in England, now that April is here!"? We see what he meant!

EDUCATION

is our primary purpose for being in college. But have you ever explored the possibility of getting an education outside of college. We were thinking just the other day that you could educate yourself (at least to a lot of facts) simply by reading the fillers in newspapers. We selected a few samples, and are willing to make the wager that you did not know that . . . losses by American farmers because of weeds are estimated to be in excess of $3 billion during a single growing year, or that . . . there are approximately 180,000 species in the family of beetles, the largest single order in the entire animal kingdom, or that . . . Australia is about equal in area to the United States, or that, . . . the United States Secretary of the Treasury cannot own any seagoing vessels according to the acts of Congress.

And it's a fact that more than 25,000 U. S. communities have no land transportation other than that provided by motor vehicles over highways; that there are more than 900 species of flowering plants, trees and ferns on the Hawaiian Islands; that New York leads the nation in cabbage production.

Maybe most of those items could best be labeled "useless information," but it's interesting to note that such a wealth of knowledge is crowded into the pages of our newspapers in the places where the stories don't quite fit.

RANDOM SHOTS

A LONG unsolved mystery here at Wofford is the whereabouts of the cornerstone of the Main Building, about as big a mystery as "who stole the lock off the henhouse door." We read recently of some other folk who were having "cornerstone troubles." Seems the parishioners of St. Paul Missionary Baptist Church near Fav-

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THE BIG BREAK

Harry Gall

A ONE-ACT PLAY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Big Jim Talbot—He ruled the state with an iron hand, but Death relaxes the firmest grip.

Ian Steele—He knew what he wanted and how to get it. He didn't count, however, on a joker in the deck in the person of

Ned Charles—Newspaper publisher. Some called him ambitious, others a crusader, but all knew him as a man to be feared.

Boteler—He held the fate of two men in his hands.

Forbes—He bearded the lion in his den.

SCENE 1. (The executive mansion, Capital City. This scene takes place in the private suite of the state's Governor, Big Jim Talbot. The stage is divided into two parts by a partition. Occupying most of the stage is the master bedroom furnished somberly and in a disarray so common to bachelor quarters. The blinds are drawn, casting a peculiar pattern across the features of the elderly man who lies resting easily against his pillow on the great four-poster bed. His face is lined heavily with the bitterness of grief and hard toil. He looks up as a buzzer sounds in the ante-room or small sitting room which occupies the extreme left of the stage. Rising from his bedside, a nurse passes through the connecting doorway into the sitting room and opens the outer door leading from the suite. Ian Steele enters.)

Nurse: Mr. Steele, Governor Talbot will see you, but I must warn you, he's very low, so please don't stay longer than five minutes, and whatever you do, don't excite him.

Steele: Depend on me, nurse.

(Steele enters the bedroom, removing his hat and then advances toward the bed.) Well, Jim, you're looking better. I believe your color is coming back.

Talbot: Dribble. You're a damn liar and you know it. A man can't have three heart attacks the same day and expect to come out of it.

Steele: I'm sure ——

Talbot: I didn't send for you to discuss my health—no point in discussing that anyway. My number's up and I know it. There are a lot of things a man can fight, Steele, but death isn't one of them.

Steele: I'm curious.

Talbot: Well, then, suppose I satisfy your curiosity. You've been itchin' to be Governor of this state ever since I took you out of reform school and made a man out of you. I taught you the ropes — brought you up through the wards — taught you to trade mud with the best of them—made you state senator. You're a big man now. Well, ever since my attack, the party's been hanging over me like a bunch of underfed vultures waiting' for me to name my successor. Well, I have. You're it.

Steele: Me!

Talbot: Yes, you! The convention meets next month and I'm gonna see to it that you get the nomination by acclamation. Well, haven't you got anything to say? Isn't this what you've been scheming for all these years?

Steele: I don't know what to say, Jim, you don't know how much this means to me. I ——

Talbot: Shut up! Shut up and listen. I came up the hard way on the streets of Watertown, right smack dab in the middle of the dingiest, toughest collection of slums in this or any other town. I saw many a guy who wasn't fast enough with his fists end up in the gutter, sapped on the head or knifed in the back. You had to learn to ride with the punches and then hit back with everything you had. If you saw something you wanted, you took it. If you didn't, somebody else would. It didn't matter how you got what you wanted just so you got it. That's the way politics is. That's the way I got to the top. That's the way I got to be Governor. I'm handin' you this job on a silver platter but, by God, you'll have to fight like a dog to hold it.

Steele: Against what? The opposition! They haven't won an election in this state in twenty years.

Talbot: Against your own men, you fool!

Steele: Such as ——

Talbot: Such as Ned Charles, for one. Have you read what that yellow sheet of his, the *Clarion* has been printing about me lately? Rabble rouser, he calls me—disgrace to the party. He'd like to be Governor some day himself, and if he has to tan your hide to get there, that's tough.

Steele: Well, I'll remember what you've told me. But I'm sure I can bring Charles around. After all, when he realizes it's for the good of the party, I'm sure he'll listen to reason.

Talbot: The good of the party! Ha! That's a good one. Steele, Ned Charles would sell his own mother if he thought it would profit him.

Steele: I think you're wrong about him, Jim, but thanks for the warning and the big break. I'll never forget to my dying day what you've done for me.

Talbot: You thank me now, Steele, but the day may come when you'll curse me.

Steele: I doubt that. I'm going now, Jim. I don't want to tire you.

Talbot: Good night, Steele, but remember, keep your eye on Ned Charles.

SCENE 2. (The *Clarion* building, office of Ned Charles, editor and publisher. Charles is seated at his desk. Ian Steele enters. Charles looks up.

Charles: Congratulations, Ian. I hear the great man has placed the mantle of power around your shoulders.

Steele: Subject always to the approval of the people, Ned.

Charles: In this state, that's pretty much a formality, isn't it?

Steele: I don't like the sarcasm in your voice, Ned. The party's done a lot for the people of this state.

Charles: I'm not referring to the party, Ian. I'm referring to the methods of fraud and corruption brought into this state by Jim Talbot, probably the worst Governor this state has ever had.

Steele: You say that now that he's dead but you never had the guts to say it when he was alive.

Charles: I didn't want to believe it when he was alive but what else could I do? I fought with my conscience for two years and then I knew I had to tell the world. I had to tell the people of this state that "Old Jim," the popular hero, was a rabble rouser and a crook.

Steele: Yes, I've read the filth you have been printing in that scandal sheet of yours. You'll never persuade the common people of the truth of your accusations. Look at them out there. Thousands upon thousands—row on row standing silently below us in Public Square in the shadow of the State House where Jim Talbot, a man who will live in the hearts and minds of his people forever, rests in state. Sure, his methods were rough but so are the times. And look what he's done for those people! A new road system, one of the finest in the country—better schools—new industries opening up every day. He found this state poor and left it rich. And look what he did for you! You were a two-bit reporter on a back country weekly when he picked you up in '36 and made you editor and publisher of the *Clarion*, the official party organ. What was it Shakespeare said about ingratitude?

Charles: All right, so I'm ungrateful, but, Ian, there are some things to which I can't close my eyes any longer.

Ian: Such as ——

Charles: Such as the cold-blooded murder of Horace Wigley, the editor of the *Provincetown Journal* because he knew too much.

Steele: There was nothing to connect Wigley's murder with the administration.

Charles: What would you say, Ian, if I told you that I had definite proof that Jim Talbot had personally ordered the death of Wigley and could put my finger on the man who actually did the job? Suppose I were to tell you that I knew why Wigley was murdered? Suppose I were to mention a three-millior-dollar swindle from the state treasury last year.

Steele: I'd say you were a damn liar. I won't listen to any more of your cheap lies—I'm leaving.

Charles: Just one thing before you go. Tomorrow morning, the *Clarion* goes over to the opposition. It's going to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We're going to name names, influence voters and break the biggest scandal in the history of this state. And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some of the dirt didn't rub off on you. (Exit Steele.)

SCENE 3. (Senator Steele's office. Steele speaks into the office intercom.)

Steele: Miss Riley, as soon as Mr. Boteler, the chief of the state constabulary, arrives, send him in. Oh! He is? Good. (Boteler enters. Steele shuts off the intercom and looks up.)

Boteler: You wanted to see me, Senator Steele.

Steele: Yes, Boteler, come in. I want you to do me a favor.

Boteler. Another one, well, what is it this time?

Steele: This will be the last one, I promise you. You're no doubt acquainted with Ned Charles, the publisher.

Boteler: I am.

Steele: I want you to have him arrested.

Boteler: What! But why?

Steele: Don't ask questions. Just do as I tell you.

Boteler: And if I refuse?

Steele: Your prerogative of course, but I wouldn't advise it. I have enough on you to send you up the river for quite a stretch. And don't you forget it—little matter of a three-million-dollar embezzlement last year, for instance.

Boteler: You were in on that, too, Senator. I could tell plenty ——

Steele: But you won't for two reasons. First of all because you haven't got the guts, and secondly because you like your job and value your freedom too much.

Boteler: You win! What's the charge?

Steele: Income tax evasion. We've found some discrepancies in his returns.

Boteler: Can we make it stick?

Steele: I'm not particularly interested in making it stick. The shock of his arrest is going to cause Mr. Charles to suffer a heart attack which will, of course, be instantly fatal. Do I make myself clear?

Boteler: Perfectly.

Steele: In that case—good night, Mr. Boteler.

Boteler: Good night, Senator Steele.

SCENE 4. (*Clarion* office).

Charles: Come in, Boteler. Sit down. You look worried. What's the trouble?

Boteler: Ned, I'm in a jam and so are you.

Charles: What do you mean?

Boteler: Ian Steele called me into his office about an hour ago.

Charles: Oh! He hasn't found out that you were my informant on that Treasury swindle deal, has he?

Boteler: No. Nothing like that.

(Continued on page 24)

THE LAUREL TREE

(From page 11)

softly. "I really do."

"we'll try not to miss her one bit."

In the large dining room around the table over which hung a sort of fog formed by the vapors of numerous steaming dishes sat Jason, Daphne, her mother and father, and—though one would not notice her immediately, for her head barely rose above the level of the table—Daphne's niece, Cynthia, who was a summer guest. In spite of the lack of proper light (only candles) one nevertheless could easily see that the two old people were both small and gray and should have died years ago. However, all that could be seen of Cynthia was her hand which periodically appeared from below the edge of the table and brought food down to the poor child's level. Cynthia was a "rejected" child—and a very dull one. When her mother, Daphne's sister, discovered that her I.Q. was probably no more than one hundred six, she refused to keep her and quite rightly so. After all there *were* family traditions. Jason was probably the only outsider who even knew of the existence of Cynthia, for her mother was in Europe (employed in a brothel) and the family was careful to keep the whole thing a secret.

"Cynthia, if you can't stop picking your nose ——" Daphne's father spoke sternly.

"we shall have to ask you to leave the table," her mother interrupted. "Daphne, slap her. Cynthia, we have told you and told you and *told* you about manners ——"

"time after time after time," the father added. "We're awfully sorry, Jason, we ——"

"shouldn't have let her have dinner with us."

"Yes."

Cynthia was just about as "rejected" as a poor child could be. Everyone ate in silence for a few moments and thought about Cynthia's poor mother—a Lost Woman on the Continent, probably starving, no home to call her own. Daphne wiped away a single tear with her paper napkin and then gently stroked little Cynthia's head somewhere in the darkness below the edge of the table.

"Well, Daphne," her mother said, "I suppose you got everything straight at the library this morning. I do think it's rather bad that she has to leave her work right in the middle of the *Chansons*, don't you, Jason?" Jason nodded that he did and wanted to express himself more fully, but: "Why, she has been listening to the Debussy settings day after day after day trying to work into her translation the same effect that he got with music."

"Why, I think she's done even better ——" her father interrupted.

"than the original Louys. I really think so."

"Mother, I didn't even know that you'd read the original French," Daphne said with appropriate surprise, as she slipped her foot from her moccasin and rubbed it gently, cat-like, against Jason's leg beneath the table.

"My dear, just years ago. My French may not be the best, but it's really quite adequate. . . . Jason, you've been so quiet. Come on, now, pop out of it."

"Now, really, Jason," Daphne seemed a bit annoyed and shook cigarette ashes into her salad. "I never meant for you to ever get so upset over this. You're just being a child —much more so than those dreadful boys in your Greek classes. I hate seeing you like this; you know how I feel about you. . . ."

Daphne's father squirmed with embarrassment. "H-m-m-m-m. . . ."

"H-m-m-m-m. . . ." Her mother, though not embarrassed, was nevertheless, decidedly amused and not overly successful in concealing her emotion. (She had a keen sense of the ridiculous.) But the indiscreet laughter irritated Daphne, for even poor Cynthia giggled with a sort of hiccoughing sound.

"Well, is everybody finished?" Daphne said brightly, as she pushed her plate away; she was determined not to fall for her mother's attempt to belittle the love affair. "'*Hurry up, please, it's time*,'" she had a passion for quoting poetry. After a few moments Arnold entered slowly, carrying a tray on which there were five small dishes of red jello with a topping of whipped cream and chocolate syrup. The spectacle caused one to grope in vain for a simile. After Arnold had placed the desserts around the table, he stood quite erect where the candlelight cast enticing shadows across his face. And having changed the blue jeans for gray corduroy, he looked exceedingly impish. He was sure that Daphne was impressed.

Jason saw this entire disgusting display but in spite of his anger sat in gallant silence very close to the table. He enjoyed the painful pressure of the sharp table edge against his body and a not unforeign sensation of pleasure moved quickly down his spine: "I often wish that when I die my friends would neither mourn nor . . ." But his thoughts broke off in a little sob that the others around the table mistook for a burp.

"Arnold, do bring Mr. Agnew some water," Daphne's mother said and turning to Jason with sparkling eyes she laughed coquettishly: "Pepsi-Cola does the same thing to me."

III.

Two weeks passed after the police had gathered all pertinent information—the combing of her hair, the work at the library, the tampering with French literature — concerning Daphne's sudden and mysterious disappearance before the president of the University summoned poor Jason Agnew into his office to tell him that he had been relieved of his position as assistant professor of Greek. Jason, needless to say, was dumfounded; all he could do was stare blankly at the

small Crucifix upon the desk and wish that his own body were quivering with physical pain. But then after the numbness which seized his limbs had passed he began to weep softly . . . softly as he later wept and perspired very unprofessor-like beneath the white hot lights at the gaol. Though they punched him and screamed at him and threatened much worse, much more distasteful things, his story remained the same:

"I don't *know* where she is! I left her alone at eleven o'clock. She was sitting at the harpsichord playing Chopin Nocturnes. . . ." He broke off in tears.

"But what about the house boy?" a very small man with a red face like jello bellowed and stamped his feet in a pleasing — though modern — rhythm. "He says he saw both of you in the garden by the fountain at twelve. You're lying! And we're going to get the truth if it takes all night!" Then he spoke seriously and deliberately: "You're going to burn for this terrible crime, Jason Agnew."

"No, no, no, no! I *didn't* do it!" Jason sobbed artfully, having had much practice crying before each of his attempted suicides. But it was no use; everything pointed to his guilt; he had been the last to see her; then there was Arnold's testimony. " 'When will this fearful slumber have an end?' " he muttered (Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, Act III, Scene I) as they dragged him back to his cell.

Suppose Jason were to tell them the truth, they would never believe him. They would only say that he was insane and what's more they intended to electrocute him anyway. What did *they* know about Greek literature? Had they even ever heard of the legend of Daphne and Appolo? (But Jason knew it was not a legend. It was true!) He had seen it happen himself. Had he not chased the poor girl (here he paused in his thoughts for a small sob) from the music room into the garden? And when he embraced her by the fountain had she not ——? No, they would never believe him, though the laurel tree grew there at the very moment close to the fountain where he had left her. That night in his cold cell Jason dreamed quietly of Greek islands in the Mediterranean and when the first beams of the morning sun had slipped through the bars onto the floor beside his cot, Jason crept cautiously across the floor and caught the silky yellow rags in his chalky pale hands: "They are mine," he said. "I know it now; they are all mine." And the gaolers began to reconsider when he told them the consequences the world would face if he were not allowed to escape to his chariot and restless horses.

A BRILLIANT SUN

(From page 8)

fix it yourself." And with that, he lay back down and feigned sleep.

"Oh, all right . . . I'm sorry. Please help me." Her tone had changed completely, and he believed he liked her more in her pleasant tone.

While he tinkered around with the motor, he found out that her name was Ann Wilson and that she lived just down the lake from his house. She calmly but surely found out who he was and what he did. Information passed between them just as it would have between old friends. She talked as he worked, and he repeatedly lightened and loosened the same bolt just to make her visit last longer.

At last, he hooked up all the wires on the motor and gave it a whirl. First time over it fired and ran like a new one; but after seeing that it was fixed, she did not seem anxious to want to leave. "Funny woman—all I ever knew before were always in a hurry to get away from me. Maybe there is something to what Bob had told him," he mused to himself.

They talked on and on about minor things, and he tried to play a gentile host by offering her a Coke from his dock box that he kept in order to save him from having to walk up the hill every time he got thirsty.

"I must go—you've been so kind and I've enjoyed the afternoon very much, but it is getting late and will soon be too dark to be out on the lake," she commented as she rose to get into the boat. With a twirl, the boat started and she was gone into the gathering dusk, waving back to him.

Days grew into weeks, and their visits continued. Sometimes she would stop by and chat when she saw him out, or he would pull by her yard on his way to work in that run-about skiff misnamed a boat. Never were they close, nor was there any hint other than the meetings and visits of anything between them. Still, she was a nice girl . . . the kind Bob had been talking about, but he knew he did not have a chance of getting anywhere, nor was he trying very hard.

One afternoon when she was swimming with him close to his yard a sudden, squally storm had come up, and they had run for the house. Two dripping people, she called them, and then she had started worrying about the water on the floor. Just like a woman, he thought, always fussing over something. But, he must admit to himself, she was quite a girl and would be what he would want if he ever got a wife.

A fire soon crackled, and they were sipping coffee, oblivious to the yowling storm outside. She seemed totally at home, curled up on the sofa in front of the blaze, and the room was made more cheery by her radiant smile. She was completely fascinated with the inside of his house, and was attounded that he could keep house so neatly and did not have an utter mess for his efforts as did most men.

Idle conversation about any and everything filled their moments together in the warm glow of the fire. The storm was showing signs of becoming worse, and the wind was increasing in its ferocity.

(Continued on page 20)

Miss Garbo and Alfred

(From page 3)

The Mendel and Stieglitz influences caused Alicia rather more trouble. The Viscountess had to gather all manner of disgusting animals ("anything with more than four legs," the Princess had said) for the Princess Bertha to take apart and rearrange in the way that Stepmother Nature should have in the first place. Bertha's bedroom was filled with Mason jars containing the tangible figments of an overworked imagination. There were spiders with legs in all numbers from one through ten, excepting eight; there were lizards with two heads; these biological compositions in varying stages of decomposition were arranged in neat rows on the marble mantle. Since keeping the originals of these crotchets was not always advisable for olfactory reasons, Bertha had delved into the mysteries of the dark closet and the red light and had come up with a quite remarkable talent for the taking, developing, and printing of photographs. For a child of seven she was really rather good. The Viscountess Alicia had to prepare the hypo, help to graft legs onto legless beings, take the temperature of the water for the developer and fixer, prepare the black dress for the Friday evening ritual, and smell formaldehyde until she was almost a mad thing. She often felt that if she had to wash one more negative, make one more visit to Mars, or decorate one more roach, she would run screaming through the throne room. All in all, the Princess Bertha, heir apparent to the throne, future leader of the moral and political destinies of the country, Order of the Mystic Marble, and Campfire Girl second class, was a mess.

A footman stepped into the salon and, helping the Viscountess to her feet, offered to bring hot tea after the Space Ship Incident. Alicia smiled a wan "No, thank you" to him and limped to her bedroom. On reaching her apartments she rummaged about in her largest hat box for the pint of gin she allowed herself every other day and vaguely wondered if this were what being driven to drink was like. "Oh, well," she muttered, "Lord knows I've been driven to worse things. . . . " Experiencing a slight discomfort she added, "What *was* in that dratted 'miracle' pie?"

"What *could* have been in that abominable pie? I am sure it could never have happened in Dear Paris. . . . The food is only one of the many reasons that this place is like Death to a constitution as delicate as mine. . . . Is there any wonder that I have no time to spend with my dear Bertha? Bertha, my precious, my love. . . . Mummy is sorry, but she just doesn't have time for pat-a-cake and those *filthy* affairs of state simultaneously. . . . Why I was ever burdened with the Cross of riches and fame I shall never know. . . . One always bears an ironic sort of Cross, but if mine is supposed to be a fatalistic comment on the sins of my youth, I must say that I miss the connection. . . . Anyway, if this Cross is because of my Paris sins, I am bound to admit that the sins more than made up for the punishment. . . . Dear, Dear Paris. . . . Why did I ever let Mama talk me into marrying this idiot of a king (who is *still* with the Minister of the Stair and late for dinner)? I suppose it was the talk of all the diamonds that I should own when I should become Queen that turned my silly head and made me leave *Dear Paris*. . . . And the only diamonds that I can call my own (the only ones that aren't locked up in the Donjon) are the two that I knocked out of Dear Fabian's front teeth when I was demoting Alicia at the christening. . . . Was it my fault I forgot I was carrying my lavender fan with the wrought iron filigree? And I certainly didn't know that Dear Fabian was directly behind me. . . . And how was I to know that Dear Fabian would leave because of two lousy fillings? O Fabian! leave your dreary old diamond mines and rush back to me and your child. . . . Our child. . . . Our Bertha. . . . I must try to see Bertha sometime this week; I wonder if I found a fairy tale to read to her. . . . Or does one read to seven-year-olds? Of course Alicia takes good care of the child, but Mummy's Precious needs a Mother's Love and Understanding. . . . This dreadful sort of arrangement could never happen in Dear Paris. . . . Paris with the delicate pastel colors. . . . Paris of the marvelous air . . . marvelous wines . . . marvelous food . . . divine food. . . . What *was* in that damned pie?"

Deciding that one tiara was not enough, the Queen finished her monologue while adjusting a second tiara of paste tourmalines over her first of cultured pearls; she gave herself a self-satisfied smirk in the mirror and went down to dinner wearing her most effective weary-of-it-all look.

The next day dawned hesitantly. The weather was going to be much too placid and calm to rush into being at one point in time, so the early hours of the day were a delicate crescendo of warm breezes and improbable colors streaking the sky. "A really *yellow* Thursday!" the Viscountess' husband described it as he seated himself at his clavilux for an early morning "soother." Performing at the clavilux was the man's only legal form of relaxation, and he gave frequent recitals on this instrument in the provinces. Not the least fascinating moment during one of these programmes would be the intermission; three young pages would delight the audience with their clumsy efforts to try to replace the burned-out Mazdas. The Viscountess' husband struck a casual chord and was rewarded with a blinding flash from the bowels of the instrument; the Princess Bertha had replaced all of the salmon pinks with flash bulbs.

The Princess announced an intention to spend this particular Thurs-

day afternoon in the formal gardens photographing flowers. This bit of information was received with many misgivings on the part of the Viscountess. Alicia had learned long since that the Princess' projects were dangerous in inverse ratio to the amount of alarm experienced at the initial announcement of the programme. When the Garbo sessions had started twelve weeks before, Bertha had stated that she planned to shoot herself before the evening was over. This announcement was received with placid calm by Alicia, who knew that the horror of the statement would cancel any unpleasantness in the actual carrying out of this scheme. When, however, Bertha had evinced an interest in photography, the Viscountess had spent several days in bed with acute vapours. Her apprehensions had not been groundless, as several dozen dismembered insects could testify. Therefore, when the Princess quietly said that she would spend this Thursday photographing daisy petals in the formal gardens, the Viscountess experienced a *crise de nerfs* second only to the decline into which she had lapsed when she had lost rank and Dear Fabian had lost teeth in the same gesture. After seven years of playing Games Mistress to a Princess with the moral code of a tarantula, Alicia was better equipped to face moments of Deep Stress; she merely polished off an extra half bottle of gin and prepared herself for the worst.

The Viscountess decided to follow Bertha unobserved and to intervene whenever today's particular horror seemed to approach a climax. She felt that she could best see without being seen by disguising herself to blend in with the foliage of the garden. She got out her green ball dress which had faded to a color corresponding to that of most of the leaves then extant in the garden and smeared green eye-shadow over her face, neck, and arms. Breaking off a few snarls of the ivy that had grown three times around her window before trailing away, she deftly stuck these into her hair and Scotch-taped a few fronds of fern to her bustle to complete the camouflage. Glancing critically in the mirror she breathed, "In this I suppose I'm ready for anything!" As it turned out, she was.

Keeping in sight of Bertha without having to stay close enough to be discovered was a complicated matter. Once, the Princess had turned back to the palace for a yellow filter, and Alicia had been forced to crouch in an ossifying position in a clump of what looked suspiciously like poison ivy. On another occasion, Alicia had rounded a sharp turn in the path and surprised a young rustic who was spending his first day as Apprentice Gardner to His Majesty. The Viscountess waved her arms frantically for silence, but the sight of a green-faced hag popping out of the privet hedge and flailing its arms about frenetically sent the poor boy howling out of the woods and into the druidic ministry. The Princess seemed to be concerned with her own affairs, however, and noticed nothing strange. She walked on rapidly and passed several daisy beds without capturing their questionable charm on film. Alicia would, of course, have been really frightened if the Princess had shown an interest in matters floral.

Alicia was never able to explain what happened next. Bertha simply vanished into the landscape. One minute she was a few yards in front of the Viscountess, and in the next minute she had disappeared. Alicia was as startled as her childhood training allowed her to be and began a frantic search for the Princess. She tried to be as quiet as possible in case Bertha were hiding near, but in a matter of a few minutes she was beating bushes with blows that would have killed the Princess had she been crouched beneath one of them. Working her way beyond the edge of the formal garden and into the thicker growth of uncultivated woods, she pushed her way through heavy underbrush making small whimpering noises as she went. She stopped suddenly at the sound of a rich throaty laughter that came from behind a dense clump of shrubbery. As she pressed slowly into the mass of leaves and branches she all but stopped breathing in a supreme effort in noiseless stalking. She halted before she reached the clearing immediately beyond the bushes in which she had become entangled. There, less than fifty yards away, was the Queen in an unmistakably languid attitude with the only naturally blond page at the court. A small yellow carton at Alicia's feet assured her that the quaint pastoral scene in progress had been recently recorded in the best Panchromatic Black and White 116.

* * * * *

Alicia sprinkled a generous layer of Old Dutch Cleanser over the bottom of the tub, turned on the water, and climbed in. As she scraped the tenacious particles of green from her face and arms she went through an enormous mental strain trying to give new definitions to words like "loyalty," "vengeance," and "selfishness." As each patch of flesh grew wider and each patch of green grease diminished the words under consideration seemed to focus themselves into a single definition that was equally good for each of the three words. The entire process of deciding between Right and Wrong became a simple matter as the bath water cooled. The only thing missing from the puzzle was the name of the action Alicia was about to engage in.

Since Alicia did not have an orderly mind, she felt that she must define everything she did; she had no notion as to why she did certain things, but she knew the name of everything she had ever done. She had never thought of her marriage as an escape from loneliness; she called it a marriage of convenience. She was extremely vague as to why she played nurse, policeman, and especially victim to Bertha; she did

know that the whole business could be called "Punishment." If she could find the phrase that defined what she was about to do concerning the Princess, she might proceed without nervousness; it was only the undefined actions that left one with a sense of guilt and an uncertainty with regard to the consequences.

With a mighty effort of the will, she tried to grope through her vocabulary to find the missing term. The only hint that she could glean was the fact that this same process that she was about to be involved in (and which needed defining so desperately) had been used in China and Japan as a means of lowering the birth rate. Thinking of things oriental, the Viscountess began to dry herself. Thoughts of Chinese children and *famille noir* vases occupied her until the missing phrase popped up of its own accord. With a triumphant smile she said, "Youth in Asia."

She managed the lock on the darkroom with a hatpin and confiscated the negatives after assuring herself that no prints had been made. She then went to the Trophy and Gun Room to fetch the single item needed for the following evening, which was Friday.

* * * * *

"My dear, look at your watch and tell me how long we've been here. . . . This is quite the longest funeral in the history of the entire world. . . . And in such heat!" "And did you ever hear such music? Naturally, when the Queen said that there would be nothing but Copeland, Schoenberg, and Edgar Varese, I thought she was being funny. . . . Of course, I must say that *Ionization* fits my mood exactly at this point. . . . Did you *ever* feel such heat?" ". . . and then Alicia's husband said that the body wouldn't be burned because the Queen had *cremnophobia*." ". . . but it seems that the Princess had been doing this sort of thing on Fridays for *weeks*. . . . She just overdid it slightly day before yesterday. . . ." "No, dear, we felt that a Cross of orchids would be a little old hat, so we had them make that divine little Taj Mahal out of petunias that's sitting over there on the Gospel side. . . . We Bohemians have standards to maintain. . . ." "What time is it now? . . . Are you *sure* it hasn't stopped? . . ." "Edith! Did you hear what the Viscountess' husband said about cremating the body?" "Have you ever *felt* such heat?" "! ! !" "Oh, I don't know. . . . I must say I've always associated the Princess with a hellion sort of atonalism. . . ." "This service is quite the longest we've had since the Dear Queen was received into the Church. . . . That one went on for *days*. . . ." "I know it's a good watch, but did you *shake* it good?" "! ! !" "Of course, it's better than hearing 'Crossing the Bar' in that southern accent he affects. . . ." "I must remember to use a lightweight fan when Alicia comes for supper tonight. . . ."

* * * * *

When Alicia arrived at the Queen's apartments that evening, the Queen greeted her with a simple "My dear Duchess!" Supper was quiet and nostalgic; the presentation of diamond bracelets by the Queen to Alicia was simple and in the best of taste. After the reinstatement, the Martinis, the gift of diamonds, and a delightful meal, Alicia was almost tempted to destroy the negatives she was carrying in her reticule. Fortunately, she caught the Queen giving her a guarded look over the "miracle" pie, and on the following morning the Duchess of Petal added a small manila envelope to her safety deposit box.

A BRILLIANT SUN

(From page 17)

"You couldn't get a boat across that lake now if you wanted to — not alone." Ed told her after surveying the wave-torn water from the front of the house. "We'll just have to make the best of it until it dies down a little, and then I'll take you across."

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied right where I am," Ann retorted without apparent concern for her situation.

Foolish woman, he observed to himself . . . anyone else would be worried about her safety, but not her. Nor did she move when he made a motion to sit on the side of her chair and put his arm behind her on its back. The two of them made a perfect scene of domesticity, but as always, it could not last. The shrill, harsh jangle of the telephone shattered the serenity of the environs, and with the thought that it never failed he picked up the receiver. A serious frown creased his forehead as he learned of trouble caused by the storm and rain down the line on the mountainous stretch of track. Slowly he turned and tersely told her:

"I've got to try to get across the lake and to the station. They've had some bad slides in a few of the soggy spots of track, and it'll mean I have to sit over there all night while the relief man goes down there. It would have to happen just when . . ."

Without a change of expression or a movement of any sort, she calmly announced, "Then I'm going with

"You're going to do what?" he almost roared.

"I'm going with you to try to help a little anyway."

"But . . ."

"No 'buts' about it. . . . I'm going!"

The old adage about never arguing with a woman came to Ed's mind, so he resignedly motioned her toward a closet, and told her, "Get yourself a coat out of there. It'll be rough crossing the water and climbing that slippery hill to the station."

Wind and water alike buffeted them as they fought the little boat all the way across. After tying the boat up, they climbed the hill to the station. The rails in front of the building reflected wetly the light that slipped out through the dirty windows. The inside walls of the building were reverberating with the mechanical,

monotonous clicking of the telegraph sounder. Off in the distance that was covered by a stygian darkness, a whistle moaned and only served to emphasize the depths of futility that enveloped the scene.

Taking over the desk, Ed began his long grind through the night. Never did Ann move too far away. She made coffee for them and answered the local telephone inquiries from residents about the situation and weather reports since the railroad telegraph line was the only connection to the outside that had not been torn down by the storm.

Disgust, brought on by exhaustion, crept its way into Ed's being. Everything went wrong at the exact same time; and when Ann happened to say something to him, misunderstanding, he snapped, "Why don't you leave me alone? I don't see why you came over here anyway. You only bother me!"

Startled, stunned, she said softly without a hint of anger, "Okay, if you want it that way." Quietly she slipped on her coat and moved noiselessly out the door into the night and down the path to the road and home.

Morning came, and with it a brilliant sun. Through the night he had worked; but now that he was guiding the boat home over placid water, events of the night whirled around in his tired brain. The way he had acted worried him. A day spent in troubled sleep did nothing to help him in the thoughts of the past night. What had she thought, and how would she feel about it all? Would she understand? He would not call her, because of pride—his own interminable pride—and the evening wore on until he had to leave for work.

Several days passed, and he looked for her boat on the lake. He tried to tell himself that it did not matter — she meant nothing to him — but somehow, the argument was not too convincing when he went over it. The days lacked something, and he became more and more aware that it was her visits that he missed. Most of all, he missed the girl herself. She had, without his knowing it, become a part of him and his life. Nothing was meaningful in his day without the cheery smile he was used to seeing along with the happy voice that he liked to hear.

Throwing pride to the wind and obeying his feelings, he dialed her number on his telephone. Might as well make the break clean, he thought, as to have it hang on and drag like this. After what seemed to him and unending session of ringing, she answered.

It did not take long to find out that he had been wrong in thinking she was hurt at his actions.

"I understood you were worried and had too much bothering you to be yourself. I knew I was out of place with you that night in the station, but I only wanted to help," she explained.

He started to tell her all the things he had thought she would be bitter and hurt about; to explain why he had acted as he had; to try to say some word of apology, but she interrupted him with a laugh:

"I think my motor is giving trouble again."

MORNING SPORT

(From page 4)

thought that you might want some of these."

"No, we don't need any."

They decided that they would use Adams' car. It was larger and a good bit older than theirs. A little mud or blood on the seats wouldn't matter.

After they had gone to three other houses and rounded up the other members of the party the sky was gray. There were only a few clouds in the sky and these were like thin feathers streaked in some unknown pattern. The water was calm. This had worried the hunters yesterday when a wind from the water had whipped up whitecaps in the harbor. Now the boats swung slowly on their chains in the inlet where they had come.

There were seven men in the party. Joe Stewart, the cripple was there. His body was bent over nearly double and across the ugly hump that was his back the strap to a hunting bag was hanging. Dave had known Joe for many years now. He remembered that he had been afraid of him when he was young. He had gradually gotten used to the idea that Joe was kindly and humorous despite his twisted body. The other men liked to have him around on these trips. He didn't shoot well. It was difficult to do with his question-mark body, but hunting was good when he was along.

Jim Cooper, who owned one of the boats that they were now pulling in to shore, was the postmaster on the island. He also had some sort of job in the city which Dave was not sure about. He was sober in contrast to the cripple. A handsome man with dark, strong features, he had been the subject of much talk by the natives of the island. He was a heavy drinker and did not worry about what he said or whom he offended when he was drinking. He and his wife had quarreled a great deal over this and they no longer lived together.

This morning he had offered his whiskey around before they got out of the cars. He drank a great deal now that he and his wife were separated. Dave was the only one to turn down the whiskey. He had learned not to drink with older men than him. He had tried it once and gotten drunk and they had joked about it for a long time.

The other two members of the party were busy getting the outboard motor on the largest boat. Dave had not known them very long. Only twice had they hunted together. They were friends of his father. One was thin and wore a bright red hunting hat. There was nothing outstanding about the other. He was just another member of the party. Dave hoped that he wouldn't be in the same boat

with him. The man looked dull and he had taken the drink from Cooper too quickly.

They had only one motor, so they tied the lightest boat which was made of canvas to the other and towed it until they got into the marsh.

Other hunters had gotten out before them. Every now and then there was a sound of a shotgun. It echoed across the marsh and sounded too loud for a shotgun. Dave watched the hunters in the distance. They were dark in the morning light. Every little while one of them would point his gun and aim into the reeds. There would be a little puff of white and the sound of the shot would come slowly to him.

They were drinking freely now. Another bottle had been offered. There was a spirit of friendship and jollity among the hunters as they neared the place where they had decided to hunt.

Marsh-hens are hunted from boats. They are stupid birds and when they are stirred up by the boats they fly a circle which brings them alongside the hunters boat. They are easily killed but still they fly in a circle, which makes them easy to kill.

Three men went in the canvas-bottom boat. When they had gone a few yards they stopped and aimed at some birds that sat on the water in front of them. The man in the front of the boat who was given first shot had a double-barreled shotgun. He took aim and pulled the trigger but nothing happened. He tried the safety to see if he had forgotten that but he hadn't. He aimed again and pulled the other trigger. Both barrels went off at the same time and all the men in the canvas-bottom boat were thrown to the bottom of the boat.

All the men laughed and the one who had fired stood up and sheepishly rubbed his shoulder.

"Maybe that'll teach you not to drink so damned fast." Cooper laughed as he shouted to the man in the canvas-bottom boat.

Dave, his father, Cooper, and Stewart, the cripple, were in the big boat. Adams and the other two men were in the other. After a while the two boats were a long way apart and they could not even shout to each other.

After an hour they had killed only six birds. They had had many chances but they were drinking a little too much to be interested in shooting birds and their aim wasn't too good now.

Dave had poled his father within only a few yards of five birds. He fired twice and the birds only rocked on the water. He unbreeched his gun, loaded and fired twice again, but the birds only were frightened and rose off the water and started making their circle. Cooper stood up in the back of the boat and fired three times and one of the birds dropped to the water in a little red circle.

Dave cursed as he poled the boat over to pick up the bird. He had known this would happen when they had drunk too much.

The cripple had four shots all morning but hit nothing. He didn't seem to mind. He laughed and was happy. The whiskey was good and it didn't make much difference if he had missed them all. He had no use for the birds anyway.

This went on for another half hour and Dave talked them into quitting. The tide was beginning to go out and the sun was getting brighter every minute.

Dave, his father, Cooper, and the cripple had killed twelve birds. Dave had killed seven of these. There were two empty boxes of shells on the bottom of the boat.

They saw the other boat across the marsh and shouted to them to meet at a large stream that led into the waterway.

The poling was getting hard now that the tide was going out and Dave moved to the middle of the boat to balance it and lighten the front. His father and Cooper were in the front and Stewart was behind him. Stewart sat with his gun cradled in his arms. Then he changed his position sothat the gun rested on its stock with the barrel pointing up. He was holding the gun along the trigger guard.

He was beginning to get a little sleepy in the hot sun. He dropped his head and dozed, half-asleep. His fingers slipped from the guard and dropped to the trigger. Dave was standing in front of him when the gun went off. The shot took the back of his head away and threw him to the front of the boat across his father's back.

He was not killed right away by the blast. He lay in the bottom of the boat in his father's arms while Cooper and the cripple tried to start the motor on the back of the boat. The motor caught but the blades hung on the reeds and stopped it. Dave lay in his father's arms in the bottom of the boat and cried softly. Before they could get the boat out of the marsh and into the waterway he was dead.

INCIDENTALLY

(From page 13)

etteville, N. C., came to church one Sunday morning and discovered their cornerstone missing. Seen anybody lugging a cornerstone around lately —the church offered a $50 reward for evidence leading to the culprit.

* * * * *

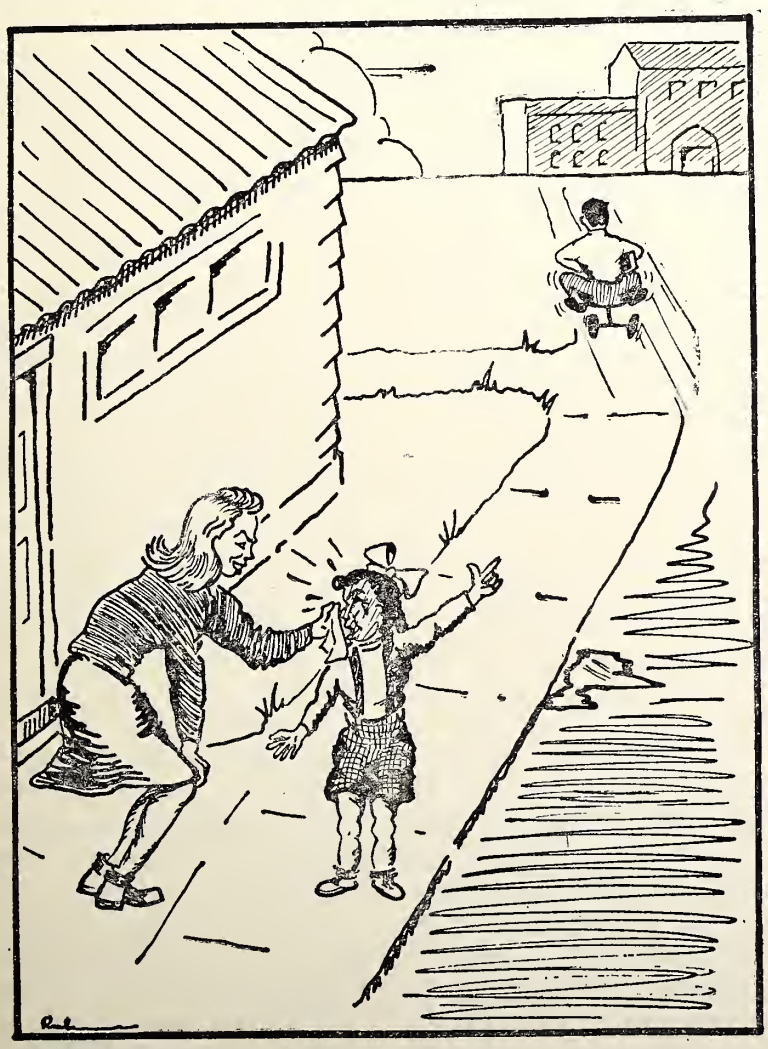
And speaking of missing property, we've heard by the grapevine that one of the residents of Greene Hall has been having a LITTLE trouble keeping up with his property. . . . Seems that said party has so many shingles hanging on the wall (we said wall, singular; he has them concentrated in one spot) of his room that he can't keep track of them. Shingles are the mark of a "man of distinction," and when you amass quite a few of them it's no LITTLE job keeping track of them.

THE STRIKE

—of the bus drivers of Carolina Scenice Stages brought to mind a story about a city bus driver in Cleveland, Ohio. The story has it that the driver was constantly plagued by two of his regular passengers who steadfastly refused to move to the rear of the coach when they boarded the bus each morning. One day last month he put a stop to the situation; right at the height of the morning rush hour, he pulled his bus to the curb, climbed out, and announced that he had taken enough. He was last seen heading for Florida.

WOFFORD AND CO-EDS

—has long been a topic which attracted much attention here at the school of the twin towers. The nurses who attend classes here in the fall, Senator Gall's features in the OG&B, and many other features cause the male population of the school to wonder if their Alma Mater will eventually be won over to admitting females in the regular fall and spring sessions. Men, we must face the facts, —it's entirely possible. You are aware no doubt that Davidson College has already begun to fall to the weaker sex: out of their 829 students enrolled at that Presbyterian school, 828 are males, and one is a female. It's easy to see how they operate—they move in one at a time. Oh, well, they do add a certain charm that the campus would not have otherwise.



"I know, dear, but Daddy's late for his class."

SPEAKING OF FEMALES

—have you heard about the experiment that was recently conducted at the Bronx Zoo in New York? The zoo had a five-year-old female gorilla and a three-year-old male gorilla who had never been introduced to each other, or for that matter, any other gorilla. When they were placed in the same cage, the female seemed quite anxious to strike up an acquaintance, but the male hid behind the zoo keeper. So you see the desire to "chase" is innate in the female.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

—is frequently the excuse for many of the misdeeds of youngsters, but we're sure that a mother out in Kentucky felt it wasn't quite sufficient when her 11-year-old son broke both her jaws while demonstrating a strangle hold he had seen on television. Who said television isn't dangerous?

MARCH 15,

—"income tax day," no doubt finds the Federal workers in the department of internal revenue with many amusing stories, but we know of one right here in South Carolina that will top most of them. The S. C. State Tax Commission has on file in Columbia the return of a South Carolina citizen whose total income tax for last year was 12 cents. He elected to pay it quarterly and the records show that he paid his three cents each quarter. Guess he just took the three cents by the Tax office every three months so as to save postage; a penny saved is a penny earned, said Franklin. Do you pay tax on savings?

Another chapter in the annals of this great world's history came to a close on March 5, 1953, with the demise of Josef Stalin. And simultaneously another chapter was begun as Georgi Malenkov took the reins of the Russian government. We knew little about the "Man of Steel"; we

know less about Malenkov. Russia has long been a mystery to us. It's an anxious world that is waiting to see what new will come from this "Wonderland."

A LITTLE LEARNING

—is a dangerous thing. The truth of that adage cannot be denied. The thought has occurred to us that MUCH LEARNING can also be a dangerous thing. Yale University's President, Whitney Griswold, in a recent address at the University of Georgia, said, "We are the best informed nation in the world, with the most primitive ideas of what to do with the knowledge." We'll close with that thought, because we feel it ought to set quite a few wheels to turning.

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THE BIG BREAK

(From page 15)

It seems that I'm to arrest you on a trumped-up tax-evasion charge.

Charles: How does he expect to get away with that one?

Boteler: In the process of being arrested you're supposed to drop dead from a heart attack—with a little help from the arresting officers, of course.

Charles: Well, that's interesting.

Boteler: You can see, Ned, what a spot that puts me in.

Charles: If we play our cards right we can turn this business to our own advantage. I think our friend Ian Steele has at last outsmarted himself.

Boteler: What do you want me to do?

Charles: N o t h i n g! Absolutely nothing. Go home and go to bed. I'm going to run the story of tonight's little incident, together with the rest of the expose. By tomorrow morning Ian Steele won't have enough influence in this state to get free air at a gas station.

SCENE 5. (Noon, Steele's office.)

Steele: Send Mr. Forbes in. (Enter Forbes.)

Steele. Good morning, Mr. Forbes. What can I do for you? Won't you sit down?

Forbes: Thanks, Mr. Steele. I'll stand. I presume you've seen this morning's issue of the *Clarion*.

Steele: Yes, a filthy pack of lies. I intend to sue Charles for everything he's got.

Forbes: Be that as it may, Steele, the party can't afford to take chances. Bad publicity could ruin us, especially at this particular time, with the opposition crying for reform even before Old Jim is cold in his grave. As chairman of the state committee, I've come here to ask you to withdraw from the race. The disclosures in the *Clarion* were shocking even to me. Three million dollars! How could you and Talbot have been so stupid!

Steele: They can't prove anything if we just sit tight ——

Forbes: That's no good. Public opinion has forced Macklin in his capacity as acting governor of the state to subpoena the treasury books. The accountants are going over them right this very minute with a fine-tooth comb. The jig's up. You've got to withdraw your name from the race, for the good of the party.

Steele: So I'm to be a sacrifice for the good of the party, eh! No, thanks. My name's before the convention and it's going to stay there until I'm nominated.

Forbes: As things stand now, Steele, you haven't a ghost of a chance of getting the nomination. If the convention were to meet tomorrow, you wouldn't get two votes on the first ballot. And you know it. Your best bet is to quit now and save yourself and the party a lot of grief.

Steele: I don't know what to do, Forbes. I'll think about it.

Forbes: I'm sorry, Steele. (Exit Forbes, enter Boteler.)

Steele. You damn fool! You've hung us both. Get out of here. You have ruined my life and smashed my career. Aren't you satisfied?

Boteler: Even a man like me, crook that I am, has a conscience, Senator. I'm about to resign the office I betrayed, but before I do there is one more official act I am authorized to perform. Ian Steele, I arrest you in the name of the people of this state. You are charged with embezzlement of state funds and complicity in the wilful murder of one Horace Wigley, editor and publisher of the *Provincetown Journal*. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used against you. Come with me, please.

Steele: All right, let's go. (To himself) I'm sorry, Jim, I failed you. I just didn't have it.

Boteler: Were you talking to me?

Steele: No, just talking to myself.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

(From page 7)

everyone and sang with the records. He asked them to keep the bottle out of sight. It was New Year's but keep the bottle out of sight.

They talked and then it was twelve o'clock. The one who looked like a wrestler played "Auld Lang Syne" on the juke box. Everyone wished everyone a Happy New Year. One couple kissed and they all had a few drinks. It was a new year. The large one played "Auld Lang Syne" again. They didn't wish each other Happy New Year this time. Nick wondered where he would be this time next year. He wondered where they would all be next year. Jim wondered where she was and cursed himself for taking her home.

It was time to go. Nick picked up the bottle. They wished everyone a Happy New Year. When they had driven a few blocks Jim remembered that he had left a glass. It was one of his mother's. They turned around in the middle of the road and went back. They almost hit a tree when they turned. It didn't make any difference. They hadn't and everybody was feeling good. They got the glass and wished everyone a Happy New Year.

The ride to the city didn't take long. No one said very much. They were happy. Everyone was happy at this time of year.

They took the girls in and thanked them for the evening. The girls thanked them for the evening. Jim almost forgot Nancy's last name again. He remembered this time. They went back to Nick's for a few more drinks. Nick was wondering if he could get drunk and how it would feel if he did. He had been downing a few drinks all night. He didn't feel drunk now. He felt good. But he didn't feel drunk.

They talked and had a few drinks.

"Do you remember that time when we had to memorize some sort of poem when we were seniors in high school?" That was a long time ago. "You memorized 'Gunga Din.' Only you thought it was pronounced 'din' and Father Quinn said no that it was 'deen.' Damn, what a day that was. Every time you said 'din' he'd stop you and make you say 'deen.' "

"Lord, yes. I thought I would never get through. I never did pronounce it right."

"Those were the days."

They had a few more drinks. There wasn't much left in the bottle. It wouldn't taste the same in the morning.

"You know, I don't think that I can get drunk. At least not tonight. I've been drinking this stuff all night and I don't feel drunk. I feel good but I don't feel drunk."

"Do you know 'Dangerous Dan McGee'?"

"If you know it go ahead."

He ran through five lines and stopped. "Hell, I can't remember what comes next."

"That's okay. It doesn't make any difference anyway."

"I'd better be going. It's late isn't it?"

"I don't think you'd better try driving home tonight. Not with the new car. Why don't you stay here?".

"Maybe I'd better."

"You can call your folks first thing in the morning."

"I guess you're right."

The bedroom was cold. They talked as they undressed. It was mostly words. It was getting late and it had been a long day. This was a new year.

"I guess you're wondering what happened to her." They had lain there for some time in the dark.

"Yes, but don't talk about it unless you want to."

"It's all right. I picked her up. It was the first time I'd seen her in a long time. You know that. You know how hard I tried to forget her. She told me tonight that she dated some boy at home a lot after the last time we broke up. I don't remember what his name was. She said that one night she gave in to him."

"You don't have to tell me this."

"It's all right. I told her that if she did that she loved him more than she did me. She said no. I told her that if she loved me she'd let me.

(Continued on page 26)

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NEW YEAR'S EVE

(From page 25)

If she could give in to that bastard and not me, she didn't love me. She wouldn't so I took her home. I hope I never see her again."

Nick lay there in the dark and said nothing. He would have said something but he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Are you awake, Nick?"

"Yes."

"Goodnight."

The Stranger's Voice

(From page 9)

He didn't say anything but was wondering if they could clean up that pool he had left in the car on the way to the doctor.

"That sure was quick action on the part of Dr. North," again he was thinking. "He knows his business all right. It gave me a strange feeling when he said that he could either trim the bone and sew it up like it was, or he could sew the cut-off part back on and take the chance of its staying. I guess I prayed the fastest prayer of my life right then while he was cleaning it. Thank you, Lord, for letting him put it back. That was the first part of the prayer. Now if it will just grow back."

The front door, opening, interrupted his thought and he heard his mother's voice and buried his head in the pillow—wondering.

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BOOKS

(From page 12)

liant writing, clever interplay of psychology and philosophy and an irony which is shocking to the uninitiated.

"Strangers and Afraid" contains faint echoes of both Faulkner and Styron and more audible ones of Wolfe. Using the vague outlines established by his predecessors Sterling builds upon them with originality and brilliance. At times the originality is so extreme as to produce confusion.

The characters of this work are drawn in such a way as to indicate that Sterling is a firm believer in individuality and in the need for one to remain an individual and not a member of collective type. Each is unable to bridge the gap between himself and others and to the end they remain essentially strangers.

Lyle Bishop is unable to build more than a partial bridge across the gap which separates him from his wife, Mamie. He is head of the League for the Right to Freedom, and begins to sense that justice and freedom are elusive qualities which exist only in the abstract. He is afraid that his love for Mamie is something he has thought himself into and that his values will not be permanent ones.

He is brought into contact with Maccabee David, a fugitive Negro, whose life has taught him the need for caution and pride. Maccabee is afraid that whatever security he may find will be only temporary.

Mamie is more bewildered than afraid. She fails to understand either her desires or her reactions.

Around these characters the novel is built. There are others, equally individual—Irene, who seeks the transitory love and consolation of strangers; Timmy, whose ability to pretend fails him when he most needs it; Yolende, who finds in Maccabee the satisfaction of her mental and physical appetite. All are individuals and, above all, strangers and afraid.

Maccabee's story is told through a first person singular narrative; Lyle's through the eyes of the author omniscient. The alternate devices are sometimes annoying, and when the story is attributed entirely to Maccabee at the conclusion, the work loses its unity.

Sterling is to be congratulated for his treatment of sex. In such an atmosphere as pervades this work one would expect a rather depressing view of sex. Sterling handles it with skill and excellent taste. It is properly subordinated to the themes.

It is unlikely that this work will find a large reading audience, for this school has not yet met with wide public reception. Even so, among those who are interested in a worthwhile and serious American literary tradition, this work should be regarded as a highly significant contribution.

It has its flaws—though they be minor ones—yet remains brilliant and sincere. If nothing more, it is an impressive *tour de force*.

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The Journal

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DEDICATED

to the

SENIORS

What do I know?

—Montaigne

EDITORIAL

THE RESULTS of a survey on the *Journal* appeared several weeks ago in the *Old Gold and Black*. This survey was conducted by "Senator" Gall. Assuming that the sample was representative, some of the information obtained was encouraging and some was not. I want to deal chiefly with the suggestions and criticisms that this survey reported.

Admittedly, lack of variety and a limited number of writers is a problem. Yet, this in a sense, reflects back to the students themselves, since they are the producers of material. It seems that only a relatively small number are willing to put out the necessary time and effort. And naturally, a smaller number results in less variety. Then, too, most people attempt to write stories or poetry.

However, after looking at the literary publications of larger colleges, it is my opinion that the Wofford student body is comparatively productive. We probably produce as much as many of these schools do. (I make no statement concerning quality.) Making a very crude estimate I would say that all five issues of the *Journal* add up to a hundred thousand words.

Expense prohibits illustrations.The same factor prevents more use of color. Cartoons we have used sparingly. The question of jokes is an old one. They have been used in the past, but this editor feels that they are in conflict with the purpose of the magazine. I think the present purpose justifies the expense, but a humor magazine merely for readability and enjoyment would not. The college newspaper is a better medium for this. Why not satire if we must have humor?

This leads to the last comment; namely, that the *Journal* is "highbrow." This contention I view with mixed feelings. Is it? Should it be? The answer seems to be that it should not. I hope this is not the case.

* * * * *

HAVING been accused of cynicism once or twice in the past, perhaps I can take this opportunity for justification or explanation. Cynicism probably reflects the transformation from childhood idealism to adulthood realism. Some of these childish ideals one parts with reluctantly. But now one can happily say that there are the finer things. Look about you.

Our society is competitive and aggressive, but supposedly Christian. One sees people who study ethics and religion, but only *study* them. There is justice, of course, but then there are idiots and invalids. Or perhaps "Justice is a human invention." One watches with amusement the expression of pain or sympathy that an individual attempts to place on his countenance when he is told of someone's misfortune; an expression with no emotional component at all.

But then one should never be cynical. Money, the material, does not matter. It is merely required. One can always admire the girl, beautiful and provocative, who parts her red lips slightly, and then laughingly turns and places her head on your shoulder expertly, brushing her hair against your cheek as she does so. Yes, there are finer things. Everyone is liberal and broad-minded in his thinking and actions. This is especially true of those who have been educated. Black is white, white is black, and then there is a third color, though invisible, that is both these. It is really very simple, so they tell me, but I get a little confused sometimes.

Yes, there are finer things. Discussion groups are organized for certain questions, and then on one that is a bit difficult we conclude that we are unable to arrive at conclusions in the first place because of mental limitations. Wonders are often performed in mysterious ways, you know.

Yes, literature, folklore, and religions are projective systems; love is a projection of secondary narcissism; emphasis on romantic love is often partially an attempt to resolve the paradox in our society, and truth is relative.

But then there are finer things, and anyone who reads this will, of course, be broad-minded and tolerant, not taking this seriously, and realize that one must grow up. So enough of this introspection, and since "social acceptability is the pay-off in our society" then "We should cultivate our gardens . . . (in) this best of all possible worlds."

* * * * *

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1953, there appears an article entitled "Who Wants Progressive Education?" It is written by a Dewey critic, Albert Lynd. The interesting thing is that Mr. Lynd feels that a clear delineation of John Dewey's philosophy would be sufficient to make the mass of parents reject it. He does not say that he disbelieves it. Accordingly, he outlines Dewey's philosophy in the following points. Keep in mind that he is a critic of Dewey, and I am not familiar enough with Dewey's philosophy to say that he is or is not being objective. The points are:

There are no eternal truths.

There is no mind or "soul" in the traditional sense.

Democracy is a moral value.

Pragmatism justifies Progressive Education.

HOLY, WHOLLY HOLY

Tell Mary, tell Martha, and please tell the Blind
(Who, groping in middle-class bars, seek the Truth)
To drop by at five when, the novice will find,
Each cup runneth over with gin and vermouth.

Maria, our parish's Priestess-at-large,
Dispatches Philistines with forms that are free;
Her paintings are Braque—don't mention Lafarge—
And Steinberg's sweet wife, who's *le dernier cri*.

Maria's position as local High Priest
Is justified by her unfailing good taste.
The new books are mentioned; the best and the least
Are analyzed, criticized, sized up, laid waste.

"The Gospel according to Gide and, I guess,
Epistles by Proust are *passe*, dear, and yet
One *has* to read . . ." "All modern poetry's a mess:
Spell 'T. Eliot' backwards and what do you get?"

"When content and form have become synonyms,
The painter, who tends to the musical state,
Will find himself pure and demand our loud hymns . . .
Our chants and our incense will make that one great."

The works of each artist are prayed over: "His
Poor still life reminds one of fragrant manure . . ."
Our attitude (now a beatitude) is
"Oh, blessed those who have taste that is pure."

So, please bring out Martha, and please tell the Blind
(Who, groping in middle-class bars, seek escape)
To drop by at five when, the novice will find,
He's purified by Holy Writ and the Grape.

PRAYER

Lord bless us, Lord keep us, and, Dear Lord, please call
New lambs to the fold; we await the day when
We meet at The Concert. Now, Lord, keep us all
Exotic, carotic, chaotic. Amen.

—J. L. Thompson

SHRIMPBOAT MAN

John Cottingham

Oscar Johnson stood leaning over the side of a small shrimp vessel as it made its way slowly into port after a day's work. It was late afternoon and it was cold. The spray that hit his face every now and then left it feeling dead but yet somehow strangely alive.

Oscar was tired and the day's work showed clearly in the lines of his face. When they had left that morning the sun had not come up. Now the sky was a mixture of light shades of pink and blue. Thin clouds were scudding across the horizon like sheep without a shepherd.

The dirty cap which he wore marked him as a shrimp-boat man. The imitation leather brim was cracked and what had once been brass ornamentation was green and broken. For a jacket he wore a brown worsted coat. Three years ago he had worn it only when he went to church and other special occasions. The collar was turned up in an attempt to keep the cold wind out and his body heat in. Underneath the coat was a black turtle-neck sweater of Navy issue. Knee boots and a pair of wash-worn dungarees completed his dress.

He leaned over the side and shivered as he watched the city come into view. It was gray in the distance and all the buildings converged into a solid mass. As the boat entered the inner harbor the solid mass separated into distinct outlines and the trees and buildings took on individual appearances.

They were coming in on an incoming tide and the little boat was having an easy time of it. The sea was calm and only an occasional white-cap broke the stillness of the dark green water. Now they were beginning to pick up the gulls. They followed in the narrow wake left by the shrimping boat. Every now and then one would break off from the group and dive into the white water. A jerk of the body as they rose would show whether or not they were successful.

There were several large ships in the harbor anchored out in open water. Lights were already beginning to appear. On one of them a sailor came out of a cabin and threw something overboard. The sky was gray and most of the pink and blue had faded into one corner where the sun had not completely disappeared.

They were maneuvering into the dock now and there was a Negro standing near the edge to catch the hawser that Oscar was preparing to throw. Suddenly they hit the dock and the pilings groaned under the impact. As Oscar lurched forward he threw the hawser and cursed the man behind the wheel in the cabin. He cursed again as the Negro missed the heavy rope and it fell into the black water. He was still cursing when the boat was made fast. His hands were cold and numb from the icy water.

Three hours later they had finished with the unloading. The catch had been large and the man behind the wheel was anxious to get it on ice before the shrimp spoiled. They had worked silently and quickly and it had been finished without incident.

As Oscar walked down the streets the smell of the sea was strong about him. The fog had come in from the sea while they were unloading and it made the streetlights dim. The spider web of light thrown out from them was yellow and the light was weak. He turned from the dock into a side alley and the fog on the cobble stones made them shine in the yellow light. Two dogs and a cat had turned over several trash cans and were hurriedly hunting through them. Whenever the cat came too close to the dogs they would turn on it and snarl. The cat would respect them for a while but would forget and then the dogs would snap at it. Oscar watched this for a while and then threw a can at the dogs and the cat and they ran through a hole in the fence.

He walked for several more blocks and then turned into a brightly lighted cafe. It was below the street level. There was no anteroom and after three steps and through a half-closed door Oscar entered the smelly, smoke-filled room that served as a dining room. It wasn't hard to find a table. There were five empty ones in the center of the room and three or four booths along the wall at the far side.

He decided on a booth. He could watch from there and the others could not see him. When he sat in the middle of a room he knew how an animal in a zoo must have felt. And also he was dirty and unshaven.

The owner of the cafe was a huge Greek. He had shiny black hair and smelled of perspiration. His face was puffed and yellow. It looked as though it had been soaked in grease. Oscar thought that it would fry easily. The same torn and colored apron had been tied around his colossal midsection for at least a week. As he made his way to the booth he turned sideways to get between two tables. It was still close. The woman he brushed looked over her shoulder at him. He wiped his hands on the apron as he stopped in front of the booth.

"Well, boy, what'll you have tonight?"

"I don't know. What's good?" He had had two dry sandwiches and cold

(Continued on page 22)

A KISS IS NOT A KISS IS NOT A KISS

Chris Norris

There was no goodnight kiss. Why? Why? Of all girls, why didn't I kiss this one goodnight. These modern times, when kissing is so matter of fact, so common, so meaningless, so forced, so disgustingly necessary—when you kiss every girl you date—when kissing is about all you do on a date since conversation went out of style. And now, why sit brooding about it; trying to remember every detail, every word, every movement, every touch, every encouragement.

Yet with this girl I hesitated. There I stood speechless—I could have quoted Shakespeare, Rostand, Shelley, Quest, Metcalfe, anybody; but this silver tongued orator with the gift of gab couldn't even say, "How 'bout a kiss, babe?"

Perhaps you know what I'm talking about. You stand there in her doorway. She looks up at you with big brown eyes under long lashes. Her red lips are so full; and lightly parted. But neither eyes nor lips give a hint of her feelings. Her look is so frank, and simple, and unreserved, and unvarnished, and warm. Yet there is also something aloof and unapproachable. There is no invitation—yet nothing to say. *Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa.*

"I had a wonderful time," she says. "Oh, yes, yes. I did, too; we must go again soon," you reply. You lift your hand to her arm. She lowers her eyes. She doesn't answer. She doesn't move. O God, for some encouragement—for some reaction—does she even know you have touched her? But why need of encouragement now? It was never needed before. How easy it would be to raise her chin with a touch of a finger. Only you don't move—you don't speak. Say something, you fool, anything.

"It was a good show, wasn't it?" you say. Oh, my God! Be quiet if you can do no better than that. Slowly she looks up. "Yes," she says. She is smiling. Your lips turn dry and your heart begins pounding and pounding. She lowers her eyes. Why don't you go ahead and kiss her? But if she kissed, would it be because she wanted to, or would she kiss as a matter of form, to pay for the evening's entertainment, to save you from embarrassment, so that you won't think she is "slow"—or because she wants to. *Pale cast of thoughts.*

"You will come to the dance," she says. "Oh, yes, yes, of course," you reply. She moves further through the doorway. Your hand drops from her arm. "Well, I will see you then." She looks up. Now, now, you fool! You move forward, but she slides into the house.

"Goodnight." "Goodnight." The door is shut. "No, no, wait, we must kiss goodnight." The words catch in your throat—she doesn't hear.

You stand there a second, then walk off; you think of all the things you should have said, all the things you had planned to say, all you wanted to say. Mechanically you get in the car, light a cigarette, and drive away. You circle the block. Her lights are already off. She's asleep. How empty you feel. Was she only being coquettish, or did she grow impatient? Is she disappointed because she wasn't kissed goodnight? Or is she thinking what an awkward stupid fool you are? You wonder. She must think you're a fool—how right she is!

It was a wonderful evening, but why didn't I kiss her goodnight?

HIGHER EDUCATION —THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Reed Upton

A NEW concept of education has been making alarming inroads into the heretofore staid and solid precepts of higher learning in this country. I am referring to the experiments which began about two decades ago at St. John's in Maryland, the University of Chicago, and at Columbia University in New York. At these schools, the authorities decided to treat students (this included freshmen and sophomores) as adults, capable of adopting adult responsibility and deciding for themselves at what pace their education should proceed. This seems like a disastrous move. It was begun with the best of intentions—I think most people will agree that this educational system was not a deliberate attempt to undermine the scholastic standards of the country. However, I have heard that it is certainly doomed to dismal failure. But, if we can derive some good from this plan for the next thousand years (before it fails utterly), could we not be excused for our selfishness and lack of foresight in adopting it for this brief span?

Let us examine one of these schools in order to ascertain what features of this system are repugnant and why they are censured.

In 1931, the administration at the University of Chicago forsook the sane and sensible practice (which, thank goodness, remains in most of our schools) of teaching undergraduates how to earn a living for their future families. The removal of crafts and trades from the curriculum provoked much criticism. The school, through its president (Robert M. Hutchins), justified this move by contending that teaching a man a trade was the function of a business or organization for which he decides to work. Now, you and I can see how ridiculous this contention is. Imagine a Plautus who had not received the proper training in the playwright classes of his day! To avoid using isolated examples, try to fancy a John D. Rockefeller without a degree in business administration and a course in personnel management! "Impossible," you say. And I admit that it requires a far stretch of the imagination. Are these isolated examples? Where would biology have been today if Charles Darwin had not been diligent in his study of the sciences at Cambridge? These are not all. There is Shakespeare, Whitman, Ford and so forth without end. Now, after so many examples, isn't it reasonable to assume that the educational upstarts were mistaken in their presumption.

The elimination of courses preparing boys for their task of making a living was only one of the changes embraced in this new, superior method of education. They also devised a system for study which would allow the student to finish in one or ten years or with any intermediate period of time to be determined by the student's desires and capabilities. Too, the incoming freshman was given a syllabus outlining the entire course of study for the first two years and —this will amaze you—a copy of the final examination, word for word, which he would be expected to pass —the next day, if he were willing to take it then. Guess what the young student is then told to do. He is advised to use the syllabus for a guide and to learn the material for himself. If he has any difficulty, he may call on the professor for clarification. Regular classes? If the students elect to attend a class, it will be held every week or every two weeks. Attendance at these classes—not mandatory but elective. I ask, with all sincerity, how could anyone get for himself an education under circumstances like those? There is no compulsion and the absence of "pop quizzes" will certainly undermine the dependence of the students. They will not study. They will merely loaf and waste their time and money. They need more protection than a system like this affords.

This innovation also eliminated the system of building credits toward a degree. And the system of grading was changed to read "passed" or "failed." If there are no "A's" or "B's" to work for, then why try to learn the material at all. Oh, I'll admit that there are some few who are interested to the dgree that they will study anyway, but what can association with these few lead to except warped and twisted after-lives?

Another disadvantage of the system at Chicago is—if these policies were adopted everywhere—men and women would have nothing to talk about. They would have followed the same pattern of learning, they would have a common background fund of knowledge. The graduates of the University of Chicago have a familiarity with Shakespeare, Milton, Plato, Aristotle, Galileo, Harvey and so on to the end of the list. Some of the students are awarded degrees and, surprisingly enough, after very short periods. Some of the graduates, I have heard, begin their graduate and professional training at the ages commonly associated with freshmen and sophomores. It might be to the advantage of the culture to turn out twenty-two and twenty-three year old doctors. Mr. Hutchins contends that this will allow them a longer life of research and (or) experience.

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BROKEN VOICES

John Cottingham

Toward the end of summer the nights are pleasant. The days are still hot but every now and then there is a chill in the evening and everyone thinks that it will only be a short time and it will be winter. And the next day is hotter than ever and everyone complains of how hot the summer has been and winter is forgotten.

It was a night like this that Nick was sitting with his girl. They sat on the porch three stories up from the street and talked of what had happened that day and of what would happen the next. They talked of the past and they wished for the future.

They spent much of their time thinking and dreaming for the future. They planned and talked of these plans. Time passed quickly when they did this and their hopes and dreams made them feel closer.

In the room behind them, Jean and her husband, George, were talking as they got ready for bed. The two of them and their young daughter rented the room at the front of the house from Nick's girl's mother. They were young and remembered how Nick and his girl felt. When they remembered to think about it they pulled the blinds to their window. This cut down the light on the porch. They remembered how it was to be young and hopeful.

Now there was a child that had to be cared for and put before their pleasure. Not that they didn't love the child. George still managed to have a little pleasure. Jean didn't mind this until the pleasure carried over into other fields. They argued quite a bit now but they still remembered what it was to be young and hopeful.

The street below was dark and light from the street light that hung from wire that ran across the street made shadows and the shadows caused the trees and bushes to look larger and shaped differently. Every now and then a breeze came up and the street light swung and the shadows moved and returned.

A shout came from down the street. Another shout and running. The voices were Negro. One was angry and cursed. The other was hurt and pleaded. One voice stumbled and fell as they came under the light of the street light. It stumbled and fell into the gutter and lay there begging the other to stop. But the other did not stop. It kicked and the sound was hollow as it struck ribs.

Nick and his girl were standing a little back from the rail of the porch. Nick watched the scene below but his girl hid her face on his chest and pressed close to him.

George and Jean came out and stood beside Nick and his girl. He was in his shirt sleeves and she had on a house coat. There was make-up on her face.

The voice that was hard and brutal kicked again and cursed the one that asked it not to. The voice that cried rolled in the gutter and tried to rise to run. But the other beat him down and kicked.

Nick looked at this and tried to turn away. His girl sobbed and begged for the brutal voice to leave the other alone. George smiled and moved nearer to the rail. His wife asked him to make the hard voice stop, but he moved nearer to the rail and smiled.

The voice that cursed shouted at the other and kicked again. There was no sound and he kicked again. The voice that had been pleading writhed in the gutter and moaned brokenly. There was a dark splotch of liquid near his head. It colored his clothes and made them more like the shadows. One arm was flung over the face so that Nick couldn't see it but he knew what it looked like. The other lay helpless at an odd angle by his side.

Another kick, an obscene word, and the pleading voice was quiet and lay face down across the stone curbing. The hard voice spit and walked away into the shadows.

Nick thought of this for many nights after the lights were out and he should have been asleep.

THE SUNSHINE THAT ALWAYS WARMED

A CHARACTER SKETCH

David Byrd

AUNTIE was to us something sent from heaven to watch over us when we were in trouble. My memories of her are as vivid as if my mind had clicked a photograph and filed it away in the back of my head. She was a thin little old woman. Her clothes hung loosely about her frail figure and she always wore an ample supply of them, regardless of the weather. They kept her warm in the winter and they kept the heat from getting to her in the summer, she always said when asked why she wore so many.

Our birthdays were never forgotten by Auntie. Sometimes it was just a small cookie that she baked herself and then it might be something she had bought. And we never forgot Auntie's birthday, either. That day to us was big as the Fourth of July or Christmas. We proudly paraded across the branch with our gifts to Auntie's house. Auntie always smiled and said, "Dat's my chillun. Dey neber fergits ole Auntie." And then she would give each of us a big hug and send us scurrying to the kitchen where we were sure to find a treat waiting for us on the table.

Advice from Auntie was never to be forgotten. One day I did not answer my mother's call and when she found me, she was going to scold me, but Auntie, who was standing by, said, "Let me talk with him, Missus." With this, Mother left us.

"Son, yo' mammy is de only mammy you is gwine to have on dis earth and when she is done gone to de great home up in heav'n, you ain't gwine to have no one to fix yo' clothes and tend to you. Now you know dat de good Book say you must mind yo' mammy, so from now on I wants you to do dat. Do you hear me, Sonny?"

When Christmas came, we joyed with the presents Santa left us at home, but a greater thrill was yet to come. Mother put on our warmest clothes and off we went to Auntie's! It was one of those things that we always took for granted. And all of Auntie's children were grown and left her, so why shouldn't Santa come to us at Auntie's? Maybe the presents were not quite as nice, but we enjoyed the smile upon her face as we opened each one of them. She in turn received presents from us, too. My favorite gift to her was snuff. I always wanted to taste it, but Auntie said it was not for little boys.

A trip to Auntie's was never in vain, as we always left with our pockets full of apples, nuts, or candy. Her plum trees were never touched by anyone but "her chillun," and each year we were the ones to taste the delicious flavor of the red, orange, and yellow ones. And then when we were satisfied, we would pick some for Auntie to cook.

When Auntie was laboring in the fields, on hot, dry days, I would take her a cool drink of water.

"Bless you, Sonny. Le's see effun I ain't got a piece of candy here in my pocket," Auntie said, as she pulled out a sucker or gum drop wrapped carefully in a napkin.

When mumps, chicken pox and measles afflicted us, it was Auntie who sat by us. She pulled the rocking chair in front of the fire and sang us to sleep. Sometimes she told us stories, but she always managed to make us forget our aches and pains.

Auntie was very religious and attended her church services every Sunday. She would always stop by our house to make sure that Mother had us ready to attend our church.

We always liked to hear Auntie talk about "de great White Way" and that some day she would see her "Lawd up in de promised lan'." When Auntie left us, she silently went in her sleep. It was as if all our sunshine had ceased, but we remembered her words before she died. "I'se spent a long time on dis here earth and some day I'se gwine to go up in de great White Way where dere will be peace and rest fo' me. And I wants you chillun to follow de good Book and meet yo' ole Auntie up dere some day." And Auntie found her peace and rest. That . . . we are sure of.

THE CLIMB

Bill Cannon

The gay, lighted atmosphere of the gilded room filled with the usual group of party-goers resounded with the tinkle of glasses and the hollow, hushed conversation broken by harsh outbreaks of forced laughter. Stiff-looking individuals in tuxedos mingled with the frilly evening dresses that the women possessed. Some of those frilly dresses failed to do the covering intended by their designers, but then, few of the modern designs would pass the scrutiny of the older people.

How had he gotten into this disgusting mess? Jake was the easy-going fellow who felt better in a pair of greasy work pants than he did in this helacious rabble of faces with their quick, false smiles. He had been brought to this because his wife, Jenny, had wanted to be seen in the right crowd. She always wanted to be in the elite groups, but he wondered if this group of tittering inebriated was the "right crowd." Only this past afternoon, he had turned down an offer to make a business trip that would have enabled him to do his job better, just so he could bring her to this party. It was always that way. He had to give up things he wanted for her whims, and he had to arrange his work to suit her plans. Only once had he had his way. He had gotten his way when they decided to move to the new town away from all their old friends. He had wanted to leave, and she had, of course, wanted to stay. The fight had ceased when he told her she could go with him, or he would go without her.

They had been married two years; short years to him in a way—long in another. They started off all right. Then the strain had started. Nothing was right. Everything went wrong at the wrong times. And now, here he was at a party in order to satisfy her and prevent a scene.

Rain fell outside, and the night was steadily becoming worse. It was a long, hard trip back across the mountain to their home. A perfect excuse to get away from this incessant prattle of nonsensical conversation—a chance to go home, if it could be called that.

Easing through the crowd, he found Jenny talking with a matronly looking woman who was noticeably annoyed at his appearing while they were busy talking.

"Excuse me, Jenny, but could I speak to you a minute," whispered Jake.

"Sure, I guess so."

"I think we'd better get on the way home. The storm is getting worse, and the road over the mountain is bad when the rain and fog close in. It's a long way to that gap, and you know how crooked the road is."

It sounded as if he were trying to convince himself, and she did not look too pleased.

"But the party . . ."

"Jenny, please — I think I know best."

"Oh, well, let me get my coat from the room."

They passed through the crowd and out to the porch of the Country Club. Jake ran for the car and came under the portico and opened the door for Jenny. She climbed sullenly into the car, and slammed the door. The car eased into gear and out into the highway. Still, she said nothing. Silence prevailed for the first few miles of the climb on the lower easy graded levels of the highway. The rain fell slowly and lazily across the shafts of light made by the headlights. The motor hummed and droned steadily on. Rivulets creased the drops of water on the side windows of the car. The dampness permeated into the car, and Jenny dropped the attitude she had and moved over closer to Jake, more for warmth than anything else.

"Jake, why do we always end up in a fight?"

No sound came from him, and his features were outlined as stony and grim by the dash lights. On and on he drove and still no answer from him. She came even closer, and asked him again, but no reply.

Inside Jake's head thoughts whirled around—thoughts that he should not be thinking at all—thoughts that any married man for two years should not be thinking. He remembered his college years when he had been a guy around the campus and had been very popular. There were dates upon dates, and then after school he and his uncle settled their account with a couple of years. Finally, Jenny had come along, and they had hit it off well together —too well. Before he had time to slow down and think what was going on, they were saying "I do"—so long ago.

The rain started slanting across the lights at a greater angle as the wind increased. Higher and higher they climbed, and still silence. Twisting, turning, dipping, crossing bridges—the lights stabbed into the night. Determined that he would not be drawn into anything this time, Jake sat stoically, meticulously snatching at the steering wheel.

Once again she tried to get him to talk to her.

"Jake, please, for the love of heaven, say at least one word to me. I'm not dead, you know."

"Jenny, what do you want me to say? I have said it all over and over

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FOUR FISH

John Collingham

THE LITTLE gray boat pulled slowly against its anchor and made a lazy half-circle in the dark green water. Across the river on both sides the mud flats baked in the sun and the tall, thin reeds sounded like paper whenever the warm breeze came in from the ocean. The sea was two miles away, and when the morning was still the low murmur of the surf could be heard. The tide had started to change and the slight sound of the current hitting the underside of the boat caused the boy who sat cross-legged on the middle thwart to nod.

An hour ago he had rowed to this spot where the river widened and turned to the ocean and had thrown out the concrete block that served as anchor. He had caught only three small fish in that time, two whiting and a blackfish, and those within the first few minutes. He had put the fish in a wet sack and had thrown the sack under the thwart in the boat. But the sun had dried the sack and one of the fish had made its way out of the sack into the sun. That was half an hour ago and there had been no fish since then and the fish that lay in the sun was silver-white and beginning to curl in the heat.

A tattered straw hat was pulled low over the boy's face. The hat had several holes in the top and cast a deep shadow over his features. He wore a pair of washed-out blue jeans and a gray work shirt open at the neck. The first two buttons on the shirt were missing and there was a tear down the middle of the pocket. The boy wore no shoes. He had to walk across the mud flats from the dock to the boat and there was a thin, dried circle of gray mud around each ankle.

The sun glistened on the dried grit of the salt on the upper surfaces of the little boat. There was a pool of greasy water in the bottom of the boat, and a tiny crab floated beneath the surface. The boy came back from his sleep and looked across the river. Waves of heat rose from the water and the outline of the shore in the distance wavered. A white house sat on the highest bluff under four large pine trees. The boy thought of how cool it must be on the porch. And he wondered why he was not there rather than here in the middle of the river in the hot sun.

This was not the time to fish. Fish seldom bite on an out-going tide and now the tide was low. In an hour the tide would be right for fishing but now he was wasting his time. There had been nothing to do around the house and he had decided to go out on the river with a line to pass the time. He had the three fish, but unless he caught more he would throw them away

The line jerked suddenly in his hand and raced off to the right, and the boy began to pull it into the boat. But before he could see the fish the pressure on the line relaxed and the line sank again in the dark water. The boy pulled the line in and re-baited the hooks and threw it over the side and pushed his hat back on his head and spat.

Another hour and there were no more fish in the sack under the thwart in the front of the boat and the fish that lay in the sun was curled up in a tight little knot. The boy leaned from his seat and picked up the fish and threw it overboard. It hit the water but sank only a little beneath the surface and floated slowly off with the current.

The sun was almost directly overhead and the tide was beginning to move swiftly in from the ocean. The boy decided that he had had enough of the fishing and pulled in his line and wrapped it at angles around the piece of stick that was tied to the end of the heavy cord. He came to the end of the line and stuck the hooks into the cord and threw the line under the front thwart on top of the sack. He stood up and stretched and moved to take in his anchor. After pulling in a few feet of the rope he changed his mind and let it fall quickly back into the water.

He reached under the front thwart again and took the other two fish out of the sack and threw them over the side. Then he moved to the rear of the boat and took off his shirt and pants. After he had folded the clothes he placed them carefully on top of the rear thwart and slipped into the water. The water was cold on his body after the sun and he shivered until he had swum around for a few minutes.

The boat swung on its anchor and strained now that the current moved swiftly. The boy swam within close distance of the boat for awhile and then came back to it and held the anchor rope and rested. And then he moved hand-over-hand to the rear of the boat and held to it while the current pushed his feet out from under him and he lay on his back in the water with the cool water rushing beneath his body.

He held to the boat and closed his eyes and thought that he should have done this before now. He heard the water break on his left and then, before he could move, felt the hard sand-paper body rush beneath him. The shark went by him and turned to strike again. The boy held to the boat unable to move and watched the shark's fin race through the water

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THE TEMPLE

We gather on the green
Where all the brains have been,
And view the glorious spectacle
Of cats and apes and men,
To which be hallowed homage
For th' accomplishments of men.
. . . great men!

Appreciate our heritage;
The few who dared to doubt.
Now we hope in nothing;
And in nothing, joy without.
What more could any ask for
Than intelligence to flout?
. . . just doubt!

What's man that man should know
That it's man who mans his mind
With nothing more than ignorance.
Then all's left behind
With nothing more than nothing,
Where there's much of like kind; but
. . . all behind!

Who dies the best? What think ye?
The worshipers of mind?
Or these simple, humble spirits
With their torments, left behind?
—All in man's mind?
Try dying first, then find
. . . hopelessness entwined!

—John Penick

THE SOVEREIGNTY

—John Penick

God of the mountains . . .
Presence of trees . . .
Whispering shadows
Far as I can see . . .
Thought cannot rid you;
Thought can just blind,
You're even near me,
Shelter and pine.

ESCAPE

—Jackson Herbert, Jr.

I want to run from all these tangled words and staccato phrases
Into a warm, green field where I can lie upon my back and
Quietly lose my mind among the clouds and the wind.

I'm tired inside, of twisted thoughts that mount in one
Fast frenzied speed and weave and writhe in and out my brain
Until their meaningless sounds echo in a maddening rumble.

INCIDENTALLY AND BY THE WAY

HERE it is, time to write "30," not only to this column, but also to a college career as an undergraduate. No doubt we speak for many of the members of the Senior Class when we say that in many ways it is a grand and glorious feeling to have these days draw to a close; but in as many ways, our beings are filled with nostalgia. Strange that we always appreciate things more fully when they are denied us, or when, as in the case at hand, we must part with them via some natural process, like graduation. Possibly the days of high school graduation still live quite vividly in the minds and hearts of many of us.

Frankly, the strains of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," though it was four years ago this June that we heard that number played as a recessional, still linger with an unquenchable freshness in our minds. "Pomp and Circumstance" is just as essential to a high school commencement as icing on a cake or ham with eggs. And rightly so—a high-school graduate feels ready to conquer the world (as soon as he wipes away the few remaining tears), and Elgar's music assures him he is—the perfect climax to a triumphal exit.

Wofford College may not be perfect—in fact, we're sure it isn't. But it is so much better than most, we feel that having any other school for an Alma Mater would certainly be a mistake. You can really appreciate the school only when you are preparing to leave it—that is a statement we feel qualified to make, since we've been here for the full four years.

There are many changes we should like to make—more money for the publications and the Student Christian Association — less parallel for courses — lower library fines — any number of things that we feel could be improved upon—but, suffice it to say, such conditions are not altogether detrimental to operation of the College, so we will leave further reform to the future generations. We'll be more than satisfied if succeeding classes look back and say that the Class of 1953 "championed the cause with the pen."

A REVIEW OF 1952-53

—would easily fill an entire *Journal*, and no doubt next year, the final issue of the 53-54 *Journal* will contain a review of the Centennial year—so we will content ourselves with reminiscing about some few features. How did we begin?—it was the Fall—the Freshman Class came to take its place among the upper classes—and promising additions they were—note, we said "were," for they've proved their mettle and will soon move a step higher in the college's ladder of social grace (Sophomores they're called, aren't they?). Then there was Homecoming—a grand and glorious occasion—football season was filled with wins—and a few falls—but we figured that we win a few, lose a few, and that some occasionally get called off due to inclement weather (and it isn't convenient to hold them in the fieldhouse like a drill, which isn't done any more, either)—basket-ball records were set—Dickens left and Snidow came—the SCA got its Chapel after so long a time—took the sweat of the brow as well as prayer—but there you have the key to success. And now graduation. So much happened—

GOOD TIMES and BAD TIMES

—we remember alike. But when you are about to leave, even the part that seemed most unpleasant (what was it?—exams, breaking that arm, not getting that bid?) seems a fond memory.

CAP 'n' GOWN TIME

—is truly not far off. Ever thought how much like a funeral a graduation exercise is? The thought just occurred to us—funny, don't know what prompted it. But it is so—though you may be launching as many brilliant careers as there are graduates, you nevertheless are burying a class in the process. It won't be buried in every respect—some will remember — the Alumni Office, the rising seniors, the organizations that are being taken over by new blood, the faculty—one is seldom ever forgotten completely. Besides, the sadness of the occasion will be overshadowed by festivity.

BY THE WAY, speaking of "leaving," it seems that the outgoing seniors are far from departing alone. With so many faculty members leaving to do graduate study and to fulfill military service, we will be far from lonesome. Someone has suggested that with so many profs bidding a fond farewell, next September will find Wofford greeting as many new faces as the White House did after the Republican victory. Maybe that's a slight exaggeration, but it isn't too far from wrong—certainly the outgoing faculty members will be missed.

E. E. Cummings

—the poet who writes in crypt so frequently (one of our favorites, too) has nothing on the editor of the *Old Gold and Black*. To our way of thinking, Zeb Williams coined a classic with "Kee Poff Theg Rass." And

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MALENKOV -- PEACE OR WAR?

Dale Fields

WITH the ascension of Georgi M. Malenkov to the throne as dictator of all the Russias and of numerous satellite countries, the world has begun to speculate on just what course he will pursue in the international scene.

Mr. Malenkov is something of an unknown quantity to the western world, and little if any news of his character or personality has leaked out. Go with me as we explore what little we do know of him as a political entity.

Malenkov's rise to political preeminence has been somewhat of a meteor-like rise. He is not one of the old line revolutionists, and he was only an insignificant underling in the revolutionary days of 1917. However, it was apparent he was destined for greater things even in his early life. He held posts as commissar of various internal organizations, and after the purges of the late thirties he won his way into the inner circle of the Communist hierarchy. He finally became a member of the all-powerful politburo as a deputy member, and after successfully currying favor with Stalin in the forties he became a full-fledged member in the recent reorganization of the Communist ruling class.

Let us look into the little we do know about Malenkov and try to analyze it from the westerner's viewpoint. We know that he has never been outside of Russia, and that he has had very little contact with the western world. He is inclined to distrust, and it has been said of him that no one hates the West more bitterly than he. Perhaps the stepped-up "hate America" campaign of Stalin's has had a profound influence on Malenkov's thinking. It seems it is easily and logically arrived at then, that he has fallen "hook, line, and sinker" for the propaganda grist mills that Stalin had operating so efficiently.

Furthermore, we know that Malenkov is extremely anti-semitic, and that we can expect a continuance of the reign of terror touched off by Stalin's illness, and by Russia's desire to win the support and friendship of the Arab nations in the vital oil-rich nations in the Middle East.

Thirdly, we know that Premier Malenkov is an extremely cautious man, and that he is not likely to do anything rash, unless of course, his hand is forced, and his hand may be

forced in a variety of ways. We shall examine the more important of these in detail.

Premier Malenkov now has to deal with a great number of men who possess divided loyalty, and it is a truism that a dictator cannot long stand with decay of loyalty in the inner structure of his government. This divided loyalty has come about because of the fact that there were several known men seeking elevation to the dictatorship of all the Russias. Of the five million Communists in Russia there must have been quite a few that "hitched their wagon to the star" of such men as Beria, Molotov, and Vishinsky, etc.; and now these men must be removed in a new series of purges before they become too dangerous to the government of Mr. Malenkov. Now we must inevitably find a tremendous danger of civil war present in this unstable atmosphere of the succession of Premier Malenkov to the throne of a dictatorship. Stalin may have decreed Malenkov's elevation, but this does not remove the possibility of one such as Beria (who is the head of the Soviet secret police), plunging the country into civil war, or what is much worse from the western observer's viewpoint, into a global conflict in order to seize the reins of government.

Still a distinct possibility is that Malenkov might find the Russian people grumbling and hesitant about accepting his leadership. To avoid this Malenkov may quite possibly plunge the world into war to solidify his position as Tsar of all the Russias. Western observers are quite sure (even in this short length of time) that he will and has adopted a get-tough policy. Witness the firing on and actual shooting down of American and English planes in Germany.

A still further method of "forcing Malenkov's hand" might be brought about by increased pressure from the West. This is not as remote a possibility as the average American may think. The new Republican administration has also adopted a "get tough" policy that will inevitably clash with the new aims of Malenkov. Our tacit approval of a Nationalist China invasion of Red China could well precipitate a third world war. The problem of backing down would arise, and with the campaign promises of Eisenhower and the loss of face motive of Russia there naturally arises a question in the minds of the free peoples of the world whether or not any compromising would be done. I shall not

(Continued on page 21)

MISSION HURRICANE

Jan Wendland

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This deals with the rescue in Schouwen-Duiveland, Zeeland, Netherlands, February 3rd/5th 1953, as recorded by a Dutchman. It is an extract from the log of the rescue craft "Spitfire." Paraphrased by Jan Wendland.)

Tuesday, February 3rd.

At 10 a.m. we leave the Parksluis at Rotterdam. The day before, the "Spitfire" has been taken out of the wintershed, provisioned and made seaworthy. Our orders are to report at Moerdijk. Up the Maas, against the current. A fast boat of Koppe gives us a tow. On both sides of the river we see the unbelievable havoc wrought by the hurricane.

"Shall we arrive in time to give help?" Over 50 hours ago the tragedy occurred. "Is it possible that still people are clinging to roofs and trees, waiting two nights and two days for someone to come and pick them up?" Impossible, it is cold, it is winter, in the vlet it is uncomfortable.

I look around the vlet; 24 feet long, open, canvas hood if needed, completely seaworthy, tank full of fresh water, demijohn with water, many tins of orange juice, many, many tins of orange juice, many, many other tins. Buta - gas outfit. Primus, kerosene, spiritus, 30 blankets. The engine is running smoothly—but will it keep running? 50 liters of gasoline, 350 liters of kerosene. The engine starts on gas, then runs on kerosene.

1:30 p.m. *Moerdijk.* The small harbour is a wreck. I climb on the quay. Water, water, water; endless. Farmhouses stick half-way out. The street is half-way gone. Here must have stood houses, in these gaping holes. "The police?" "In that house." 5 men in shirtsleeves in a steaming kitchen; do they know that the foundation of their house is half - way gone, water eating the rest away? "What's the news?" I ask. "No more shallow craft needed here. However, the news from Schouwen-Duiveland is only coming through now. The situation is disastrous; so you might go there." Quick, in the boat, off we are.

We are on the Hollandsch Diep. A mighty armada of all kind of craft is steaming Southwest. Every fishing vessel, every inland vessel, all kinds of war vessels; there we see the British, from the Rhine, the Americans, Germans, Belgians, even Swiss. All to the Southwest.

Our portable radio is continually on: and there we hear it. "The mayor of Oosterland is asking for shallow craft, for motorvletten; if they do not arrive at once, the consequences will be catastrophic." "Shallow craft urgently needed, to get the people out of the farmhouses." "The mayor of Nieuwerkerk is asking urgently for vletten. . . ."

Faster, faster, on and on. Every ship of the mighty cavalcade is straining. However, there are not many vletten amongst them. Faster, we cut every sandbank, make use of every more favorable current.

6:30 p.m. *fishingport Bruinisse.* The town Bruinisse consists now of a few pieces of rather damaged dyke. The houses are in the water. No light whatever, the water is salt. In the street a few drowned motorcars. Rubber-booted men slushing around, here and there an oil-lamp. Silence, except the light-aggregate noisily supplying some electricity — for radio? Where is the mayor? Here is the policeman. "Motorvlet 'Spitfire' reporting for duty." We have no connection with the polder, with the interior, whatsoever, but we know that the situation is serious if not desperate.

Quick, quick! In the darkness we motor full speed past the jagged, broken dyke. We have no lights, battery out of order. A great bow looms forward making straight for us. "And that's that," I think, "so near and this the end of our little boat." With a roar the "Spitfire" clears the tug.

Wednesday, Feb. 4th, 5 a.m. The water has been roaring thru the hole in the dyke, when the tide changed. A mighty current. We leave in the dark. The moon is out, everything on the "Spitfire" is frozen white.

The polder. Unbelievable. This used to be normal land. We navigate past wrecks of houses, inundated hedges, poles, chicken - coops, wire, electric wire, telephone wire, barbed wire, so dangerous to our propeller; brown dirty water moving quickly in unreasonable and unpredictable directions. A Sargasso sea of hay, straw, carcasses, poles, broken furniture, driftwood. An eerie silence. No light, no life to be seen anywhere.

The dawn is breaking. There we see a hamlet, at least a church without tower, a mill, some houses grouped around, all in the water and looking ravaged. We approach daintily. No sign of life. We blow our ship's horn. No movement, no light, no white flags. "Are we too late, after all? Surely no life is possible here, 3 days after the storm."

"There, one light, on the other side, quick."

Nieuwarkerk, 8 a.m. There we see the light, it is a small mussel-fishing-boat, the Ierseke 15. And another one. What nerve, those boats of 40 feet length or more to come here. A few rowing boats are making for the hamlet, they must have just arrived. And a small open motorboat is coming. And another.

We peer in the halflight at the houses; there, a curtain is moving in a top story, so there are some people.

We, the small boats, push each other to find a place for embarkation. The fishing - boats are anchored further away, I imagine on the meadow of farmer Jansen.

1st trip. 2 children, old woman, bachelor baker, 2 women, 6 men, much baggage. We deliver them safely to the mussel-fisher, who puts them under deck. It is cold. The big planes, Army and Navy are coming, roaring right overhead. They drop 2 blown-up inner tubes, tied together with a string, right around us. And containers on small parachutes. What a noise, terrifying, but letting the world know that help is there. There they come and come, the huge planes.

2nd trip. Sick old woman, mother with sick baby 4 months old, young mother with baby in pram 2 days old, 4 men, baggage and cat. The baby was born on the roof. However, they first removed all the roof tiles, because, in case the house should collapse altogether, they trusted that the wooden roof construction would detach itself and float, which would have been a help in further assisting at the confinement.

This trip everything went wrong, wire in the propeller, hopelessly stuck and sharp iron spikes, and what not. Our passengers patient and silent.

3rd trip. 10 people, washing machine, radio, baggage.

4th trip. Old man, 3 young people, little girl.

5th trip. Old man, 2 young men.

The water, the ebb-tide is falling all the time. The bigger ships left in a frantic hurry to reach the dyke before getting stuck somewhere. Helicopters come and pick up some people near the church. We all, all these various and some silly boats, got out 300 to 350 people. At noon the evacuation is a virtual fact.

We make a quick survey of the hamlet. "Hey, you, what are you doing there?" A farmer, 84 years old, in Sunday best, had managed to hide. Now you come along. "What's that? A row-boat, some men, lurking away —thieves, waiting for us to leave." So what, we did get the people out.

Whither next? Oosterland! Just follow the tramrails or the road, the farmer says. The cold, cold wind starts to blow up, so the dignified farmer consents to a blanket around. Bless the people who gave us 30 blankets. Our propeller hits tramrails, street stones, gravel, poles, grass, straw, and every time churns away again. We pick up 2 rowingboats full of people, 1 rubber, 1 iron float (they were everywhere, the big planes dropped them) and arrived at Oosterland.

Our road, submerged, suddenly comes up in oblong but somewhat disarranged cement blocks to cross a small inner dyke, and quickly submerges again beyond, on the way to the village of Oosterland. Maybe 400 yards along by the width of the road. There we find the oddest collection of people; we stay there because thru the falling water we got hopelessly stuck. We get stuck, unstuck and stuck. The evacuation of the farmers has been completed. "Do you know the weather report?" the Naval officer asks us. "No." "Gale from the Northwest. Won't you come in the Ducks?" Stolid silence. "All right, and good luck," the Dutchman says.

* * * * *

And that was that. It turned out to be the end of our helping efforts too. It turned out to be a matter of sheer save our souls. These fishermen I had on board hardly speak. They are religious—in a special sense. They believe that talking is a form of sin; they indulge very little in this sin.

The 14 hours after we left the little strip in Oosterland, belong—as far as I am concerned—to some of the roughest I ever experienced. Even the fishermen talked at moments:

"The bitter journey home."
"The sea is full of wrath."
"Faster, faster, faster."
"Tweede anker steeken" (drop the second anchor).

* * * * *

When the darkness came, there were 3 ships frantically trying to get out to sea. There is the hole in the dyke. We go way left, ease up along the dyke and thanks to the Vreugd and the 18-year-old Jan Kastelein, we try and try, go from whirlpool to whirlpool. To the right the whipped up sea comes roaring in, at a speed of 20-25 miles per hour, huge waves, it is a waterfall. The fishing boat gets caught. Chains, ropes, 3 anchors snap. Helter-skelter, taking along poles, wires, barns. The boat crashes against a cutter, they battle all night for life.

We got out. After eons of time and misery, we saw a light. "Two fishing boats moored to each other. Great welcome, cigarettes, all together in the small forecastle. And then a shout. The ropes front, holding the fishing boats together snap like pieces of twine, the aft part holds, the "Spitfire" is the buffer, the fishermen cut ropes left and right. The other boat disappears into the night. We huddle in the forecastle, and my main trouble is to keep my body the required maximum possible 8 inches away from the tiny but all the time red-hot stove. Never be so careless as to wear only 4 pants on a fishing boat, wear the prescribed and necessary 7 pairs.

Again in darkness in a tremendous squall, snow, hail, we go to Bruinisse.

POST SCRIPTUM

Back home, in our warm and high and dry bungalow, my thoughts go to the fishermen, the Royal Dutch Navy, the Dutch soldiers, the Red Cross soldiers, and the foreigners. The British Navy, the Belgians, the American Ducks. As one Dutch newspaper wrote: "Hundreds of nameless saved the lives of thousands."

Messieurs, a vous tous, LE GRAND SALUT D'HONNEUR!

THE PITCH

Stuart Stevens

The last man made a futile attempt and went down. As one, the entire team left the bench and started walking rapidly through the crowd for the gate, staring straight ahead. The surging crowd was quiet, almost muted. Jerry managed to push through, and trudged across the damp earth sidestepping the mudholes behind the gym. He was one of the first to reach the dressing room. He heard the clattering rush of spikes as the rest of the team came in. There was a flurry of gloves, socks, and sweaty uniforms mixed with the jumble of voices.

As usual there was no water for a shower. Jerry pulled on his clothes and edged between the boys toward the door. Some were silent, busy with their own thoughts. Others laughed and joked, letting epithets fall freely on the heads of all umpires. All of them were in a hurry to put tonight behind.

Jerry moved outside in a hopeless quest for a cool breath of air. He wondered what was keeping Tom. Tom sauntered out in answer to his thoughts.

"A rough game, Jerry," he said.

"Yeah, a nightmare. Only it's real."

"Well, it's not your fault. Everybody was off tonight. There's always a next time."

"I reckon so. Let's go. Your father is ready."

Jerry was thankful for the silence as they rode homeward. Tonight had been a mental and physical gauntlet. He sighed. If only ——. He shrugged, thinking, if it's that way it's that way. The car drew up in front of his house and he clambered out, muttering a thanks and good night. Bracing himself with a deep breath, he walked across the lawn and through the door. His father was sitting there in a large, soft chair.

"Well, how did the game go?"

"We lost."

"How much?"

"Oh, about ten to nothing," he replied.

"What was the trouble? Did you pitch? How many hits did they get?"

Jerry managed a twisted smile. The usual interminable questions that ripped the barely congealing wound. It must be nice to forget, he thought.

Forgetting proved difficult. After going to bed, he kept shifting and readjusting his pillow. A heavy knot in his chest was beginning to replace the numbness. Incidents in stark reality danced wildly in his brain. He was standing on the pitcher's mound again, feeling every eye glued upon him. The crowd was almost quiet. A taunt from the sidelines in an unusual tone of voice penetrated his consciousness. Perspiration streamed down his face. It moistened his finger tips. The pitch sped toward the batter. It seemed an interminable journey to his hypersensitive gaze, though it was only a fraction of a second. The horse-hide sphere halted, and then crept slowly by the flashing bat into the catcher's mitt. The next pitch refused to behave and glided across into the left-handed batter's midriff. That was the beginning of the end. Alternately cursing and praying, he had striven desperately but vainly to get the ball in the strike zone. The umpire's voice cutting the silence with "ball four." The inexorable figures moving down the base paths. . . .

At breakfast Jerry could smile—wryly. At school there was the constant flow of smiles, glances, words. The school day finally dragged to a close. Driving punishment on the athletic field by an irate coach marked the end.

As if this memory were a constant goad, the entire team took on new life. Jerry worked on his control each day with the catcher, George. The infield made fewer errors. The batting percentages rose, with George getting an occasional triple. The heavy schedule of games was greeted as a challenge. On Friday night they were ready for their fourth game of the week. Jerry was standing by the batter's cage.

"Hey, Jerry, you bat next?"

"Yeah."

"I'm after you, then," said Tom, who had come in from chasing flies.

"Where's the coach?"

"Yonder he is, coming through the gate. Jerry, are you going to pitch?"

"I don't know, I might," Jerry replied. And he thought of the last game he had pitched. That control. . . . The huge figure of the coach strode up. There was no smile on his ruddy face.

"Jerry, it's all you tonight."

Jerry smiled inwardly at the discouraging tone, and slipped the gleaming white ball into his hip pocket.

"You're going to pitch, huh?" said Ralph, the lean first baseman.

"Yeah."

The April evening was dusky and peaceful, with the soothing effect of the falling dew. The pale gold slice of moon hung in the sky biding its time. In a sense, the field was a gigantic stage where puppets would cavort, and the huge lights now came on, making things ready for the first act.

An hour later Jerry almost smiled as his pitch curved over and seemed to slide through the bat for a third strike. George whipped the ball

around the infield, and it came back to Jerry's glove with a firm smack, causing his moist palm to sting pleasantly. He felt a savage joy as another pitch split the air where the following batter's head had been an instant before. He hitched his pants and grinned. This would be a good battle. And all he had to lose was the game.

MALENKOV

(From page 17)

attempt to answer that question, but rather leave it to your own minds to ponder over.

We have looked at possibilities and probabilities of war in the above three methods, but this is not to say that there are no deterrent factors to war. Western observers seem to think that several very powerful factors may hold up the war timetable of Russia.

First among these (and they shall not rank necessarily in their order of importance, because in the writer's opinion equal weight may be attached to the ones I choose to list) is the fact that the possibility of a Titoistic Chinese development is a very real problem to Malenkov. Mao, the Red Chinese boss, looked up to Stalin with an almost reverent respect, and it was much easier for Mao to carry out the commands of the venerable Stalin. However, western observers look for increasingly strained relations between Mao and Malenkov. Malenkov is a younger man and he is not one of the old line Communists, all of which are sources of irritation to Mao. Therefore Malenkov has looked with increasing consternation to his weakened eastern flank. Mao and other Chinese officials were accorded every dignity and respect when they attended the recent funeral of Marshal Stalin. Your writer does not think Russia will attack as long as her eastern flank is as unprotected as it now appears to be.

Secondly, Russia (which is to say Malenkov) must consider the destructive might of the new "H" bomb, and decide whether it is feasible to attack a nation possessing a bomb capable of destroying entire cities. The new dictator must undoubtedly realize that we (the western world) are far advanced in our exploration of the "alphabet bombs."

From the above surmises your author is led to believe we shall have peace in our time. After carefully weighing the advantages against the disadvantages, I have reached this somewhat optimistic conclusion, however I leave margin for error when I listed my first three reasons for war, and they cannot of necessity be overlooked.

The new peace offensive instigated by the Kremlin is somewhat a difficult phase to interpret. To some it seems to be masking a renewal of the Korean war on a larger scale. To others it is an altogether different significance. Some of our western observers have been led to believe that perhaps Malenkov is not the only ruler of the Communist world, but rather there may be a triumvirate guiding the fortunes of Russia, and they explain this new peace offensive as a move on Malenkov's part to ease the international situation until he has consolidated his position at home. In other words, the purges must take place before the international scene becomes as troublesome as it was a year ago.

Your writer takes hope that possibility of civil war in Russia is not as forlorn as some would have us to believe. There appears to be a struggle for power going on in Russia, and slight hope though it is, it may culminate in civil war.

LOVE WITHOUT WORDS

Could I list reasons for my love confessed?
Nay, I know I could not catalogue:
Though I seek words for love so much obsessed,
I search as vessels lost in night's deep fog.
Throughout the depths I search my enamored soul,
In noble efforts sought I, vainly to pen,
Lines for an actor with a wordless role.
And as I meet the sunlight of your love,
Foundations of my love, reasons if you will,
I hold more countless than beats of my heart,
More sweet than shepherd's tunes on yonder hill.
So words came not, yet winged thoughts took part.
I fail in feeble efforts words to say,
I shall love thee in life, deed, now, for aye!

—TRM

SHRIMPBOAT MAN

(From page 7)

coffee for the mid-day meal. He had bought them the night before. Breakfast had been a single cup of coffee drunk while they were waiting for the man behind the wheel.

"Hell, boy, you're too late for supper, but I can fix you up eggs and maybe a little meat."

"If that's all the choice I have, go ahead. But bring me a bottle of beer first, won't you. I'm thirsty as hell."

"Okay, boy, I'll send it right over." He waddled off. He made his way around the tables this time rather than through them.

Oscar noticed the people about him. There were several couples in the room. They were all loud and looked as they were waiting for something to happen. The man nearest to him put his hand on his companion's knee under the table and she laughed and pushed it away. In the booth next to his two voices carried on a quiet conversation. Now and then the woman would laugh at something the man would say.

A girl who helped the Greek brought his bottle of beer to him. Her dress was too tight and the polish on her nails was chipped and broken. She looked clumsy in the high heels that she walked in.

There was a woman sitting alone at the farthest table away from the one where Oscar was sitting. She sipped on a glass of wine. She sipped it slowly and it lasted for a long time. Her hair was a dirty blonde color. She held tightly to a bag slung over her shoulder. The catch on the bag was broken but the leather looked new. The stockings she wore were tight on her straight legs and the seams were straight. Every now and then she would glance about her and smile at anyone who happened to look up at her.

The Greek brought him the steaming plate. Eggs were piled on it and throughout the eggs were large pieces of a light kind of meat.

"Here you are, boy; I think this will hold you for a while."

"It looks good. What kind of meat is this?"

"That's chicken, boy. I didn't have anything else."

"Tell me something. Who's that over there?" He nodded in the direction of the woman.

"I don't know, boy. She's new to me but she used to hang out in that place down the street." He never called that place by name. It was always "that place down the street." He shrugged his shoulders and slowly ambled off.

It was three bottles of beer later and half way through the meal that Oscar caught the eye of the woman. She looked at him and smiled and looked away. Then she looked again. This time she looked at him much longer. He took another mouthful of food and motioned for her to come over to the booth. She shook her head in reply to this. She seemed to be waiting for someone else. Once or twice she turned and looked at the clock on the wall. She had finished the first glass of wine and was slowly sipping the second as she had done the first.

Oscar finished his meal and drained the last of the beer from the glass. He looked for some sort of pattern in the suds in the bottom of the glass but there was none. He wiped his mouth with the napkin and got up and walked over to the woman.

As he started toward her she turned and looked at the clock once more. He walked up to the table and pulled a chair out.

"Is it all right if I sit here?" He was sitting as he finished.

"Sure, I guess so." She took another sip of her wine.

"Can I buy you another. That one's about gone."

"Sure, if you want to." He turned in his chair and told the Greek to bring a wine and a beer to the table. The Greek smiled and went to get the drinks.

"You're new around here, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

"I've seen you a few times in the place down the street, haven't I?"

"You might have." She turned and looked at the clock. She kept her hand on the bag as she turned.

"Waiting for someone?"

"No." The Greek brought the drinks and placed them in front of them. He looked at the woman while he put them on the table.

"My name's Oscar Johnson, what's yours?" He smiled as he said it.

"Mary, Mary Wright. Thanks for the wine." She smiled and her teeth were even but not clean.

They sat for a while in silence until they finished their drinks. Then Oscar said, "How about let's get out of here and get some fresh air. It's getting thick in here."

"If you want to."

Oscar got up and went to pay the Greek. The woman went into a little room to the rear of the dining room. The Greek smiled as he walked up to the counter and broke away from the conversation in which he was engaged.

"How much do I owe you for tonight?"

The Greek told him the price and then moved closer to him. "What's her name, boy?" He'd been eating garlic sometime that day.

"Says her name is Wright."

"She looks easy to me." The puffy yellow face split into a broken grin as he said it.

"Yeah." He turned and saw that she was waiting for him and started over to her. He wondered if she had heard what the Greek had said.

Outside the fog was even heavier than it was earlier. The streetlights were only a faint glimmer in the thick darkness that wrapped itself around them. He hadn't been able to tell it in the cafe but now he noticed that she was wearing cheap perfume. It was heavy and lingered

for a long time in the fog. When they had gone a little way she moved closer to him and he put his arm around her.

They walked for several blocks and found themselves outside a small public park. They walked down a lane with a row of lights standing like candles on an altar. They seemed to flicker when the fog thickened and when the breeze broke through the curtain.

They turned into a darker side lane where the lights were fewer. Near a statue they stopped. He turned to her and brought her to him. As they kissed he felt the firmness of her body against his and his hands moved over her. She was warm. Her breath was hot on his cheek as they separated.

"Where can we go?"

"To my room."

"Where's that?"

"I'll show you."

She came to him easily and quickly. Oscar thought of this as he watched her sleeping. One arm was behind her head. The other was across her stomach. She breathed evenly and restfully. He wondered if he would sleep this quietly when he got back to his room. He pulled on his coat and turned to pull the switch on the faded brown light that hung from the ceiling. Before he did he turned and reached into his pocket and walked to the table beside the bed where she slept.

There were several bottles on the top. Stacked to one side were six or seven paper-backed novels. He opened one of them and placed a bill inside. The wine had cost him very little. He moved quietly across the room after he had pulled the switch and closed the door after him. The halls of the house were silent. The only sounds that he could hear were his footsteps and the creaking of the old boards.

The street was deserted as he made his way to his room. Once across the street he heard some sounds of scuffling but as he neared they passed out of his hearing. A street-sweeper passed him with a brushing noise and he stepped closer to the building to avoid the water.

A few minutes later he was in his room. He sat on the edge of his bed and slowly undressed himself. He walked to the window and opened it, letting in some of the air. Church bells chimed in the distance. They reminded him that he must set his alarm clock.

He picked up the clock. The silver material on it was beginning to peel off and it was difficult to wind. He set it and got into the bed. The rusty springs sounded as he pulled the bedclothes about him. He must try to get some sleep. They were to leave again early in the morning.

Outside the fog rolled in from the sea and settled over the sleeping city.

"While you're waiting for the right fellow to come along you might as well get married."

INCIDENTALLY

(From page 16)

students heeded the timely reminder —except when chasing the birds who couldn't read.

Speaking of signs, of spring and otherwise, the three which Blue Key purchased to attract visitors' attention to Wofford are quite a noteworthy asset to the College. To Blue Key goes a word of commendation, for it seems strange that Wofford should have gone all these years without some suitable marker on the borders of Spartanburg to attract attention to the "Oxford of the South." It pays to advertise.

* * *

3-D and CINERAMA

—are the current rage in the Film Capital these days. Hollywood has been searching for an answer to the present television rage which made its advent at the close of World War II. Those who have seen the first 3-D production are eagerly awaiting the first showings of Twentieth Century-Fox's cinerama process. Both of these efforts to give celluloid art depth, or a third dimension, may be Hollywood's answer to falling boxoffice receipts—or at least so say the experts.

Having seen 3-D in operation, we can safely say that it does all they say it will do—lions do leap into your lap and you almost feel the impact of objects when they are hurled at you. Such effects really give added enjoyment to the movie-goer.

Television has much to learn about programming, however, and it seems quite likely that as the novelty of this new medium of entertainment wears off, the movies will again take their place at the top of the list of America's favorites in the entertainment world. The movies, or more properly, the theaters also have much to learn—when screen ads are discontinued, if they ever are, the Cinema will have made a great stride in the direction of improvement.

* * *

SENATOR McCARTHY, UN-AMERICANISM AND POGO

—have really been coming to odds in Walt Kelly's comic strip. The play on Emma Lazrus' famous poem that is inscribed on the Statue of Liberty in New York was really a keen bit of satire. For years Al Capp's "L'il Abner" was Number One in the

field of comic strips that satirize American life—Pogo has certainly moved in for first place honors recently, however.

It is doubtful that Pogo will take his place along side of Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," a classic in English satire, but it seems to us that Kelly is certainly hitting close to Swift's calibre. True, you can be too critical, but when criticism takes the form of satire and is skillfully done, it is more likely that good will be the final outcome. Speaking of satire, why doesn't someone satirize the radio disk jockey? The average small-time disk jockey is the greatest threat to the continuing success of American radio. How have we arrived at that conclusion? Just by listening to the radio early in the morning. We're not Socialists, but sometimes we wonder if government ownership of radio would be such a bad thing.

Well, Reader, that seems to wind us up. And we find ourselves about to write that "30." But before we do, we'll tell you the origin of that expression "writing 30." The symbol three zero is used in newspaper and sometimes radio to say "that is all" or "end of transmission." It was borrowed from Samuel F. B. Morse's international Code which also used it to signify the completion of a telegraphed message.

So we bid you farewell and say thanks for your kind attention during these past weeks.

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THE CLIMB

(From page 12)

again, and it does not seem to impress that one-track mind of yours—the mind that is bent on making me a big shot, but that is going to break me."

"But, I only try to do things that are good for us."

"So you think. I have news for you," Jake snapped.

Total silence again. Now they had risen up to where the rain was mixed with fog. The road was slippery, as if covered with ice. The thought hit him that they had not met a car since they left the bottom of the grade.

Jenny had leaned against his shoulder and was feigning sleep when it happened. On a sharp reverse, the car skidded and turned toward the side of the road. As it started its sickening turn, Jenny had grabbed Jake and held on tight. Through the minute that seemed eternity before the car hit a ditch and stopped, everything ran before her mind's eye. She saw all her own selfish whims and ideas and how they had gone completely to mess up Jake's life. All of it filled a long line of wrongs, and then the jolting thud as the car stopped with its bumper nosing a post. Jenny fell against a door and could not register her thoughts. When her mind started clearing, she saw that Jake was trying to make her hear him.

"Are you hurt, honey? Jenny — Jenny ——"

"Yes, I think I'm all right. Can you help me move and see if anything is broken? I guess I sort of hit the door hard."

Jake was so thoughtful and tried to help her so much, and she was hurting him.

"If you're all right, I'll see if the car will run."

See-sawing finally got the car out of the ditch, and Jake stopped to inspect the mechanical underpinning. Nothing seemed wrong, and the car started off with only the noise of splattering mud from the tire treads. The fog had weak, thin places in it, and Jake thought maybe they would break out of it. Jenny was against his shoulder, sobbing softly. Deep inside she hurt — hurt badly because of the things she knew that she had done to him—things that she could not make up in any way.

The gap was close now, and the car seemed to sense it. Easing on toward the top, it made the remaining yards to the end of the climb.

"Jake, will you ride out the ridge road from the gap that we used to ride so long ago?"

Wondering why she made such a request, but without asking questions, he turned the car on to the gravel surface of the side road.

"Stop at the Point turn out—I want to look."

The car ground to a halt on the gravel. Jenny sat up in the seat and looked out the front where the dark-filled space was made up of jumbled, tree-covered mountains. She looked like the girl he had known two years ago, right then — wide-eyed, starry, wondering.

Turning slowly to him, Jenny watched him stare unmovingly into the dark.

"Jake, I've been wrong. All too wrong. Can I even begin to make it up to you? The wreck down there was like me. We went so far and then something had to break. Can we try to make it all up? Please—for me—for the girl you married and not for the person I've come to be?"

The clouds that drifted above them began to break up, and the moon shone out on the world below. A world filled with lights twinkled in the distance — lights that could be events in the future of two lives.

"Let's go *home*, Jenny!"

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FOUR FISH

(From page 13)

toward him.

Three feet from the boy the fin disappeared and the boy screamed as the flesh was ripped from his leg. The fin came to the surface again and turned in another wide circle and the boystruggled to pull himself into the boat. The shark neared again and once more the fin disappeared and the boy screamed and the water turned a darker red.

The boy pulled himself into the boat and toward the middle thwart where the oars rested in the locks. As he pulled himself across the bottom of the boat he left a wide red path behind. He reached the thwart and pulled himself into a sitting position and dropped the oars into the water. He didn't look at his thigh or at the foot that wasn't there, but moaned softly as he rowed the little boat toward the shore.

The phone rang for a long time in the little dusty office of the sheriff of Sheldon. Finally a short man with a heavy unshaven beard came out of another room and picked up the phone and stopped the ringing.

"Sheriff's Office, Sheldon County. Yes, this is the Sheriff's Office. What did you say? Shark after a boy, uh? Okay, I'll be there in a little while to get the body. That's right, I'll be there in a little while. G'by."

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HIGHER EDUCATION

(From page 9)

It must be amusing to look objectively at one of their alumni meetings. Imagine a biologist or chemist quoting: 'Success is counted sweetest by those who ne'er succeed. To comprehend a nectar requires sorest need." Or, picture a minister praising the utility of the bi-nomial theorem for proving theories that otherwise would be accepted only as conjectures; and the collision theory and the nebular hypothesis for a fuller understanding of the assumptions of geology. There might be an English professor who waxes eloquent over the possibilities for successful auricular and ventricular surgery and the white blood count for locating an infection and diagnosing an illness. Can you picture something like this happening, not occasionally, but with a startling regularity? Some critics of the new system have said the alumni meetings will be held in the gutters. This would only serve to make the meetings more unique.

Now that you are more familiar with the aims and objectives of this "new" system of education (I question the new—it sounds somewhat like the classical schools), you will either approve heartily the new and despise the old system, or you will champion the old and resent the new, or (I hope you fall into this classification) you will like some of the new and some of the old.

Some of you may denounce the old system because it inculcates Christian principles, because it demands dependability, because it develops the concept of values which is most prevalent in the world today.

Others of you will condemn the new system as a breeding pot of independence and initiative, because they establish and emphasize the concept of education having an intrinsic value. The new school does disturb our mental composure and phlegmatic well-being and is sometimes downright uncomfortable. It expects boys to stand on their feet like men!

Whether you believe they are justified in this expectation will have a great bearing on your decision to reject or consider this new path to an old goal.

If you immediately term the modern education as ridiculous, you are condemning a possible means to an end. Which of us does not deplore the baseness of Negro jokes. Still, how many of us can overlook the utility of these jokes, their value as attention getters.

Above all, don't refuse to consider the system because it is new.

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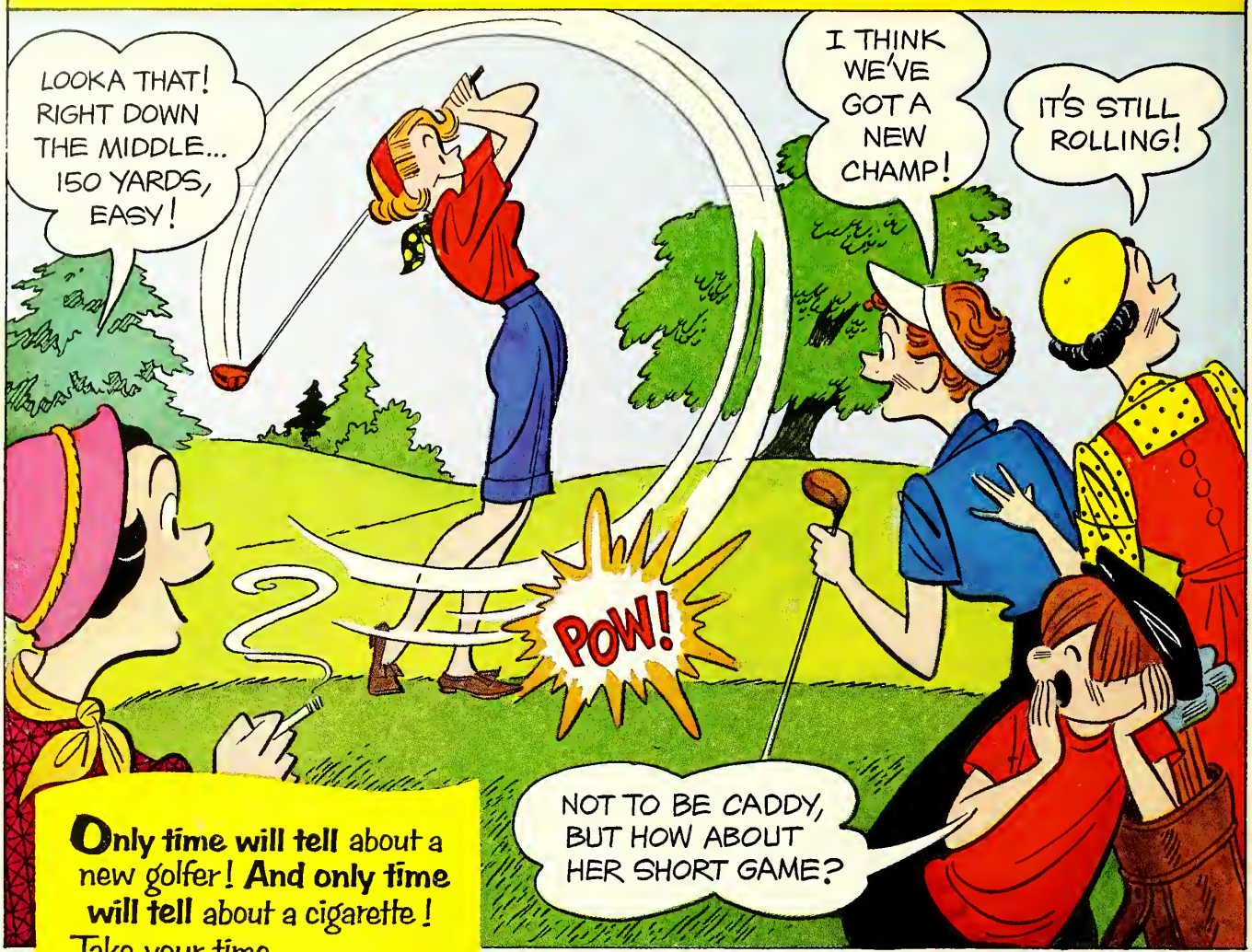

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